

PICTURE-PLAY

MAGAZINE

AUGUST 1922

20
CENTS



G. Hefflick
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CLAIRE WINDSOR

THE BEST MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

What does the summer sun do to your complexion?

VACATION days in the open—burning sun on the water, hot, dusty breezes on shore. Can you swim, can you motor, can you take long hikes without fear of a reddened, coarsened skin?

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Begin the use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream today. You will find that it will soon soothe away redness and roughness, banish slight imperfections—that its regular use will protect your skin from the ravages of hot sun and dusty wind, will *keep* your complexion as soft and clear as you always would like to have it.

Suggestions for promoting skin health

For the most effective way in which to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream read Health Hints, the little booklet packed with every jar. It has been prepared by specialists to insure that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or the one-dollar size. Begin at once its regular use—you will be delighted with the results.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY
Established 1885

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Posed by Constance Talmadge in "Two Weeks," a First National motion picture. Miss Talmadge is one of many attractive women of the screen who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of complexion.

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Ingram's Velveola Souveraine

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Send a dime for Ingram's Beauty Purse—an attractive, new souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram Toilet-Aids. Mail the coupon below with a silver dime and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand bag.

Frederick F. Ingram Co., 31 Tenth St., Detroit, Michigan.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed please find one dime, in return for which please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing an eider-down powder pad, sample packets of Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder, Ingram's Rouge, and Zodenta Tooth Powder, a sample tin of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample tin of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

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Amaze Your Friends— Learn Music Quickly at Home

Through This Wonderful New Method You Can Now Learn to Play
Your Favorite Instrument in a Few Short Months
Entire Cost Averages a Few Cents a Lesson

"HOW did you ever do it? Where in the wide world did you ever learn to play so quickly?"

This is the question that thousands of my students have been asked and are being asked daily.

With my wonderful easy print and picture lessons for beginners, their progress has been nothing short of astonishing. Not only their friends, but they themselves, were amazed at their sudden ability to play or sing. With this accomplishment they have been able to achieve greater popularity than they ever thought possible. And you can do the same.

Even if you don't know the first thing about music, don't know one note from another—with this new method you can easily and quickly learn to sing or to play your favorite musical instrument. *And all in your spare time at home—without a teacher!*

To those who are not acquainted with my system this may sound like a pretty strong statement. Yet I stand ready and willing to back up every word of it.

I have taught music to over 250,000 men, women and children in all parts of the world. Just think!—over a *quarter of a million graduates*. Their thousands of grateful letters to me, only a few of which are reproduced here, will convince you better than anything I could say, of the true merit of my system.

THE VERDICT!

Since I've been taking your lessons I've made over \$200 with my violin. Your lessons surely are fine.—Melvin Freeland, Macopin, N. J.

My friends all think it wonderful how I learned to play in such a short time. I regret that I didn't hear of your school long ago.—Mrs. W. Carter, 220 Cass Ave., St. Louis.

I want to tell you how delighted I am to have found a way to learn music. I shall sing the praises of your school to every one I meet.—Susan J. Almy, 500 W. 144th St., New York.

I am more than satisfied with the lessons. They are much better than a private teacher. I certainly admire the way you take pains to explain everything in them. I wouldn't go back to my private teacher if I were paid to.—Julian L. Piccat, Stepney, Conn.

My method removes all the discouraging drawbacks and entangling hindrances of the old way of learning music.

There are no dull and uninteresting exercises, no agonizing scales, no tortuous finger gymnastics, no reprimands from a cross or impatient teacher. Nor is there any need of joining a class, pinning yourself down to certain hours of practice, paying a dollar or more per lesson to a private teacher.

All these obstacles have been eliminated entirely. In their place you are given delightfully clear, easy and interesting lessons, which make every step as simple as A, B, C. You take lessons in the privacy of your

own home with no strangers around to embarrass you. And you may practice whenever it is most convenient for you.

So easy is my method that children only 10 to 12 years old have quickly become accomplished singers or players. Also thousands of men and women 50 to 60 years old—including many who have never before taken a lesson—have found this method equally easy.

And my lessons are

just as thorough as they are easy—no "trick" music, no "numbers," no makeshifts of any kind. I teach you the only right way—teach you to play or sing by note.

Think of the pleasure and happiness you can add to your own daily life once you know how to play!

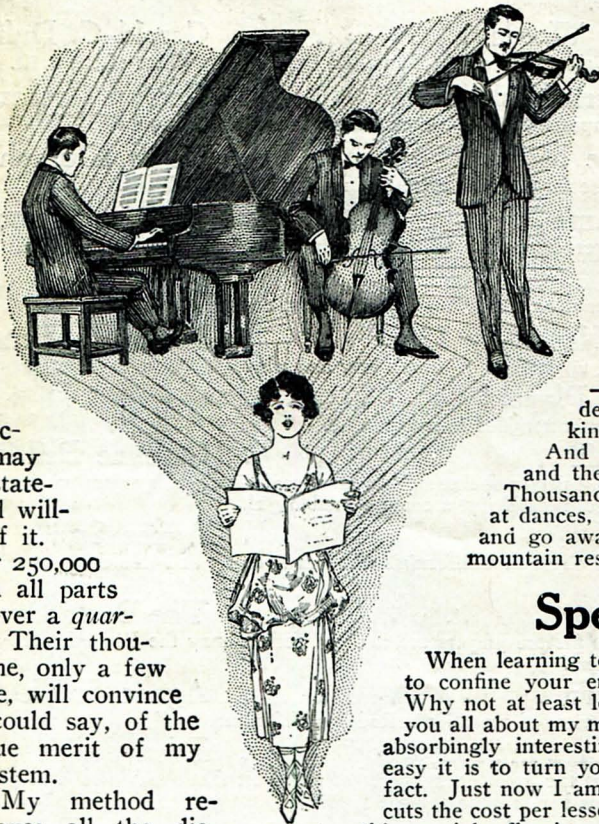
Think of the popularity you can gain—for players and singers are always in demand at social gatherings of every kind.

And think of the good times you can have and the money you can make.

Thousands of our students now play in orchestras, at dances, etc. Many have orchestras of their own, and go away each year to play at the seaside or mountain resorts. Why can't you do the same?

LEARN TO PLAY ANY INSTRUMENT

Piano	'Cello
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Tenor	Hawaiian
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Voice and	Speech Culture
Automatic	Finger Control



Special Offer

When learning to play or sing is so easy, why continue to confine your enjoyment of music to mere listening? Why not at least let me send you my free book that tells you all about my method? I know you will find this book absorbingly interesting, simply because it shows you how easy it is to turn your wish to play or sing into an actual fact. Just now I am making a special short-time offer that cuts the cost per lesson in two—send your name now, before this special offer is withdrawn. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. No obligation—simply use the coupon or send your name and address in a letter or on a post-card. Please write name and address plainly.

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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Do You Know How to Behave?

No, this is not a joke. So many people do not know how to behave, do not know the right thing to do at the right time, the right thing to say at the right time. They are always embarrassed and

ill at ease in the company of others. They make mistakes that cause strangers to misjudge them. Pretty clothes and haughty manner cannot hide the fact that they do not know how to behave.

AT THE DANCE, at the theatre, as a guest or in public—wherever we chance to be, people judge us by what we do and say. They read in our actions the story of our



Do you know the correct and cultured way to make introductions?

personality. They see in our manners the truth of our breeding. To them we are either well-bred or ill-bred. They credit us with as much refinement and cultivation as our manners display—no more.

Very often, because they are not entirely sure, because they do not know exactly what is correct, people commit impulsive blunders. They become embarrassed, humiliated. They know that the people around them are misjudging them, underestimating them. And it is then that they realize most keenly the value of *etiquette*.

Etiquette means correct behavior. It means knowing just what to do at the right time, just what to say at the right time. It consists of certain important little laws of good conduct that have been adopted by the best circles in Europe and America, and that serve as a barrier to keep the uncultured and ill-bred out of the circles where they would be uncomfortable and embarrassed.

What Etiquette Does

To the man who is self-conscious and shy, *etiquette* gives poise, self-confidence. To the woman who is timid and awkward, *etiquette* gives a well-poised charm. To all who know and follow its little secrets of good conduct, *etiquette* gives a calm dignity that is recognized and respected in the highest circles of business and society.



What would you do or say in this embarrassing situation?

In the ballroom, for instance, the man who knows the important little rules of *etiquette* knows how to ask a lady to dance, how many times it is permissible to dance with the same partner, how to take leave of a lady when the music ceases and he wishes to seek a new partner, how to thank the hostess when he is ready to

Would You Know How

to create conversation if you were left alone with a noted celebrity?
to acknowledge an invitation to a formal dinner?
to arrange an informal home wedding?
to set the table for a formal luncheon?
to be an ideal guest if you were invited to a house party?

depart. The lady knows how to assume correct dancing positions, how to create conversation, how to conduct herself with the cultured grace that commands admiration.

What It Will Do for You

Perhaps you have often wondered what to do in a certain embarrassing situation, what to say at a certain embarrassing time. *Etiquette* will banish all doubt, correct all blunders. It will tell you definitely, without a particle of a doubt, what is correct and what is incorrect. It will reveal to you at once all the important rules of conduct that others acquire only after years of social contact with the most highly cultivated people.



Do you know the correct behavior at public places?

and wedding receptions, dances and theatre parties; how to word cards, invitations and correspondence?

The existence of fixed rules of conduct makes it easy for you to do, say, wear and write only what is absolutely correct. *Etiquette* tells you exactly what to do when you receive unexpected invitations, when people visit you for the first time, when you are left alone with a noted celebrity. It tells you what clothes to take on a week-end party, what to wear to the afternoon dance and the evening dance, how to command the respect and admiration of all people whom you come in contact with.

The Famous Book of Etiquette

The Book of *Etiquette* is recognized as one of the most dependable and reliable authorities on the conduct of good society. This splendid work has entered thousands of homes, solved thousands of problems, enabled thousands of people to enter the social world and enjoy its peculiar privileges. To have it in the home is to be immune from all embarrassing

blunders, to know exactly what is correct and what is incorrect, to be calm in the assurance that one can mingle with people of the highest society and be entirely well-poised and at ease.

In the Book of *Etiquette*, now published in two large volumes, you will find chapters on dance etiquette, dinner etiquette, reception etiquette and the etiquette of calls and correspondence. There are interesting and valuable chapters on correct dress, on how to introduce people to each other, on the lifting of the hat, the usual every-day courtesies. You may often have wondered what the correct thing was to do on a certain occasion, under certain puzzling circumstances. The Book of *Etiquette* solves all problems—from the proper way to eat corn on the cob, to the correct amount to tip the porter in a hotel.



What should the gentleman say when the music ceases and he must leave one partner to seek another?

Send Coupon for Free Examination

Let us send you the Book of *Etiquette*. It is published in two handsome cloth library volumes, richly illustrated. Our free examination offer makes it possible for you to examine these books without expense in the comfort of your own home. Just send the coupon—no money. We want you to see them for yourself, to examine them, to read a chapter or two. You may keep them at our expense for 5 days, and after that time you have the privilege of returning them without obligation or sending us \$3.50 in payment.

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Without money in advance, or obligation on my part, send me the Two Volume set of the Book of *Etiquette*. Within 5 days I will either return the books or send you \$3.50 in full payment. It is understood that I am not obliged to keep the books if I am not delighted with them.

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RAISING A BRAIN CHILD



Gerald Duffy.

If you think that the days of adventure are over, read the story bearing this title in our next issue. It's one of the most interesting twentieth century romances that we have ever read, one that will thrill and inspire you.

It's the story of how two young men, Gerald C. Duffy and Bennie Ziedman, neither of whom was old enough to have voted at more than one national election, became motion-picture producers without financial backing or previous experience in that end of the game.



Bennie Ziedman.

Jumping blindly into a highly competitive field where they were pitted against great organizations backed by millions, with only their own slender savings and high hopes, they wrote, produced, financed, and finally sold a picture that had it first showing on Broadway, and a sufficiently successful run throughout the country to make it a financial success!

The story of the difficulties which they experienced, of the times in which they faced disaster, and of how they wriggled past the unexpected obstacles that constantly confronted them beats most of the stories of the achievements of adventurers and pioneers. After it was all over they were able to see the humorous side of the adventure, and it is in that vein that Gerald Duffy, the author, has written the story.

Do You Really Know Your Favorite Stars?

The great bond between stars and their public is understanding of the stars' aims and methods. When you know their passions and prejudices you feel a warmer interest in their work. Our writers give you brilliant, unprejudiced character studies of popular screen players, through which you get a better understanding of what they do. Four unusually interesting interviews will be in our next number.

The Importance of Being Foremost

By Malcolm Oettinger

A frank, amusing, and altogether delightful character sketch of Richard Barthelmess.

The Impossible Happens

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

Our rarely enthusiastic and brutally frank contributor meets a girl about whom she raves—Doris Kenyon.



What's All This About Betty?

By Harriette Underhill

Exploding all the highly colored nonsense that has been circulated about Betty Blythe.

Antonio—Sometimes Called Tony

By Agnes Smith

The inimitable Agnes Smith—who can write delightfully about anything finds a delightful subject in Antonio Moreno.

DON'T MISS THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER OF PICTURE PLAY.



Charles Edward Allen,
Los Angeles, Cal.

A Mellin's Food Boy

All babies are entitled to good health and sturdiness. It is their natural birthright. This condition can be brought about for your baby through the use of the Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification.

Do not delay. Write today for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

Mellin's Food Company, Boston, Mass.

PARAMOUNT

Announces its Greatest Program of Motion Picture Entertainment

FORTY-ONE great new Paramount Pictures will be released in the coming six months, beginning August 6th.

Your theatre manager is booking your photoplays now for the coming season.

Make sure that he is preparing to show you these Paramount Pictures.

It is for you that Paramount has worked out step by step, months in advance, this great program,

—gathered all the great geniuses of production — stars, supporting artists, directors, novelists, dramatists, technicians—and supplied

them with every conceivable stimulus and equipment to produce the most magnificent and thrilling pictures!

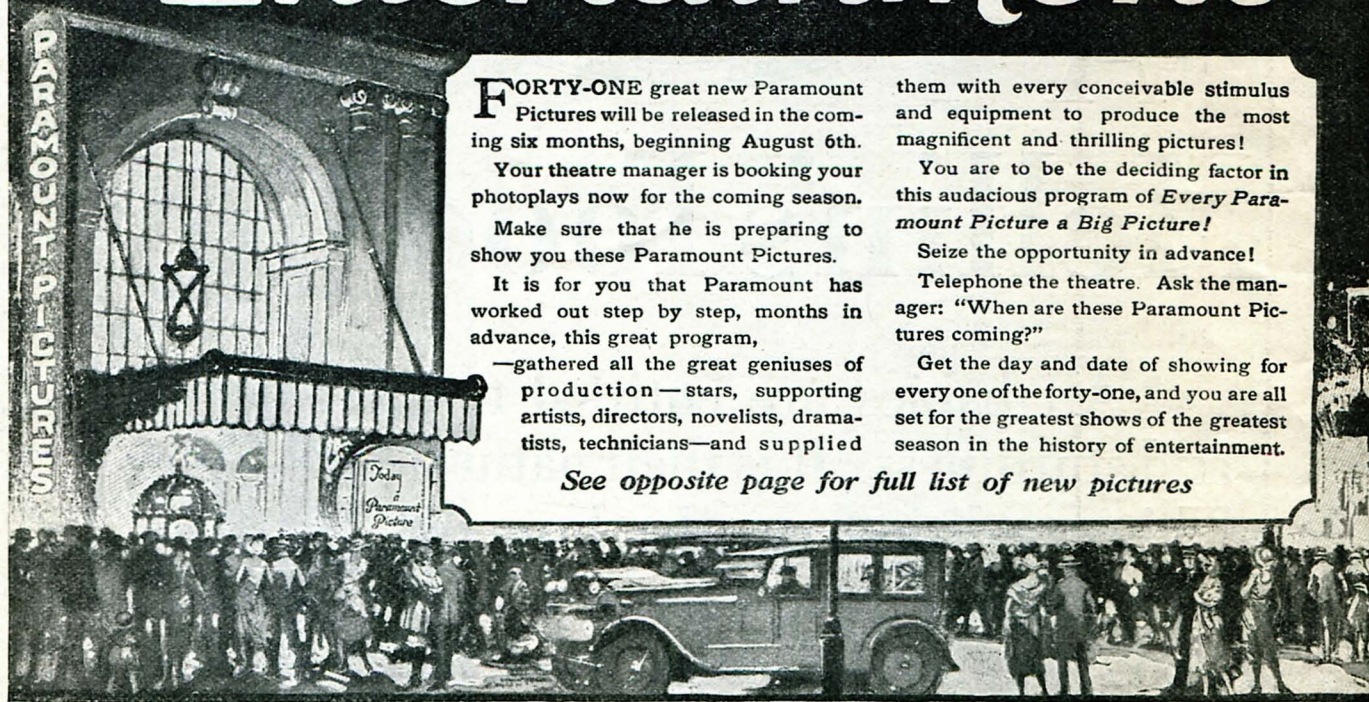
You are to be the deciding factor in this audacious program of *Every Paramount Picture a Big Picture!*

Seize the opportunity in advance!

Telephone the theatre. Ask the manager: "When are these Paramount Pictures coming?"

Get the day and date of showing for everyone of the forty-one, and you are all set for the greatest shows of the greatest season in the history of entertainment.

See opposite page for full list of new pictures



When are
they coming?



Use the phone.

Paramount

If it's a Paramount Picture

These are the Forty-one New Paramount Pictures you should ask your theatre manager to book

WALLACE REID
in "The Dictator"
Supported by Lila Lee
Directed by James Cruze

MARION DAVIES
in "The Young Diana"
by Marie Corelli
A Cosmopolitan Production

THOMAS MEIGHAN
in "If You Believe It, It's So"
by Perley Poore Sheehan
Directed by Tom Forman

BETTY COMPTON
in "The Bonded Woman"
by John Fleming Wilson
Directed by Philip Rosen

MAY McAVOY
in "The Top of New York"

"THE LOVES OF PHARAOH"
with Emil Jannings, Dagny Servaes, and
Harry Liedtke
An Ernest Lubitsch Production

GLORIA SWANSON
in "Her Gilded Cage"
A Sam Wood Production

A William deMille Production
"NICE PEOPLE"
with Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels,
Conrad Nagel and Julia Faye
From the play by Rachel Crothers
Scenario by Clara Beranger

RODOLPH VALENTINO
in "Blood and Sand"
A Fred Niblo Production
Supported by Lila Lee and Nita Naldi
From the novel by Vicente Blasco Ibanez and
the play by Tom Cushing
Adaptation by June Mathis

"THE VALLEY OF SILENT MEN"
with Alma Rubens
From the story by James Oliver Curwood
Directed by Frank Borzage
A Cosmopolitan Production

"THE SIREN CALL"
with Dorothy Dalton
An Irvin V. Willat Production
Supported by David Powell and Mitchell Lewis
by J. E. Nash
Adaptation by J. E. Nash and Philip Hurn

JACK HOLT
"While Satan Sleeps"
A Peter B. Kyne Special
Adapted by Albert S. LeVino
From the novel "The Parson of Panamint"
Directed by Joseph Henabery

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S
"Manslaughter"
with **THOMAS MEIGHAN**
Leatrice Joy and Lois Wilson
From the novel by Alice Duer Miller
Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson

The Hamilton Theatrical Corp. presents
"THE MYSTERIES OF INDIA"

"PINK GODS"
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production
with Bebe Daniels, James Kirkwood and
Anna Q. Nilsson
Adaptation by J. E. Nash and Sonya Lavien

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD"
with Theodore Roberts
Adapted from Denman Thompson's play
by Perley Poore Sheehan and Frank Woods
Scenario by Julien Josephson
Directed by James Cruze

"THE FACE IN THE FOG"
by Jack Boyle
A Cosmopolitan Production

"BURNING SANDS"
with Wanda Hawley and Milton Sills
A George Melford Production

WALLACE REID and **LILA LEE**
in "The Ghost Breaker"
Directed by Alfred Green

"THE COWBOY AND THE LADY"
with Mary Miles Minter
and Tom Moore
A John Robertson Production

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD"
with Betty Compton and Bert Lytell
Supported by W. J. Ferguson and
Theodore Kosloff

THOMAS MEIGHAN
in "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow"
By Perley Poore Sheehan and Frank Condon
Directed by Alfred Green

"ON THE HIGH SEAS"
with Dorothy Dalton and Jack Holt
Supported by Mitchell Lewis
by Edward Sheldon
An Irvin V. Willat Production

RODOLPH VALENTINO
in "The Young Rajah"
Adapted from the play by Alethea Luce and
novel "Amos Judd"
by John Ames Mitchell
Directed by Philip E. Rosen
Adaptation by June Mathis

ALICE BRADY
in "Anna Ascends"
Directed by Joseph Henabery

A William deMille Production
"CLARENCE"
with Wallace Reid, Agnes Ayres and
May McAvoy
Adaptation by Clara Beranger

GLORIA SWANSON
in "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew"
A Sam Wood Production
by David Lisle
Adaptation by Percy Heath

"EL EMIES OF WOMEN"
by Vicente Blasco Ibanez
Directed by Robert Vignola
A Cosmopolitan Production

A George Melford Production
"EBB TIDE"
with Lila Lee and James Kirkwood
Cast includes George Fawcett and
Raymond Hutton

"THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR"
From the story by Peter B. Kyne
Directed by Frank Borzage
A Cosmopolitan Production

ELSIE FERGUSON
in "Outcast"
by Hubert Henry Davies
A John Robertson Production
Adaptation by Josephine Lovett

"SINGED WINGS"
with Bebe Daniels
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production

THOMAS MEIGHAN
in "Back Home and Broke"
By George Ade
Directed by Alfred Green

AGNES AYRES
in "A Daughter of Luxury"
Adaptation by Beulah Marie Dix
Directed by Joseph Henabery

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"KICK IN"
with Betty Compton and Bert Lytell

WALLACE REID
in "Thirty Days"
by A. E. Thomas and Clayton Hamilton
Directed by James Cruze

MARION DAVIES
in "Little Old New York"
by Rida Johnson Young
Directed by Frank Borzage
A Cosmopolitan Production

RODOLPH VALENTINO
in "A Spanish Cavalier"
Based on the play "Don Cesar De Bazan"
by Adolph D. Ennery and P. F. P. Dumanior
Scenario by June Mathis

JACK HOLT
in "Making a Man"
A Peter B. Kyne Special
Adapted by Joseph Henabery
Adaptation by Albert Shelby LeVino

ALICE BRADY
in "Missing Millions"
A William deMille Production
"NOTORIETY"
with Bebe Daniels
by Clara Beranger



Pictures

it's the best show in town



FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President,
NEW YORK CITY

WHAT THE FANS THINK



A Star Writes to Us.

IN last month's PICTURE-PLAY I noticed that a correspondent asked if players ever read the "What the Fans Think" department. I don't know about the others, but I want to assure her that I do.

For some time I have wanted to write to thank you for that department, as it is of real service to me. Most of us connected with the making of pictures visit theaters frequently with the hope of learning the reactions of the audience. We are often more concerned with the remarks we hear than with the picture we see, especially if it happens to be one of our own. We consider ourselves lucky if we overhear one or two thoughtful comments at a performance. But in one month's "What the Fans Think" we get any number of unbiased opinions. These are often discussed when stories are being selected or pictures cast, and I have known such evidence to cast the weight that decides an issue.

I think that these letters are particularly useful to stars and producers when they voice opposition to obvious box-office appeal, which some releasing companies insist upon in their pictures. Unfortunately, all worthwhile pictures do not make money for the exhibitor. Unusual pictures seem to require an extra amount of boosting, whereas stories dealing with the obvious seem to attract the majority of picturegoers.

It is up to the fans who want the best to boost good pictures to their friends instead of just knocking the poor and obvious ones. I have tried to cultivate the habit of speaking of my enjoyment of the splendid work done by players and producers on all occasions, and I find that it interests people just as much as when I hold forth on some picture's demerits.

When people take the trouble to write a sincere and earnest appreciation or criticism to a magazine, one knows that the subject is of real interest to them. So stars, directors, producers—every one connected with motion pictures, can learn something about what the public wants by reading "What the Fans Think."

MABEL BALLIN.

No. 366 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The Fans Take Sides.

I have just read The Observer's comments on the ten best films of the year chosen by Miss MacKenzie of Atlanta, Georgia. I heartily agree with The Observer when he generously says that the ten pictures picked out by Miss MacKenzie may be the best from her point of

view, but in my estimation her point of view is one too immature to be accepted as a standard for all lovers of motion pictures.

Miss MacKenzie is mistaken in saying that "The Golem" and "The Old Nest" did not draw well. Minneapolis is considered one of the best show cities in the country. It is also noted for its discriminating audiences. I have seen every picture that The Observer has chosen as the ten finest pictures of 1921, and I heartily indorse the selection made by him. Every one of these splendid pictures played here in Minneapolis from one to three weeks steadily at their first showing to record-breaking crowds. And due to the public's insistent demand, many have had their second showing with as large crowds as they drew the first time.

All my friends enjoyed these pictures, and they are distinctly not morbid people. Nor were the pictures in The Observer's list morbid, though I will admit that the humor of them is subtle; it does not shriek out at you as it does in the pictures Miss MacKenzie chose.

I have seen all of Miss MacKenzie's choice of films, and, though the actors and actresses that played the leading rôles in these pictures are among my favorites, the only pictures in her list that I really liked were "Molly-O," "Wedding Bells," and "The Wonderful Thing."

"Molly-O" is the typical *Cinderella* story which has been done so often before. But Mabel Normand is one of our cleverest comédiennes and makes the most of every opportunity.

Norma Talmadge was splendid and vivacious in "The Wonderful Thing." In fact I should say that Norma and not the picture was "The Wonderful Thing." Connie Talmadge, who is a peppy whirlwind of comedy, made "Wedding Bells" enjoyable entertainment.

The other day I saw the first showing here of Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm." I had to get my ticket a week ahead of time and even then I could only get a balcony seat. I enjoyed the picture immensely and believe it is one of the finest things Griffith has ever done. Lillian Gish is truly a superb emotional artiste. But imagine my dismay when two girls about twenty came in and sat right ahead of me and chatted throughout the picture! Here are some of the remarks: "Oh, I don't think Griffith is so much." "Gosh! I think 'The Sheik' was a pippin compared to this! And to think I paid four bucks to see this." "Oh, an' didja see 'The Affairs of Anatol'?" Oh, boy! I'll tell tha world that

Continued on page 11

was some picture!" "Gee! I don't see that Monte Blue is anything extra," et cetera.

I attend motion pictures to be entertained and instructed. I see practically all the pictures that come here. I believe if motion pictures are to progress we need more pictures like "The Four Horsemen," "Bits of Life," "Broken Blossoms," "The Golem," and even better ones. I wish to congratulate Mr. Marshall Neilan on "Bits of Life." It compares very favorably to O. Henry's short fiction. I firmly believe the short story should have a distinct place on the screen, especially in preference to a padded five-reel film. Mr. Neilan deserves much credit for his originality. It is only by originality that the screen's art will improve.

I enjoy "Molly-O" and other comedy dramas as mild entertainment. But please don't deprive us of the classics, for what would music be if we had only "Leave Me With a Smile," "I Want My Mammy," "Ten Little Fingers and Ten Little Toes," and never knew the beauty and inspiration of the works of such composers as Beethoven, Mozart, or Chopin? Can you imagine the intelligence of the world if it had nothing but dime novels to assimilate? Why should not that apply to the screen? Such trash as "The Affairs of Anatol" or "The Sheik" only make us appreciate all the more films like "Broken Blossoms," "The Three Musketeers," "The Bluebird," "Sentimental Tommy," "Bits of Life," "Miss Lulu Bett," and others of real distinction.

Lest Miss MacKenzie may think that I am a crabbed old maid and morbid in my tendencies, I want to say that I am a girl of twenty years, that I am very jolly, and that I firmly believe that motion pictures as an art will never thrive on revamped ten-cent novels. And I also believe that motion pictures will deteriorate until the public will not attend such showings if we are not given the best of literature and direction.

I suppose I have "started something." Well, let it rain cats and dogs! I have plenty of umbrellas and defy the storm to do its worst. LOIS WHITE.

1219 Sixth Street, South, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Well, I'm glad that *somebody* had the nerve to speak up and say what they really think, instead of pretending to be a highbrow and to like things that are ugly and uninteresting. Trix MacKenzie's list of the ten best plays of 1921 in your May number was great! There's no affectation about that girl; she admits she likes things we all really like instead of climbing on the critics' band wagon and praising such pictures as "The Golem."

I didn't see all the pictures in her list, but I saw "The Sheik" and "Love's Redemption," and I liked them so well I'd be willing to bet that I'd like all the others she mentioned.

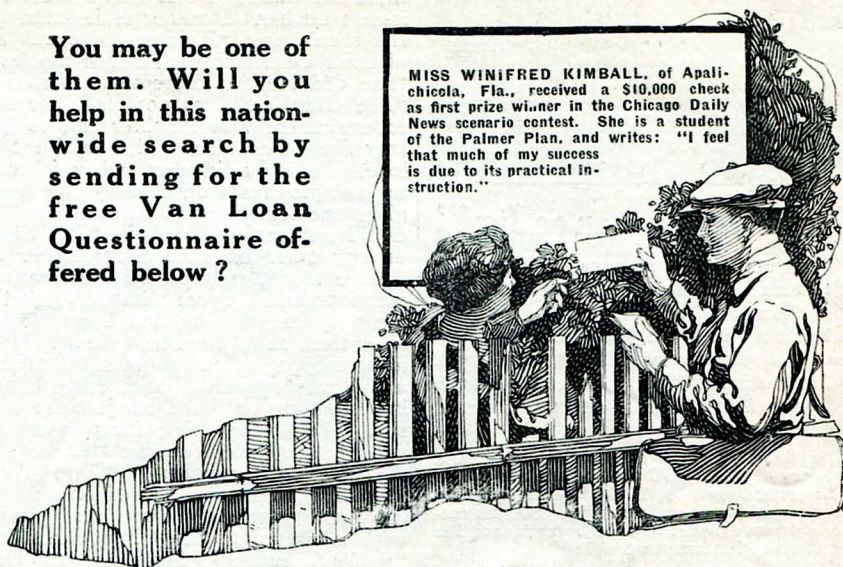
Personally, I like Bebe Daniels in anything, and I think Frank Mayo is just great. I love Viola Dana and I like any old story that has one of the Talmadge girls in it better than any of these old foreign things with their hideous actresses. BEATRICE WASHBURN.

Lima, Ohio.

I was very much interested in the article "Another Ten Best Pictures" which appeared in The Observer department of the PICTURE-PLAY for May, 1922. I had read the first list of the "ten best pictures" which The Observer previously had selected, and I had agreed that they were

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well chosen, if plot, acting, and all other fine points were to be considered.

But when Miss Trix MacKenzie, of Georgia, condemned this list, and substituted ten others, I felt that I must take issue with her. I cannot understand why she should say, "How any one can find pleasant entertainment in such movies as 'The Old Nest' is more than I can see." "The Old Nest" was not made for light entertainment and laughter but to portray the other side of life and mother love. In my estimation, when it comes to real pictures with a story that really gives one something to think about, "The Old Nest" ranks far above "The Sheik" or any other on Miss MacKenzie's list. I have seen nearly all of the plays she mentions and I agree with her that they are very entertaining, but I cannot consider them as "the ten best pictures." My ideas may seem odd to Miss MacKenzie and I may appear to be a crape hanger, but I assure you that I am just the opposite. We all have time for pleasure and we all enjoy pictures like "The Sheik," "Don't Tell Everything," "Two Weeks With Pay," "The Affairs of Anatol," but can't we appreciate some real pictures with a meaning like "The Old Nest," "Fool's Paradise," "Something to Think About," "Over the Hill," et cetera?

JOHN C. MISTA.

Y. M. C. A., Dubuque, Iowa.

In the May issue of your magazine I noted a list of the ten best pictures of 1921 as compiled by Miss Trix MacKenzie. I do not wish to be unkind to Miss MacKenzie, but it seems to me that she has chosen the ten worst.

I admit that gorgeous settings play an important part in motion pictures, but if they make the picture I am a fool. I agree, also, that cheerful productions go a long way in relieving humanity of its eternal burdens, yet I would not think of tearing down a Rembrandt to set up a Briggs cartoon.

Yours sincerely,

VIRGINIA DE CLERCO.

17 South Barbee Street, Fort Scott, Kansas.

Another Criticism of Critics.

Why is it that when critics come out boldly and say "So-and-so" is terribly miscast in a picture, the picture is always wonderful? That's the way it was with Wallace Reid in "Forever" and the same with William Farnum in "A Stage Romance." It never seems to occur to them that just because an actor is cast in a picture unlike that of his other vehicles that he is entirely unsuited to said picture.

I went to see "Forever," expecting to see Wallace Reid make a mess of it, but what I saw was a revelation!

As for William Farnum in "A Stage Romance"—well, he has always been one of my favorites, but I had not seen him in a long time, and as Edmund Kean he brought back all my sincerest admiration. His every gesture, every expression was perfect—and he was called "miscast!"

Now when I read that one of my favorites is miscast in a picture I'm going to make a point of seeing it—I know it will be good.

ELIZABETH DAWSON.

Brooksville, Florida.

Concerning Letters to Stars.

The article "Do the Stars Answer Fan Letters?" by Edwin Schallert in your May PICTURE-PLAY was wrong—all wrong, according to the belief of every girl here. You could easily see that Mr. Schallert

had never been a worshiper of any star—if he ever did adore a star, he was a very cold-blooded adorer.

I should like to see any real fan write to their favorite, "If you had held that pose longer, I think it would have been more effective." Well, that is what Mr. Schallert says to do. Doesn't he know that if you really, truly worship a star, that that star is perfect? Simply wonderful? No faults whatever?

I am not saying the stars don't like that kind of letters—I have never known a star. Of course, a person who is only interested in the star can tell them to hold that pose longer for better effect; but a person who adores them! That is very different, for you don't see any mistake in their pictures whatever.

And I think you'll find most every fan will agree with me.

GRACE THOMAS.

Andalusia, Alabama.

A Protest.

I want to say a word about personal appearances. When you try to talk education to the present generation and along comes one of their screen idols who talks with no regard for correct diction and usage of words, and who plainly shows a lack of education, and who is apparently proud of it, an argument is started in the great American home.

"Well, look at so-and-so," son or daughter will say. "I heard him last night. He certainly never had much education, and look at the salary he's getting!"

You can readily understand that a few stars of that sort are doing a lot of harm, and I do sincerely hope that the next step in improving Hollywood will be to conduct grammar classes for some of those who are making personal-appearance tours.

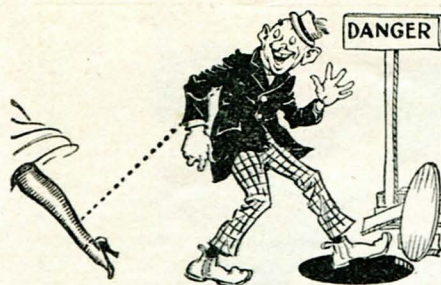
This may seem like a small thing, but you would realize its importance if you had children at the critical ages of from fourteen to sixteen who think some of these stars are simply perfect and worthy of being imitated in every particular.

ANNA F. CECIL.

509 East Ayer, Ironwood, Michigan.

A Criticism from New Zealand.

I have a grievance. It is the same that Elinor Glyn made during her stay in California. It is a protest against the hairdressing affected by many ladies of the screen. Why, oh, why, do so many spoil their pretty faces by placing above them such hideous contortions? The other night I went to see "The Affairs of Anatol," in which Gloria Swanson's coiffure worried me considerably. In the closing scenes Miss Swanson looked most unattractive, quite unlikely to appeal to Anatol; in fact, I think Anatol would have been justified in indulging in further affairs. Her gown reminded me of a member of the royal family in a wax-works show and her hair was worse. Both gown and hair had neither beginning nor ending. Surely Miss Swanson was poured into the gown or squeezed it on with a shoe horn. Her hair did not look like hair but like the black paint which is run onto the wooden hairs of Dutch dolls. How I longed to pull its plaster down and put a comb through it and make it look as charming as nature intended it to be. The hairdressing of the majority of the ladies of the screen is far too artificial and sophisticated. Some have a different style from the black-enamel effect; theirs is the straw-bursting-out-of-a-sack kind of thing and needs a comb through it dreadfully. The hair is just towed and frizzled



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and pulled and puffed all over the section until the owner looks as though she had been pulled through a hedge backward. Too untidy, as the previous style is too, far too, sleekly tidy. Then there is the trying pompadour idea worn with a gown severe and elegant beyond one's years. It consists of a smooth, highly built-up mass, against or on top of which is placed some bizarre ornament or comb which serves as a support or a steadier. The lady beneath looks half haughty dame and half lady gymnast. I always think tights and doublet go better with this style than evening dress. You see, a gymnast needs a solidly built hairdress with scaffolding because of the nature of her work. Edna Purviance blossomed forth as a pompadour lady halfway through "The Kid" and folks around said something like: "Goodness, doesn't she look old and different! I didn't think it was the same girl as in the beginning of the picture."

Gloria Swanson's face is the greatest sufferer from weird hairdressing, but many run her close. Absolutely the loveliest face on the screen—a great many thought—was Betty Compson's, in her old comedy days. Alas, being a dramatic star is working changes. I saw her in "The End of the World," and how she appeared to struggle against being her beautiful self! Freakish hair modes—too much grand lady. It seems to me that the only time many film actresses look their sumptuous best is when the part calls for hair all loose and no pins or aids to spoiling it.

Yes, this letter is a protest against pretty faces being handicapped by terrible hair plasters, hair messes, and hair mountains above them. By way of proving what I mean and say—doesn't Lillian Gish always appear alluring because she is so simple and her hair is soft and pretty and as sweetly natural as her face? She really did look a dream in her bridal boudoir robe in "Way Down East." Put this vision of her against Miss Swanson's Vivian in "The Affairs of Anatol." The first, all natural charm; the second, all unnatural woman, and so hard. Miss Swanson could look such an adorable darling, too, if only she would let herself. This waste of charm and beauty is deplorable.

(MRS.) CLEO NEALE.
160 Riddiford Street, Wellington, New Zealand.

An Appreciation from Europe.

I just finished reading what the fans in America think, in the course of going through the April PICTURE-PLAY, from the "Indiscretions of a Star" to the last word of The Oracle and the tiniest ad of how to become a Venus in three weeks.

The criticisms are all very interesting, but if the dear American movie-going public could be transported to Europe for the space of three or four movies and have to sit through the awful, almost unbelievably punk productions that are forced on the innocent and unsophisticated Europeans they would return to their own comfortable, well-upholstered playhouses an infinitely wiser and more easily satisfied people. Not that such a mental lethargy is advisable or desirable, but to an American fan educated in the school of luxury-for-the-eye, represented by Cecil B. De Mille bedrooms and Gloria Swanson gowns, an actual hard, uncampaigned criticism of Tommy Meighan or Wallie Reid or Rodolph Valentino seems irrelevant and sacrilegious, at the very

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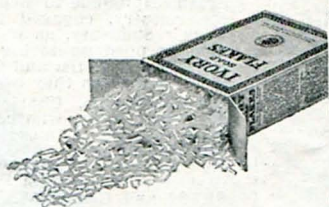
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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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The Calendar of Past Performances

As Revealed by Johnson Briscoe.



1—1914—SATURDAY.—May Allison was in a tearful mood this day, as it marked the end of her first engagement as a leading woman in a Broadway play—and after only two weeks, too!—being *Mrs. Newhouse* in "Apartment 12-K," at Maxine Elliott's Theater.

2—1915—MONDAY.—Mae Murray was skipping blithely about in "The Follies of 1915," in New York, as *Merry Pickham* in a satire upon motion pictures, and her work in a short film that accompanied the scene brought her a real picture contract!

3—1910—WEDNESDAY.—Frank Mayo was enjoying what was probably the high-water mark of his entire stage career, appearing in London, England, at the Lyceum Theater, as *Cash Hawkins* in "The Squaw Man," which was known to the British public, however, as "A White Man."

4—1917—SATURDAY.—Miss Du Pont, the Universal star, was plugging away faithfully with the Albee Stock Company, Providence, R. I., playing the title rôle, *Lucille Le Jambon*, in "A Perfect Lady," only then she had a first name, being billed as Margaret Armstrong.

5—1913—TUESDAY.—The matinee girls of Syracuse, N. Y., were inconsolable this day, as their adored Harrison Ford was closing his engagement as leading man of the Weiting Theater Players, his final rôle being *Jack Thorndyke* in "A Stranger in a Strange Land."

6—1903—THURSDAY.—Warner Oland was, unfortunately, unable to perpetrate any villainies, owing only to the limitations of his rôle, the one-line *Messenger* in "The Christian," which popular thriller this date opened for a brief stay at the Academy of Music, New York.

7—1899—MONDAY.—Polly Moran was displaying her own particular brand of humor, being an exponent of con songs, before a new—and we hope appreciative—public upon this midsummer-night opening at the Alhambra Music Hall, London, England.

8—1916—TUESDAY.—Betty Ross Clarke was glad of the opportunity to spend a few days at Atlantic City, N. J., especially since she was earning salary the while, appearing at the Apollo Theater there as *Laura Bartlett* in "Fair and Warmer."

9—1903—SUNDAY.—Robert Warwick, with no past experience to give him courage, stood behind the footlights for the first time, trying not to be too obviously nervous, as *Clarence Cholmondeley* in "In Harvard," the fare at the Grand Opera House, San Francisco, Cal.

10—1897—TUESDAY.—William S. Hart was in a particularly happy frame of mind this day, for the night before he had made his debut as a star of his own company, offering "The Man in the Iron Mask," at the Grand Opera House, Traverse City, Mich.

11—1909—WEDNESDAY.—Ann Little in these thirteen years ago evidently preferred operatic glories to those of the screen, and as she warbled in "The Yankee Consul," with Ferris Hartman, at the Grand Opera House, Seattle, Wash., her efforts met with most hearty approval.

12—1882—SATURDAY.—John E. and Loretta Libbey, of Boston, Mass., in fine spirits this day because there was born to them a daughter, whom we know today as Pauline Frederick. And this same date, the year preceding, is noteworthy as the birthday of Cecil De Mille.

13—1906—MONDAY.—Thomas Santschi regarded the world with a calm and philosophic eye as he settled down for a season's engagement with the Brandon Evans Stock Company, at the Lafayette Theater, Detroit, Mich., being prominently cast in the week's offering, "The Christian."

14—1886—SATURDAY.—Edwin Stevens, whose screen character impersonations rank with the best nowadays, was leagues removed from any such occupation in this long ago, was cutting capers as *Koko* in "The Mikado," at the Tivoli Theater, Cal., and also celebrated his birthday.

15—1913—FRIDAY.—Just think of it, girls, you could have seen Mrs. Thomas Meighan in the flesh, if you'd only known, as she was playing *Wilson* in "Our Wives," at the Morosco Theater, Los Angeles, Cal. Oh, yes, you could also have seen her husband, as he, too, was in the cast!

16—1916—WEDNESDAY.—Marion Davies displayed her usual poise and self-possession as she assumed her various and necessary disguises in that hotbed of latent movie talent, "The Ziegfeld Follies," this being the 1916 brand, at the New Amsterdam Theater, New York.

17—1910—WEDNESDAY.—Lew J. Cody gratefully accepted the many tributes paid him as the new leading man of the Poli Players, Scranton, Pa., and he did his utmost to deserve the praise heaped upon him for his portrayal of *Stephen Ghent* in "The Great Divide."

18—1916—FRIDAY.—Gareth Hughes was probably in a very nervous frame of mind upon this particular occasion, as he was due to make a first Broadway appearance in a new rôle, being *Gaston Marceau* in "The Guilty Man," at the Astor Theater.

19—1909—THURSDAY.—Earl Metcalfe was taking life easy at his summer home at Fort Thomas, Ky., while making plans for a descent upon Cincinnati, O., where he was to play a season's engagement with the Forepaugh Stock, at the Olympic Theater.

20—1902—WEDNESDAY.—Elliott Dexter, after two years' apprenticeship in stock companies, was finally a genuine "trouper," flitting from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast in a melodrama, "Down By the Sea," starting operations this week at the Bowdoin Square Theater, Boston, Mass.

21—1912—WEDNESDAY.—Little did Broadway theatergoers realize the golden chances which were theirs in being able to see two such luminaries as Douglas Fairbanks and Vivian Martin in the cast of the same play, "Officer 666," at the Gaiety Theater.

22—1916—TUESDAY.—Betty Blythe was specially satisfied with life at this moment, having received a coveted opportunity to portray the dual rôles of *Slander* and *Illiterate* in "Experience," and, despite the warm weather, was rehearsing strenuously in New York, prior to a long tour.

23—1904—TUESDAY.—Ford Sterling now playing in Mack Sennett comedies, and Henry Walthall were both ornaments in the cast of the same play, "Under Southern Skies," which dropped off for a night at the Grand Opera House, Salem, N. J.

24—1909—TUESDAY.—Louise Glauum found a part quite to her liking, cast as *Gladys Olivia Armstrong* in "The House of a Thousand Candles," and no doubt the audience at the National Theater, Chicago, Ill., equally enjoyed watching her.

25—1910—THURSDAY.—Eulalie Jensen, now known on the screen chiefly for her powers of characterization, was this night blithely tripping about in the title rôle in "The Flirting Princess," at the Grand Opera House, Kansas City, Mo.

26—1921—FRIDAY.—Doris Kenyon apparently preferred the stage to the films, so at the Playhouse, Chicago, Ill., she was to be seen as *Gloria Riley* in "The Love Chef," but as the play was not successful she was soon seen upon the screen again.

27—1904—SATURDAY.—John Emerson first cast as the butler, *Friedrich*, in "Military Mad," at the Garrick Theater, New York, which play was a failure, started rehearsing a revival of "Are You a Mason?" in which he was *Ernest Morrison*—a rôle originated by Cecil De Mille!

28—1911—MONDAY.—Clara Kimball Young, who had been trouncing since her third year, this day joined the Orpheum Players, at the Chestnut Street Theater, Philadelphia, her first part being the ingénue rôle in "A Gentleman From Mississippi."

29—1916—TUESDAY.—Kenneth Harlan was courageously burning the Shakespearian torch, participating in an al-fresco performance of "The Merchant of Venice," in which he was *Salario*, on Braves Field, Boston, and though Nat Goodwin was the *Shylock*, the whole venture was a complete fiasco.

30—1910—TUESDAY.—Ethel Clayton was in her last season as an actress upon the speaking stage, being *Agnes Eliston* in "Bobby Burnit," at the Republic Theater, New York.

31—1909—TUESDAY.—Dorothy Phillips, happy over her rôle of *Lucille Perkins* in "Mary Jane's Pa," with Henry E. Dixey, played this night at the Opera House, New Brunswick, N. J.



Photo copyright by Strauss-Peyton Studio

Charlie Chaplin has become a romantic figure; in fact, the impression has got about that he is a bit of a "Don Juan."

IF you have followed the news about Charlie Chaplin you may logically assume that he is becoming quite a romantic personage. He has been reported engaged successively to various ladies of prominence in the films. The impression has got about, in fact, that he is a bit of a Don Juan.

There is always a great to-do whenever Chaplin appears in public with a new belle on his arm. (Not to say that this happens so very often. Because it doesn't.) If she is seen with him twice every one begins to talk about it. Three times, and she is bound to call down on her head the visit of at least one enterprising news reporter bent on interviewing regarding her anticipations of marriage. More, and it is a settled fact that the day has been set for their wedding. Becoming engaged to Chaplin is therefore not especially difficult to accomplish, and, moreover, is quite *au fait*.

The gossips find each separate romantic adventure of Chaplin intensely stimulating. Each inspires new speculations concerning his possible marriageable status. Each is considered potentially in the light of a wedding, and each is carefully analyzed and dissected to the last shred of psychological evidence.

Such is the fate of one who has achieved fame.

Once in a while, however, even the soundest analyses fall short of actual developments. This happened re-

Chaplin and the Ladies

The world's most famous comedian has become a romantic personage and something more.

By Edwin Schallert

cently, I suspect, at the Coconut Grove, the fashionable dancing resort of the movie folk. You've heard of the Grove, no doubt. It is a sort of glorified playground for the stars. It is the scene of festivals of chiffon and white shirt fronts, of carnivals of jazz and temperamental intoxication. Romances bud and blossom beneath its glowing lights, and even sad hearts become gay in the spell of syncopation.

They were all there together, *all of them*, that night, at the Grove—Charlie and his "ex's" as some one facetiously remarked. Lila Lee, whom Chaplin has lately been attending, accompanied him, and Edna Purviance and her escort were in their party. May Collins and Claire Windsor, with their respective beaux, had, in passing, stopped and sat down at the table for a few moments of chat.

Miss Collins was wearing the silver fox that Charlie had given her, and Miss Windsor had on the ermine wrap, so the gossips observed. The conversation at Chaplin's table proved pleasant—far more genial than conversations, under such delicate circumstances, generally can be. At least, there were no flat silences.

Chaplin was in a gay, an exuberant mood. He passed notes to Miss Purviance, which, so Miss Windsor told me, probably contained some humorous allusion to the gifts which she and Miss Collins displayed. Later Charlie did the unheard-of thing of performing a solo dance before the assembled throng of film stars and sight-seers who were guests at the Grove.

The affair was talked about for days—chiefly, of course, Charlie's dance, which had taken the form of a burlesque of classic steps, such as you witnessed, if you will remember, in the dream sequence of "Sunnyside," his comedy. Nobody would have thought that the spirit could move him to the extent of his giving a public exhibition of his talents. Chaplin has, particularly within the past few years, been regarded as a recluse, and decidedly opposed to showing himself before any large assemblage except on the screen.

Naturally, many of those who heard about the dance, traced it to the temperamental effect of the presence of so many ladies who were associated in their mind with his destiny. The theory isn't a bad one, at that, but it would be hard to limit all of Chaplin's reactions to his romantic excursions, because it has been shown time and again that he is capable under any circumstances of doing the unexpected thing. You might almost say that he lives as he acts on the screen, not according to any set rules or program, but according to the impetus of his own personal nature.

Chaplin's so-called romancing began something over a year ago, following his divorce from Mildred Harris. May Collins, whom he had met in the East, I believe, while she was appearing on the stage in Maeterlinck's "The Betrothal," had come to California to work in pictures, and she and Charlie commenced going around together.

In an interview at the time, Miss Collins told how they would visit the quaint poorer sections of the city, and both pretend that they hadn't any money. She related how Charlie would say, "Think if we were only rich, and I could buy you an automobile," and May would reply, "Yes, isn't it terrible that we're so poor." Then they would stand in front of some cheap jeweler's window and look at the rings, and Charlie would declare dramatically that some day he would buy her a ring when he sold a picture for a lot of money and became wealthy.

We have a proper perspective on this romance now, and realize that it was only a gay, Platonic boy-and-girl sort of companionship. Something fresh and idealistic—something that in the depressed state in which his marital troubles had left him, Chaplin needed. It foretold, it heralded nothing but a momentary linking of destinies.

Different in many respects was the romance between Claire Windsor and Chaplin. Miss Windsor was a woman—womanly in type and nature, and a mother, as well. The meeting between her and Chaplin was in character somewhat accidental—fraught with romance. She had been invited to his house by a mutual friend. She had arrived before the other guests, and she and Chaplin had been forced to introduce themselves to each other. It was perhaps on the delicate nature of this meeting that the romance lived.

I am sure that there was never between Mr. Chaplin and Miss Windsor a deep community of interests, such as real lovers are supposed to have. Theirs was a pleasant, somewhat elegant companionship. It reflected but one side of Chaplin's nature—the side of him which enjoys the velvety, the fashionable things of life.

"I don't think that I would ever have wanted to marry Mr. Chaplin, because I don't think that I could make him happy," declared Miss Windsor. "I would never be sure of pleasing him, and I would be so afraid of disappointing him. I know that if I tried too hard to please him it would only irritate him.

"I never could help feeling a bit self-conscious in his presence. That was curious, wasn't it? But oftentimes when we were out together he would become absorbed in



May Collins was the first target of romantic gossip about Chaplin. Theirs was a sort of boy-and-girl companionship.



conversation with somebody else. He would be so engrossed that he would seem to forget everything else, and this makes one feel so out of it.

"I never could work if I thought he was watching me. He used to come out to the studio, of course. But he knew my feelings, and he would never stop to look on. I know, though, that he watched me at times when I wasn't aware of it. Because he indicated that to me in what he told me about my work afterward.

"He was wonderful always. Nobody could be more attentive than he. He was so perfectly lovely, so kind and considerate, and he said and did such beautiful things. I shall never forget either how thoughtful he was regarding my boy."

Miss Windsor is utterly frank in her esteem of Chaplin. There is no doubt but that she still admires him greatly. With an admiration that Chaplin's attentions to Claire Windsor reflected the side of his nature that enjoys the velvety, the fashionable things of life.

evidences the most womanly qualities. She feels, perhaps, that she made a serious mistake in manifesting too much of her admiration, and knowing Charlie's disinclination to be fussed over, I believe this to be true.

Lila Lee, with whom his destiny is now apparently linked, is much more cautious. She has little to say, and what she says is to the effect that "Oh, Charlie is lots of fun." The meaning she would convey, of course, is that her appearing with him in public is not to be taken seriously.

Miss Lee is very young. In fact, she is still in her teens. Chaplin admits to thirty-two. They are seen constantly together—at the opera, at concerts and at the theater, as well as at the Coconut Grove. Their romance has come to be accepted, although comparatively little has been said about it, because of Lila's reticence.

People are sure that their mutual admiration for each other is deep, and some of the wisest gossips declare that this time it is a real match. Maybe they are right. However, those who are closely associated with Charlie declare that the only way he will ever marry again is in haste. There won't be any conventionalizing about it, with engagements and courtship and so on. But then again I must repeat, Charlie never does the expected.

He himself emphasizes the fact that he is only "dallying." He declares that he has built up a sort of wall around himself. He has cultivated a restraint, which, he asserts, must necessarily place the other party on her guard, that any real romance under these circumstances cannot be anything but play, and that any seriousness can only have the seriousness of mock reality.

This fencing can be easily traced to his previous matrimonial venture, I believe.

That, as you perhaps know, was a dismaying experience in every sense of the word. The legal complications of the divorce brought with them a long train of discouragements and distractions, which were particularly disturbing to one of Chaplin's sensitive nature. The whole thing was for him a tragic exploit which led him into a perplexing labyrinth.

Some people assert that the experience has left him skeptical, but I doubt it. His viewpoint might perchance indicate this at times, but I am convinced that this is superficial. That he is more cautious than he was is undoubtedly a fact, because his own statements bear this out. He hesitates at anything of a romantic nature for fear that it might deflect him from his ambitions. He has big plans for the future, and is concentrating with every whit of energy on their fulfillment.

One of the most cherished of these plans is, I believe, for the blending of comedy and tragedy in an epic of the mask and the man, which is typical of his own personality, his own background of sorrow against which flashes his spirit of laughter, and that will probably overwhelm his admirers with its power and its human appeal. He himself will say little or nothing of this, and personally I do not think the idea is yet near the point of realization in Chaplin's mind, although he has told it to certain of his friends. I doubt very much whether he will even get at it until his United Artists contract, now about to begin, is well under way.

Chaplin's position on the screen is still strategically excellent. He has maintained his hold on the public. Whatever losses he endures as a result of certain pictures

not up to his usual standard are almost immediately compensated by his success in some creation which reveals the fullness of his genius.

Whatever disturbances arise in his own life, he always manages to keep going. The reason in his case is fundamental.

To my mind, Charlie is one of the few men making pictures who has the *right basic principle*. I don't know whether you have ever thought about it. Perhaps, if you are a stanch admirer of his, you have just accepted what he has done as the evidence of irrepressible genius.

You may call it genius if you like. For it is that. But again that is a rather indefinite word to express the Chaplin method of procedure in making a picture.

You are aware, I suppose, of the fact that he uses no scenario. At least, it is not his habit to do so. He had one for "The Idle Class," but he considers that one of his least successful productions.

Charlie is not keen about words as a means of expression. He finds them irksome and confusing. The language of action is so much quicker, so much more vivid. You can see in one flash of business what it would take a day to explain, he informed me, which is perfectly true of an emotion.

"I do not want a story to make a picture," he continued. "I want only some points. Here and there," and he indicated with a quick gesture an imaginary diagram. "It does not matter to me how I will get from this point to that point. When I reach one I shall know how to get to the other. I shall be able to see over the hill. What happens in a certain part of a film may be a little hazy at the start, but what of it? The thing will evolve itself.

"I want a theme. Yes. But not a definite theme. What I really want is a *note*. A note of beauty, of romance, of happiness, of love. That is sufficient. The rest will develop."

Is this not sailing on the wings of art? Truly it is.

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Lila Lee implies that her being seen a great deal with Chaplin is not to be taken too seriously—but the gossips think otherwise.



Romances of Famous Film Folk

Wanda Pittack and Burton Hawley's was a merry one, a very young one, and one of the most successful on record.

By Grace Kingsley

YOUNG Burt Hawley was dancing about with the girl he had brought to a party, one night in Albany. He was just eighteen, and would much rather play football than dance. But then, a fellow simply had to do these things, he reflected gloomily.

It was rather a warm evening in summer, and he was feeling pretty bored. Hadn't the slightest notion of what was going to happen to him.

He hadn't wanted to come to the party. He had wanted to go to bed early, because he was captain of

the football team at his military college, and he was to meet the boys of his team early next morning for practice. No fellow who cared a rap about his training ought to go in for dances. He wouldn't ever let girls interfere with his plans again.

Then suddenly his world was all changed for him, for a radiant vision stood in the doorway.

One hesitates to describe anybody as human and real and warm as Wanda Hawley undoubtedly is as a vision, but that's what she looked like to him that night. She was all pink and white and dazzlingly blue-eyed and golden-haired, with one of those skins like a complexion lotion ad man's dream, and she wore a sheer, simple white frock, through which showed the adorable curves of her arms, while the rounded neck of the dress showed her white throat.

Burt grew dizzy, he says.

Then he took another look, and saw that she leaned on the arm of an intensely unattractive young man. Anyhow, Burton thought of him that way.

And Burton wasn't the only one who saw her. He was soon only one of a crush. But being a slim athlete he was one of the first to worm his way about until he found somebody who knew the vision. He was introduced by a girl friend, and I'm afraid that the young lady Burt had brought to the party thought him a rather rude young man, for she hardly saw him the rest of the evening.

The vision's name, he found out, was Selma Wanda Pittack, and the young man on whose arm she leaned was a first cousin. After that the fellow didn't seem quite so utterly unattractive to Burt.

"Have—have you a vacant dance?" he found himself asking with eager breathlessness.

"And my heavens!" thought Burt dramatically to himself, "to think I came near not attending this party at all!"

It really was a case of love at first sight, on both sides, they tell me.

"Burt always tans so beautifully," explained Wanda. "When I first caught sight of him that night, I said to myself, 'I never saw such a nice coat of tan!'"

"Heavens!" expostulated Burt, "that sounds like a girl, and I won't stand——"

"And I looked at his long eyelashes——" went on Wanda teasingly.

Because the public doesn't see Burton, I must describe him to you. He is tall and very slender, with the long face of the natural-born scrapper, which scrapiness is worked off in Burt's case by his sportsman-ship activities. He has hazel eyes with such long silken eyelashes that his wife is always teasing him about them. He has a big, deep, booming but mellow voice which somehow surprises you when you hear it reverberating from that slender frame. He's an all-round athlete, and you mention his eyelashes at your peril.

As for Wanda, she is beautiful—and she finds beauty in others. She is clever and intelligent, and she takes those qualities for granted in other people. Though keen in reading people, she lets kindness rule her in judging them.

That first evening, Burton had many dances with Wanda, and they found that they danced beautifully.

"We didn't talk much, we had such a good time dancing," explained Wanda. "I only talk to the partners who fall over my feet."

Afterward, on the porch, when they sat out a dance together, he found out all about her.

She lived in Seattle, Burt found out. She had been studying music there ever since she was a tiny child—really, she couldn't remember, she said, when she learned to play the piano—but now she wanted to broaden her horizon. She wanted a career. So she had come to Brooklyn to study at the Brooklyn Master School of Music—both vocal and piano—and she had relatives in Albany, which was how she had happened to be at the dance to-night. She was visiting them, and—Burt's heart leaped—she meant to stay all summer.

"That was five years ago—and I've seen him almost every day since!" volunteered Wanda, as we sat looking into the fire in Wanda's cozy living room.

They had to part that evening, of course, and he couldn't take her home. But Burt gave her escort's back such a belligerent look as the two went out together that it's a wonder the first cousin didn't feel a stabbing pain where it landed. As for Wanda, she couldn't see a single thing in the girl Burton had brought to the party. And that night she slept with her dance program under her pillow.

But when they parted, Burton had asked the radiantly pretty Selma Wanda Pittack if he might call. Of course she said yes—and he called—just two days later.

He talked, on that first call of his, about athletics, and she was all interest and attention over the intricacies of football, and both learned they were quite crazy over tennis. She talked about music, and he was sympathetic—or, anyway, *pretty* sympathetic.

The next day they went driving together in Burt's new car. And the day after that they played tennis and took a long walk together. They met at a party the next evening after that. And then Burt took her to call on his mother.

"We took to each other right away, his mother and I!" exclaimed Wanda delightedly, as if it were the most surprising thing. "Of course she worshiped her son, and as I thought

he was a pretty nice boy myself, there was no quarreling on that score."

Just one little quarrel marred the summer, but it was quickly made up. Burt moped about and Wanda moped about; both were too proud to give in. Then one day they met on the street. Burt was all for striding right by, and Wanda pretended not to see, but all of a sudden she caught sight of his woebegone face, and he looked so terribly tragic that she put out a kind little hand, exclaiming: "Burt!"

Then of course Burt had to speak, and pretty soon the sun shone for them again.

When the summer vacation was ended and Wanda found it necessary to go back to her musical studies in Brooklyn, Burton suddenly felt the most compelling urge to attend Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, to pursue his studies in electrical engineering. He had always wanted to study electrical engineering, anyhow, and now he felt surprisingly that absolutely nothing else would do. At Pratt it was that he received the inspiration in his chosen calling which has landed him in a successful career. He is in business in Los Angeles, and is rapidly coming to the fore as one of the bright young electrical engineers of the day, being interested in several patents which bid fair to make him rich.

A Madcap Medley of Hollywood's Flapper Set

Hollywood boasts its flapper set just like any other town. You never can tell what they will do next. These young girls may be dignified in their work, but outside they are just as irrepressible and impulsive as yourself—or your kid sister.

Sometimes Hollywood simply buzzes with talk of their latest escapades. Their story is a madcap medley, and Grace Kingsley tells it in next month's Picture-Play in her own inimitable way.

"We saw each other a great deal that winter," said Wanda. "We went to football games together and played tennis whenever we had the opportunity. We went to plays, and I used to drag Burt to concerts. He liked music all right, but not highbrow concerts, and he must have loved me a lot to stand for so many.

"Both of us were away from home, and there was nobody to say, 'Don't do this' and 'Don't do that.' I think that love affairs carried on away from home are happier than those you have at home where everybody in the two families can stand around and offer advice and criticism."

So there, Mrs. Grundy! "Didn't you ever have any quarrels in those days in New York?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," Wanda admitted. "We used to have little jealous spats. I was the more jealous of the two, I think," she admitted generously. "You see there were so awfully many Albany girls coming to town all the time who seemed to need entertaining!"

"Oh, well, a lot of boys seemed to come from Seattle every little while, too," Burton put in, "and then you had to show them the Metropolitan Museum and Grant's Tomb."

"Yes, but Albany was so awfully near!" Wanda countered.

"How about the engagement?" I pursued, curling up yet more comfortably in a big chair, while the fire winked at us.

"Oh, we were engaged the first time we ever met, I guess!" chimed Burt and Wanda together.

"Then Burt didn't propose—the way they do in the movies!"

"Why, no," answered Wanda, with her frank little laugh. "He just said one evening in springtime, when we were taking a stroll after a concert, and both were uplifted by the music and the spring smell in Central Park and the moonlight, 'I think it's about time we got married now. Are you ready, dear?' And I said, 'Why, yes, dear, I guess I am.'"

So the next day we went to a minister's house and got married. We didn't either of us tell our folks for two weeks. It was so romantic to be married secretly that way. We lived together

quietly in a neighborhood where nobody knew us. We were both in school, and we thought it best to keep quiet about our marriage."

They used to talk about their careers in those days, and dream great dreams, Burt and Wanda. Wanda was to be a great musical-comedy star, and Burton was to be an electrical wizard.

Then came a great disappointment. Wanda was taken very ill with an attack of laryngitis. And when she got well her beautiful voice was gone.

"It was an awful shock to me," said Wanda, "that first day when I began to practice, and no sound came from my throat! I sat down and wept. I tried again, and my voice got better; it was very nice at times, but I could never depend on it. Burt comforted me a little. He used to say, 'Never mind, what does a career matter, anyhow?' But it did matter to me tremendously. The weeks went by, my voice didn't come back, and I knew it was hopeless.

"But I decided I must have a career. Suddenly one day I thought of motion pictures! I spoke to Burton about it that night. He wasn't very keen. But finally I persuaded him to let me have a try. I don't think he thought I'd do anything at it, to tell you the truth. Victor Watson, a friend of ours, introduced me to William Fox who had a test film made of me. To my everlasting surprise, it was excellent, and I got a leading part right away. From that time on, I've been in pictures. Burton was big minded enough to rejoice in my success. And I'm surely glad I have him. I'm all artistic, and he's all practical. I've taught Burton to appreciate fine music. And he has taught me golf, tennis, and other sports. I didn't write home about my picture career until it was all set. I had been brought up very strictly, and to this day my father doesn't quite like to see me in a picture. I never saw a show

until I was sixteen. Then I saw 'Excuse Me,' which isn't, I'll admit, a very high example of dramatic art. Next I saw 'The Merry Widow,' and oh, how very wicked I thought that was!"

[Continued on page 104]



Wanda Hawley and her husband are about as happy a couple as you'd find anywhere in the world.



One of the most important parts of the title writer's job is to label the characters as they appear upon the screen.

A Man of Few Words

Titles are bought in the picture business as well as in society

By Gerald C. Duffy

TO the vast majority of those who see motion pictures it never occurs that at least one third of every motion picture they see is not motion picture at all. It is writing—condensed, canned literature, which when mixed according to the formula: one part literature to two parts action, will form a product not below the accepted standard for a motion picture. For no reason whatever these scattered groups of words wedged between scenes are called titles. They are not titles. It would be just as sensible and accurate to call them actresses or vichy. On the other hand, they are just as much titles as they are anything else and so the literary sandwich will retain its absurd appellation.

The manufacture of these verbal confections is not a matter of writing as much as it is of not writing. The title author is a man of few words. His task is to say as much as possible as briefly as possible. You, the audience, must never realize that you are reading; you must always be baffled by the illusion that you are seeing things happen. To keep you so deceived is the most difficult feat the title writer performs.

Only by boiling phrases down to their very essence, by utilizing every volt of energy in each word, can he do this.

If a title is too long you folks who are watching the picture will suddenly become aware that you are reading. Therefore no title should exceed thirty words; the ideal length is from ten to twelve words. The funniest title ever written was just one word long. It was "Hey." Remember it? You howled when you saw it in Douglas Fairbanks' picture, "Manhattan Madness" six or seven years ago, but you did not laugh at the humor of it; you laughed because it caused a peculiar disturbance within you. Psychology made it funny. Doug came into a house where he had expected to find a crowd of people, but was dismayed to discover the place was empty. After rushing through every room he paused, bewildered. Then he called out weakly, "Hey." You, sitting there, were dying to call out that very word. When you read it the reaction was noisy.

Fifty people have used the word "Hey" since then in titles, but the laugh was never repeated. They didn't understand your psychology.

What you think, what effect the right words at the right time will have upon you, the title writer must know. A man becomes a title writer because he can get you to do whatever he wants, because he can get you to cry, because he can get you to laugh, because he can get you to gasp—and because he can get very good pay for achieving these things.

Fiction writers receive from one cent a word to ten, or, if they are very famous, fifteen cents a word. A few get more, but the average remuneration for the interesting arrangement of language is below five cents a word. As an author of titles, my average pay per word has been two dollars and twenty-five cents. But I realize that I am not paid for the number of words I write so much as for the number I avoid writing—and still tell my story.

Absolutely no scruples as regards the public enter into the title writer's life. We trick you, we deceive you, we plot against you. We make you laugh when you have no desire to

laugh; we make you cry when you admit that tears are a weakness, and are ashamed of them. Some of these things we accomplish spontaneously, some of them by hours of study in selecting words, which we do with as much care and precision as we think we use in selecting wives. Occasionally we burst forth with a blast of cleverness, but cleverness is elusive and unreliable, and it is impossible to make an engagement to have it meet you in your office every morning at ten. So we must have methods we can count on. For myself, I have a little mental list of tricks that I can play upon the spectator to obtain effects. It is taking you into my confidence to reveal them, and perhaps I am ruining my business, but I shall expose a few, nevertheless.

When I grow desperate for a laugh, and when wit, humor, cleverness and ticklish phrases refuse to visit my mind, I turn with relief to my list and choose an old stand-by—literary acrobatics. With these I shall not

DO YOU REALIZE

how much the success of a motion picture depends upon its subtitles? The titles comprise one third of the average production. Badly done, they may ruin the best picture; cleverly done, they may "make" a mediocre one. Sometimes an entirely new plot is given to a picture by means of a new set of titles! The author of this article, who titled Mary Pickford's "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and many other successful features, herein exposes some of the tricks of his craft, which you will find of unusual interest.

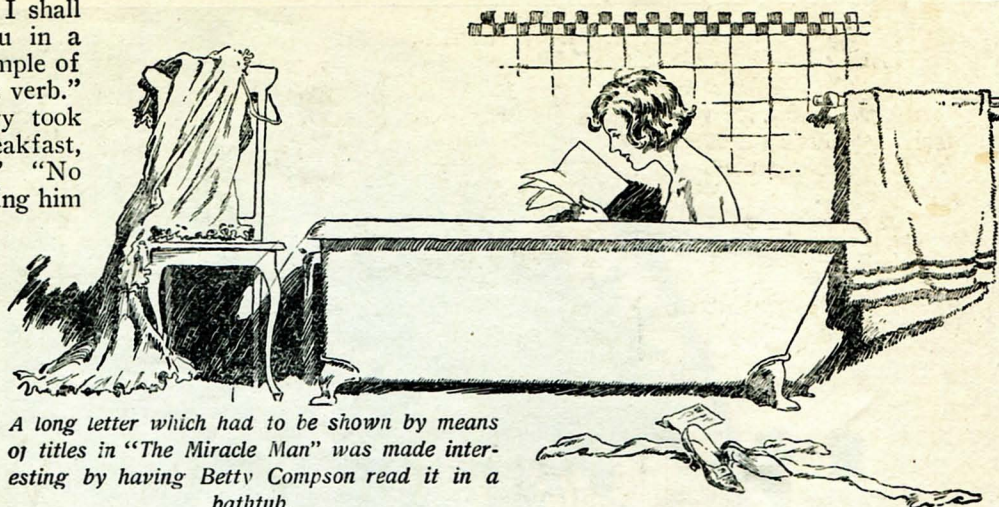
make you laugh, perhaps, but I shall make you feel good, put you in a light frame of mind. An example of this is what I term the "elastic verb." For instance, I write: "Garry took his bath, a slight cold, no breakfast, and the train to New York." "No breakfast" is funnier than having him take breakfast. I don't know why, but it is.

What you don't notice about this title is that it actually serves a serious purpose. In a very few words a gap in the story has been bridged and I have carried you from early morning in the country all the way to New York, with my hero.

Another crafty trick on my list of emotional devices is that of building humor with things that have absolutely no relation to each other and so take you by surprise and jolt a laugh out of you. Particularly demonstrative of this is a title I wrote for Mary Pickford's "Through the Back Door." I was confronted with a problem. That title had a burden to bear. It had deftly to insinuate that Mary was eloping—but it couldn't say it because she wasn't. We simply wanted to deceive you into thinking she was. Also, it had to suggest that her mother was contemplating divorce. Moreover, the last time we had seen the characters they had been on Long Island. Now we were to show them in a New York hotel—and it was necessary that we tell you it was a New York hotel. Another vital point was that the title had to be funny. Writing that title was a staggering undertaking. But the furniture in the picture saved me. My title read: "If it were not for New York hotels where would elopers, divorcees, and red-plush furniture go?" Seventeen words told everything!

In this same picture of Miss Pickford's we found that the advertising had been spread over the country announcing the film as "Through the Back Door." Yet, from the action, there was little excuse for calling it that. Of course it fell to me as title writer to tie up the main title with the picture—always our work is to iron out the wrinkles in a story. One of the first things we must look to is tying up the main title. Sometimes it seems almost impossible, but, like everything else, it can be done. In the instance cited Mary came to America as a steerage passenger. We had some interesting scenes at Ellis Island, and these provided the opportunity for the title: "Ellis Island—the back door to America." This is exactly what Ellis Island is, and fortunately so for us. So Mary came "through the back door," and the result was so smooth it seemed as though the title had been written before the picture was named; but it wasn't.

The most detestable feature about titles is that so many persons read them aloud.



Another closed secret which I shall now ventilate is the distortion of a famous aphorism to produce laughter. These should expound at least a speculative truth and should not be used often. An example is another title from "Through the Back Door": "Laugh and your husband laughs with you; weep and he laughs with somebody else."

Incidentally it is interesting to know that one of the best title writers we have is Douglas Fairbanks, and the very best title editor, because she has the most categorical picture mind, is Mary Pickford.

I always take malicious and frigid pleasure in demolishing the reputation and good standing of the villain the moment he steps upon the screen. On the other hand, I sugar the heroine and construct a stalwart example of something for every man to envy in my hero. Nothing is more vital than this instantaneous characterization. By means of it you are able to sit in the theater and, without any effort or danger of having your morals corrupted, you choose from the cast the people who are your friends and those who are your enemies. You choose only because of the introductory title which precludes the horrible possibility of your falling in love with the desperado or the naughty woman, according to the eligibility of your sex.

In the same way that characters of villains are torn down and laid to the exposure of your contempt, other characters are built up to heights of grandeur and respect far beyond what they deserve. Every once in a while we find characters who are positively negative; usually some one who is dragged clumsily through the picture to perform some function of plot at the end. These parts are bad, from the audience standpoint. They are a nuisance to have to look at. Often they are played by good actors, but that only makes them worse, because a good actor who hasn't anything to act about gives a very uncomfortable and unsatisfactory appearance. When I encounter one of these weaklings I immediately go through the picture and count the number of times he opens his mouth. If it is twenty-two times I promptly invent twenty-two startlingly humorous things for him to say, and stick them in. By gorging him with wit, by endowing him with diabolical cleverness and spurring repartee, I immediately make him a gift of a turbulent personality that is perilously apt to eclipse that of the other characters and sometimes of the character for whom the star is proxy.

One of the conveniences and advantages of screen characters is that they can be

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Castaways always seem to know just what to do provided there is a director, a camera, and a violin to provide the soft music near by.

That Dear Deserted Island!

What would scenario writers do if motion-picture castaways acted like regular people?

By Gordon Gassaway

HAVE you ever stopped to consider the girl who gets lost on a desert island without her eyebrow tweezers?

And the bottle blonde on a far-away coral reef without a drug store handy?

This desert-island romance business in motion pictures is getting worse than the busy bath. I can understand a harried director deciding to throw a little jazz into an otherwise kickless film by trotting out a tiled hole in the floor surrounded by a lot of knickknacks my wife never heard of in her life, but I can't seem to get the romance popularly supposed to inhabit otherwise uninhabited desert islands.

Take the case of the beautiful young heroine, for instance. She starts out on a nice sea voyage surrounded by her maid, her face powder, her curling kids, her little eyebrow tweezers, her bottle of blondine and her lip stick.

She is loved violently by the handsome hero all over the yacht. Every time she comes on deck she is very much just so. She is the justest-so individual on the whole ocean. Every curl is in place, and her hair is combed so that it hides the fact that she has a high forehead.

So far as the hero is concerned, he is under the impression that she has no ears. He has never seen them.

Then there comes a dull, sickening thud and the ship goes on the rocks. So does the heroine and so does the hero. Never by any chance is any one else saved. Just those two alone on a desert island. The heroine's maid, who is a large Danish girl about three times the size of the heroine is, of course, drowned, while her frail mistress pluckily swims ashore, usually several miles away.

When the morning sun pops itself over the palm-fringed hills of the island there lies the heroine on the beach—in pictures. Her hair, which had been marceled when the ship hit the cyclone and the rocks became loosened in the swim ashore. Loosened, but not wet! It falls in blond ringlets over her face and half conceals the threadlike line of her plucked eyebrows. As she slumbers in the sand she is a beautiful sight. The hero is lying close by. His shirt is open at the throat, but his mouth is closed. Do heroes never sleep with their mouths open—and do they never snore?

They wake. They see each other. All is sweetness and light. Hand in hand they set off looking for food. Although they have been raised on Broadway they know

almost at once the location of succulent herbs on the desert island, and what they know about building cute little bungalows out of palm leaves couldn't be told by an architect.

The first day, apparently, is spent in building two cozy little palm houses about the size of a Hollywood bungalow court—in making a full set of dishes out of coconut shells, a couple of handy tooth brushes, and a manicure set. Then they call it a day and go to bed bulging with the flesh of wild goats they had found time to trap, with lettuce salad and brick ice cream they had managed to make with the help of some cold spring water.

A year passes. At the end of a year—oh, boy! Can you imagine what our heroine looks like? Can you imagine what has happened to that threadlike eyebrow line? Can you picture what has happened to her bright gold hair?

No, you can't. She is more beautiful than ever. What wots she of drug stores or tweezers! She's done it all with her little stone hatchet.

But consider for a moment the actual facts in the case. Just suppose that the yacht does strike the rocks, in real life, and the beautiful heroine and stalwart hero are cast into the briny. He probably snakes her ashore by the hair of her head—and at the first pull gets a handful which was not securely attached. They flop down on the beach and sink exhausted into sleep. When they wake up—là! là! The cute little desert island flies are buzzing all around and what hair she has left is straight as a string, and the hero suddenly sees that his sweetie has ears—plenty of 'em. They stand out like flappers on both sides of her salt-incrusted cheeks. Our hero has snored through the night, and perhaps she didn't hear it because she was in the land of dreams herself. But the next night!

The first fight occurs the next morning, however. Blondy asks for a drink of anything but salt water.

"Go get me a drink, dear," she adjures our hero.

"Where?" he answers succinctly.

"How should I know?" she replies, smacking a fly on her ankle. "Go find a spring and bring me a drink in half a coconut shell. That's what the hero always does."

So he starts off into the palm trees. He finds a mud puddle, but no springs, springs failing to grow very near the beach in real life. But he can't find anything to carry the water in, so he goes back to our heroine who is trying to catch a look at herself in a pool of salt water. She had heard that pools make fine mirrors. So they do in the movies, but did you ever try to comb your hair with the aid of a pool of water?

"You'll have to go up and get yourself a drink," he tells her, having had no breakfast and feeling a little bit touchy himself.

And so the day passes. They munch a little seaweed and spend most of their time looking out to sea hoping that a large passenger ship will float ashore. In a day

or two they get down to business and build a couple of lean-tos under which they park their tired and scarred bodies when the sun goes down. They then discover that they have very little time to sit mooning out on the cliff in the moonlight. They have to make hay and everything else they are going to make while the sun shines because they have no fire, despite the fact that they have rubbed two sticks together for a week without getting a spark.

Desert island life, really, is a very serious business.

In about two weeks our hero wonders what in the world is happening to his heroine's face. Her eyebrows seem to be sprouting all over the place. He never knew a girl could have so much eyebrow. And her hair! Where once it had been burnished gold it is now deep mud. Her finger nails have lost their bright polish.

The matter of clothes becomes a family issue. With no dressmaker to guide her, the little unmentionables she blithely fashions out of palm leaves don't seem to fit the way they do in pictures. They are not so becoming as she had been led to suppose. Our hero has proved to be a complete failure at fashioning handy little things out of whatever floated ashore, which wasn't much, the tide having run the other way. As a good provider he is a complete failure.

He is perfectly at home in the Ritz, but on the desert island our heroine votes him a frost and goes out to dig her own clams. At the end of three weeks she is asking him why all the big noise when he inhales the soup.

When the rescue ship finally heaves to off the shore of that happy desert island they hate to quit their quaint tropical paradise. Yes, they do! They fall over each other getting aboard and into the bathtub.

Where is the final close-up of the big clinch as the brave ship's captain pulls ashore? Where is the lingering good-bye at the door of the dear little bungalow court?

There's nothing lingering about the way they get off that mosquito-infested island. The camera never seems to show them!

I have no desire to extract the romance from the desert-island setting. I shudder to think what would happen to some of our best plots if I did. But I do wish to suggest that all the picture companies in America band themselves together for the purpose of buying outright some lonely island in the South Seas—I think the South Seas is the place—for the purpose of equipping it with a few modern conveniences.

For instance, I should like to see a flourishing drug store located there. And since a drug store is no earthly good without a prescription, I should have a licensed physician aboard the island with a full prescription book. Then, too, he would be useful in case of other emergencies.

Since the day has arrived when you can get anything in a drug store from a toothpick to a bottle of alcoholized face cream, there really would be no need for any other emporium on the island. I put this in, because I am thinking of opening a drug store myself.

The Old Town's Changed

The Old Town's changed; they ain't no more
Swappin' tales at the grocery store,
Pitchin' quoits, er huskin' bees,
Quiltin' parties, er social teas.
No barn dances when the hayin's done,
Er county fairs, but they's much more fun
'Cause every night sees the whole town go
To the Palace Movin' Pitcher Show.

Sure the Old Town's changed sence the movies come.
'Lectricity now—*that's* goin' some!
Got the streets marked out, an' the women they
Dresses in style, like the folks in the play.
Got a public square, like the one we seen
In a movie piece, right on the screen.
Oh, the mayor an' councilmen they ain't slow;
Study civic reform at the pitcher show!



Some of Thomas Meighan's pictures show comfortably furnished rooms that offer many suggestions to the home-maker.

Do You Use the Movies?

Fashions in everything from dispositions to porch chairs are being set by motion pictures. **By**
They are the magic crystal into which any one can look and find whither the world is bound. **Helen Klumph**

IF you were a fashion-loving young girl who lived in a small town just a few years ago, you probably kept in touch with what women in other parts of the world were wearing through the fashion pages of the women's magazines or the daily newspapers. Perhaps you bought your clothes from one of the big mail-order houses, or during a flying visit to a near-by city. But when a girl from a big city came to town to visit, there was often something different about her—about her clothes and the way she wore them.

Is that true now?

The next time you are in a small town compare the girls with others you have seen. Aren't they about as chic and well-groomed as the ones you see in New York—Chicago—Los Angeles? Haven't they acquired in these last few years an air of cosmopolitanism?

How did they do it?

Did all village dressmakers reform and give up the idea prevailing among them that if a little trimming is good a lot is better? Did the local women's clubs take up the question of dress in a frivolous way? Or did the whole town follow fashions set by a few lucky ones who had visited New York or abroad and learned some-

thing of the art of dress? No; for even as a prophet is without honor in his own country, no home-town product is likely to become fashion leader of a community.

It was the movies that did it!

Few people have an opportunity to know a woman who wears such tasteful clothes and wears them so beautifully as Elsie Ferguson does—but every one can study the beautiful Miss Ferguson on the screen. Rare indeed is the flapper who can pick and choose from the designs of the greatest modistes as Constance Talmadge can, but every flapper—be she ever so humble (if flappers ever are)—can see what Constance's choices are, and make or buy clothes like them.

It is said that a few years ago Ethel Barrymore exerted a tremendous influence over fashions for girls in this country. When, in a play, she adopted the quaint old fashion of

wearing a black-velvet ribbon around her neck, girls everywhere followed suit. But her influence at best was a fleeting thing. It was wielded from a distance and on rare occasions. It cannot be compared to the influence to-day of Betty Compson. For Betty Compson—at least her shadow self—comes to every hamlet, vil-

DO YOU KNOW—

Why big mail-order dress houses are doing only about one third as much business in women's clothes as they did a few years ago?

What the latest sport among children is?

What sort of young men are going to be most popular with girls this summer?

If the bobbed-hair craze is going to last?

How they are dancing on Broadway?

What has done away with the what-nots?

The answer to all of these and many more is to be found in motion pictures. They are the mentor, the guide, and the jester of millions.

lage, and town in the United States several times a year. Close-ups reveal just how Betty moves—what she is wearing—how it is made. She and her clothes are a topic of every-day conversation among girls in Morris, Illinois, as well as in Detroit, Denver, or any other sizable city. They don't know, probably, how much expert advice goes into the making of the clothes they see on the screen—but they know that they like them. And if the mail-order catalogue has no similar styles listed their trade goes elsewhere.

Now the creation of styles to be worn in motion pictures is in itself a sizable industry. Its different units stretch from the studios in Hollywood through the fashion and art-research libraries of New York and London and over into the fashion salons of Paris. Motion-picture producers figure that because from three months to a year and sometimes even longer elapses between the making of a picture and its release for public showing they must be ahead of the styles in the matter of costuming, else their fashionable ladies on the screen will not be so impressive—and women will not flock in such great numbers to see their shows. In order to do this, they not only

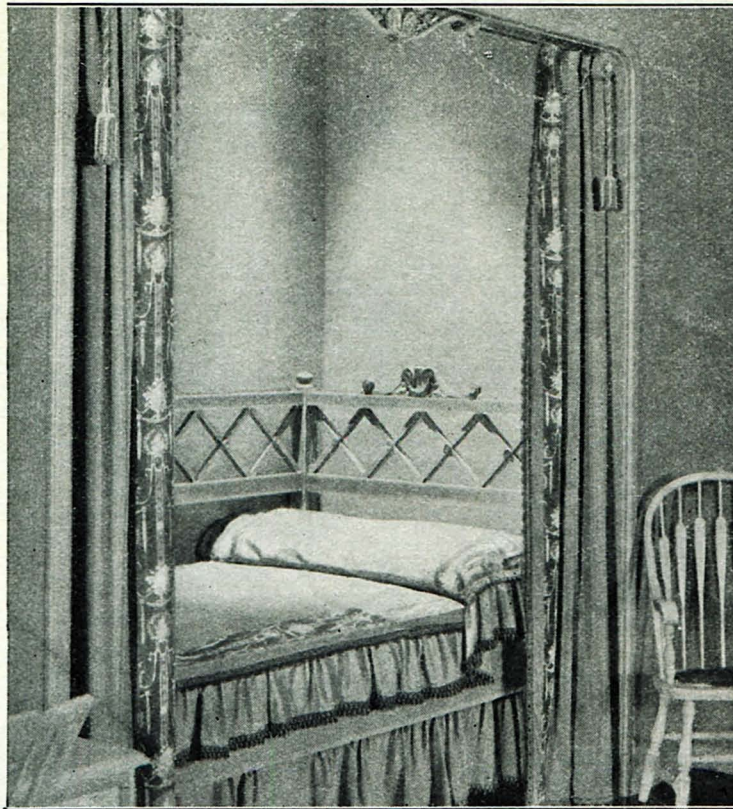
lished in New York, it would be some months before the huge orders of the mail-order merchants for it were filled. It would be still more months before the goods were listed in mail-order catalogues. And by the time the girls in Bird Center had bought it, the style was as dead in New York as last year's hat. But the girls in Bird Center were none the wiser.

And then the movies came,



Photo by
J. R. Diamond

In her modern pictures Mabel Ballin wears charming frocks, and girls who copy them are sure to be in style.



This bed, with its attractive covering, which was used in a Cecil De Mille production, shows how to utilize a small alcove.



Priscilla Dean displays some charming sport costumes and how to wear them.

have to hire skilled designers, the Famous Players-Lasky corporation has even gone so far as to establish a fashion bureau in Paris so as to keep in touch with the trend of fashions there.

That is all very nice for those of us whose main interest in clothes is buying them. But give a thought to the poor man who sells them!

Less than ten years ago fashions traveled into the rural districts very slowly. After a fad became estab-

house dropped from \$350,000,000 yearly to \$135,000,000. And that company suffered less than some of its competitors. Most of them have dropped to about one third their former volume of business. And they blame the movies for it.

Ethel Sands, the typical young fan who has been writing about her reactions to motion-picture people in PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, once remarked that in her home town, Plainfield, New Jersey, you could almost tell who a girl's favorite motion-picture star was by the way she dressed. Such extremes may be rare, but certain it is that seeing such charmingly gowned young women as Norma and Constance Talmadge, Betty Compson, Helene Chadwick, Mabel Ballin, Irene Castle, and any number of others has had a telling effect on girls everywhere.

And what the movies have done to our clothes is as nothing to what they have done to our homes. The old furniture with bandy legs ending in animal claws clutch-

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What's in

Many popular players seem to they often change them—sometimes

By Johnson



Photo by Paul Grenbeaux

She began life as Helen Garrett, but you know her now as Doris May.

ANY motion-picture fan would think that a person was ignorant indeed who read the following item without recognizing the names of the distinguished assembly:

An informal dance was held at the Hollywood Hotel on Saturday evening last to establish the getting together of numerous congenial spirits. Among the guests present were noted such popular members of the local colony as Louise Lovely, Arline Pretty, Blanche Sweet, Elinor Fair, Virginia Faire, Bessie Love, Gloria Hope, Leatrice Joy, Ethel Teare, Muriel Ostriche, June Caprice, Marjorie Daw, Vola Vale, Jewel Carmen, Doris Pawn, ZaSu Pitts, Eddy Polo, Monte Blue, Gaston Glass, Tom Mix, Buck Jones, Monty Banks, Hank Mann, Eugene Pellette, and Jerome Storm.

But, see here, you who know all about the private affairs of our screen favorites, their ages, height and weight, their past experience, their latest releases, their various matrimonial trials and tribulations, would there be any glimmer of recognition in your minds if you should chance on this item in your daily paper?

Horace Whippinphooft announces that among the well-known stars whose pictures will be seen at his popular Bijou Dream on Main Street during the next fortnight will be such tried and true favorites as Camille Ankroiwich, Augusta Appel, Anushka Zacek, Katherine Burkhart, Hedwiga Leonie Kuszewski, Pearl van Name, Irene Foote, Alma Smith, Lehua Wainahua, Mary Brooks, Martha Erlich, Hailam C. Burr, Henry B. Lickford, Isidore Louis Ber-

nard Edmund van Dammeler, E. A. Phillip von der Butz, Guglielmo Bebani, Allan Fisher, John Charles Smith, and Silvio Des Jardiens.

Now then, are you as clever as you thought you were? For be it known that many and many a time have you sat in entranced silence while these same popular players have cast their magic spell over you. Who are these people, anyway? It's a natural enough question. Just have patience, and you shall hear of motion-picture actors and where they got the names they bear.

Seena Owen is just a simplified version of her own name, Signe Auen.

Photo by Campbell Studios



Right here and now comes an irresistible impulse to paraphrase slightly the well-known poet, Robert Southey, and by the change of only two words say:

And last of all an actor came,
A talented man with a terrible name.
A name which you all know by sight very well,
But which no one can speak, and no one can spell.

First, let's take the case of that super-romantic hero, that whirlwind of tumultuous passion, he whom we see all too seldom upon the silver sheet these days, yet what havoc he does raise whenever he appears—that lover of all



Photo by Hoover Art Co.

Wanda Hawley was very well known as Selma Pittack.

Margaret Loomis skipped about her native Hawaii as Lehua Waipahua.

Photo by Melbourne Spurr



a Name?

think that there is a great deal, for
for better, sometimes for worse.

Briscoe

lovers, Isidore Louis Bernard Edmund van Dammeler. Surely, girls, you haven't forgotten him, the wonderful Isidore Louis, et cetera? Don't you recall him when he first appeared in the Lasky picture, "The Explorer," some five years ago? And later in such dashing documents as "Victory of Conscience" and "The Victoria Cross?" Yes, of course you do. It seems that this Van Dammeler fellow made his earthly debut in Athens, and one is altogether intrigued with the thought as to how he was addressed by his little Greek playfellows. Did they call him "Issy," or "Louie" or "Bernie" or "Eddie" or "Van?" Or, come to think of it, maybe they just said "Damm," and let it go at that! But when this venturesome spirit reached man's estate he calmly threw overboard his entire collection of names, and within a very short time, thanks to both Sarah Bernhardt and Geraldine Farrar, he made considerable noise in the world under the label of Lou Tellegen.

Obviously, no sane-minded human being, who hoped to make headway in this land of the free and home of the brew, would even attempt to struggle along under such frightful handicaps as names like Camille Ankroiwich, Anushka Zacek and Hedwiga Leonie Kuszewski. Don't ask me how to pronounce 'em, strug-

*Lila Lee, as you may know, is
really Augusta Appel.*

Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes



Photo by Hoover Art Co.

gle with 'em yourselves. But these three talented, ambitious girls soon realized that such jaw-breakers were hopeless business assets, so the beautiful Miss Ankroiwich tumbled upon the euphonious name of Marcia



Photo copyright by Strauss-Peyton

*The large army of the family of Smith
boasts both Mary Pickford, above, and
Alma Rubens at the left. Like many other
Smiths, they are not related.*

Manon; the soulful Miss Zacek—whom David Wark Griffith discovered, found it easier going under the plain, simple cognomen of Olga Grey, while the brilliant Miss Kuszewski soon evolved into Hedda Nova. Perfectly simple when you know how, isn't it? It requires but a superficial geographical knowledge to deduce that the first and third mentioned favorites are daughters of the land of snow, whiskers, vodka, and revolutions, for any idiot knows that the "ichs" and the "skis" always hail from Russia, while Miss Gray is a native of Hungary.

The rule works both ways, of course, and where some players discard either highfaluting or unpronounceable



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Shirley Mason preferred that name to her own, Leonie Flugrath.

names, others there are who disdainfully dismiss the simple name with which they began life. For instance, take the large army of the family of Smith, a rugged, direct, yet not to be denied commonplace, label. This name, though it has since been legally discarded, was triumphantly borne for some years by three of to-day's filmdom leaders, Gladys Smith, Charlotte Milbourne Smith, and John Charles Smith, but they have been swept along fame's pathway as Mary, Lottie, and Jack Pickford. Still a fourth Smith, though grafted from another branch yet who has not allowed her light to shine under a bushel, is that former San Franciscan, Alma Smith, who dazzles us all as the gifted Alma Rubens.

Ever with an eye for alliteration, the subtle lure which leads many otherwise sane and sensible people into strange pseudonymous bypaths, it is somewhat hard to understand why we are asked to accept such a name as Louise Lovely—even though she undoubtedly is! And a talented girl, too. However, Louise Lovely she's called, even though she started out in life with an entirely different name and, incidentally, acquired still a third along the way. It was as Louise Carbasse, Aus-

tralian born, that she made her début in pictures; then a matrimonial venture made her into Mrs. William Welch, hence for a time she was known as Louise Welch. But when she entered the portals of Universal City some one in authority thought it would look better set down as "Louise Lovely" and the lovely Louise has been struggling along very successfully ever since. Just the same you must have both brains and ability—and a sense of humor, unquestionably—to survive any such handicap as this.

Oddly, enough, however, this isn't a rule which always works the same way, and it may come as a shock to you to know that Arline Pretty gurgled in her cradle under that very same name.

It may have happened before she had much say in the matter, for she was a child actress at the time, climbing about Chauncey Olcott's knees, but it is difficult to understand why Blanche Alexander should have between seasons thrown out the sturdy, unashamed name of "Alexander" and substituted in its place that of "Sweet." True, she is, we all know that, and Blanche Sweet isn't an altogether reprehensible name, but we can't help liking Alexander.

As stated above, the curly-headed Gladys Smith soon became Mary Pickford, which, we are told, is a matronymic. This all happened in her early Biograph days. About the same time to this studio came another Mary, a frail and fragile little flower, and in order to avoid confusion, as it was obvious that each Mary was destined for great things, Mary Number Two was promptly dubbed "Mae," and thus it happened that she soon came to glory as Mae Marsh.

Although it was some years before the late rumpus which caused crowns to fall and thrones to totter, it isn't surprising to learn that when he came out of Madison, Wisconsin, to make his fight with stage and screen he was known to the public as E. H. Calvert. For, dear children, can't you see what a life he would have led, at least eventually, had he continued to carry his given name of William Helm! Certainly, you guessed it the very first time, for "Will Helm" he

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Photo by White

Martha Mansfield simply annexed the name of the Ohio town where she was born.

Almost every one knows that Mary Miles Minter's name is really Juliet Shelby.



THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

This Should Interest Both Fans and Stars

We published a letter in our last issue from a New Zealand fan who had decided that the matter of procuring stars' photographs was a queer, uncertain gamble. He was very much puzzled because he never could tell whether or not he was going to receive a photograph in response to a request—irrespective of whether or not he inclosed twenty-five cents in stamps. He had read that that was the proper procedure; but one star had returned his stamps with her photograph, and he wondered whether he had offended her! Others—and this is the important part—had never sent him a reply of any sort, and so he was out his twenty-five cents in each case.

Our Oracle advises us that the New Zealand fan is not alone in his experience but that many fans have complained of late that they have sent stamps for photographs for which they have received nothing.

We explained in a recent issue the reasons why few stars can to-day bear the cost of sending photographs at their own expense to every one who asks for one. *There is no excuse, however, for the failure of any player to send photographs when stamps are inclosed, provided that the letters of request are properly addressed, and reach their destination.*

The number of these complaints would indicate the possibility that some of the agents or secretaries to whom this work is intrusted have been guilty of pocketing the fans' stamps, unknown to the stars, not one of whom would tolerate such a thing for a moment if they knew it, since they value the good will of the fans above all things.

If any of our readers who have had experiences of this sort will write to The Oracle about them we will be glad to see that every complaint is brought to the personal attention of the stars concerned.

More About "The Ten Best Pictures"

Regular readers of PICTURE-PLAY will recall that we printed in these columns, a few months ago, The Observer's own personal selections for the ten best pictures of 1921, and that later we published another list, sent in by a dissenting contributor.

The result has been a flood of letters, a few agreeing with our contributor and others upholding the selections made by The Observer, some of which are printed in another part of this issue.

These letters are an interesting commentary upon one of the changes that has taken place in motion pictures within the last few years. Not so very long ago it would have been impossible to have offered two lists of "the ten best pictures of the year" which would have differed so in kind as to have brought about so intense an argument. A few years ago a movie was a movie. To-day there are almost as many types as there are kinds of people and grades of taste.

But the crying need is for a greater variety of theaters, particularly for the kind of theaters that will cater to the growing number of movie lovers who support The Observer's list; theaters that, by so doing, will draw a new and larger clientele from the great mass of persons who now stay away from the movies because they dislike what may be called the popular type of screen play.

A Guide for Fans

There is a new department introduced in this number of PICTURE-PLAY that The Observer feels sure you will rejoice over. It is a "Confidential Guide to Current Releases," arranged in conveniently short form so that you can tear it out and carry it around with you to consult when you are trying to decide on what picture to go to. It is frank, concise, and is intended to cover all of the more important current productions.

For a long time The Observer has been hearing from his friends in the outlying districts that productions often don't reach their neighborhood theaters until two months, or even more, after they are criticized in "The Screen in Review." These people will be particularly glad to see the new department, as it will keep reminding them of the pictures worth while seeing until they are shown in their vicinity.

Explicit Advertising

And speaking of this new department reminds us of one of our pet notions—that picture advertising should be not only more honest, but more explicit. Sometimes The Observer finds it almost impossible to determine from a picture's advertising whether it is a delicate, satirical romance or a melodrama heavy with heart punches. Often he has missed pictures which he would really like to have seen simply because their advertisements did not point out explicitly enough the salient features of the entertainment. "A Confidential Guide to Current Releases" will fill this need. It will list each month the pictures which are generally considered to be the best of each type, and will explain in a few words what type each is. What the ads don't tell you—the "Confidential Guide" will.

Every One the Greatest

One of the things about motion-picture advertising that annoys The Observer is the constant overworking of superlatives. He rarely sees a picture advertised merely as "A popular Western star in a strilling melodrama of the great outdoors;" he reads instead of "The Screen's Greatest Exponent of the Real West in a gripping superfeature de luxe," or something of the sort. Glancing through the picture advertisements he is somewhat bewildered to find day after day and week after week that it is always "The Greatest Picture Ever Made" that happens to be

on view. It makes him begin to lose faith in advertising, and if there are many people who are similarly affected by this surfeit of boasting, then it is high time that motion-picture advertising men revise their policy.

Just as examples of this type of advertising, The Observer picked the following at random from the papers on his desk:

"Reported Missing"—most entertaining picture ever made.
 "Beauty's Worth"—a lavish and artistic screen triumph.
 "Gay and Devilish"—the gayest comedy of the season.
 "Silas Marner"—the perfect screen edition of a masterpiece of fiction.
 "Foolish Wives"—the greatest picture ever produced.

How many of these given convince you of their sincerity and give you any real idea of what to expect in the picture?

A Community Motion-Picture Theater

In Jersey City they have erected a million-dollar motion-picture theater that belongs to the people; not to all of the people unfortunately, but to one thousand representative citizens and that's a big step toward a real community-owned project. The idea was introduced by Frank Hall, and within a year the ground was bought, the building was completely paid for and ready to open its doors. Now people in other cities are starting similar corporations, and Governor Edwards, who laid the corner stone of this theater, looks forward to a busy season of repeating the performance.

One of the advantages of membership is getting passed in free twice a week for life.

Exacting Criticism

Every little while some fan remarks to The Observer that he thinks motion-picture critics are too severe. Not a few of these critics of the critics maintain that professional reviewers adopt too high a standard of comparison. Merely because there have been some "Orphans of the Storm" is no reason, they believe, for expecting all pictures to measure up to this achievement.

The Observer disagrees with them. We believe that the following quotation from an essay by Mr. John Butler Yeats which treats of exacting criticism applies to motion-picture critics as well as to the art critics to whom he addressed it.

Criticism should be exacting, as a mother is about her daughter's party gown. There is no question, of course, of comparing her girl with the girl over the way; it is understood that no other woman's daughter is to be thought of with her own. But as the girl turns this way and that to let her frock be inspected for the last time, the mother's eye is severe as no other is, in watching for any infelicity in the hang of it, any improvement to be made by the change of a bow or ribbon; and so it is the kindest critic that is the hardest to please.

If we did not believe that people now making motion pictures were accomplishing much that is worth while, we would not take such great pains to spur them on.

Quieting the Children

The manager of the Criterion Theater in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, has an ingenious way of quieting the children in his audiences. Like many another small-town exhibitor he had difficulty restraining the obstreperous youngsters from groaning or yelling or whistling whenever a highly dramatic scene was shown. He doesn't any more. He has discovered that if he gives each child who enters the theater an all-day sucker or lollipop, as some call it, the theater remains strangely quiet. Of course, it takes several gross of taffies-on-a-stick every day to do it, but Mr. McLaughlin believes the expenditure to be well worth while.

Motion Pictures by Radio

Only a few very wealthy people can afford under present conditions to show movies in their own homes, but soon this lazy man's paradise may be within reach of every one. The day of motion pictures by radio is coming according to L. C. Porter, the president of the Society of Motion-Picture Engineers. Single pictures have already been successfully transmitted by radio, and it is but a step from that to the transmission of series of pictures. When that day comes, The Observer, for one, is going to miss one of his greatest pleasures—listening to the comments of the people all around him in the theater.

The Screen as Educator

No matter how complicated a process may be, the motion-picture camera has proved capable of making it clear to every one. From the personal habits of silkworms to court etiquette in India, the world has been combed for subjects which would lend themselves pictorially to explanatory treatment in motion pictures. So much of this sort of thing has been done that it is a rare occurrence nowadays for the screen magazine to find anything really novel in the way of subject matter. That is, it was until recently. Now two great subjects of popular interest are about to be expounded in motion pictures—how they saw the lady cut in half in the famous vaudeville act and Einstein's theory of relativity. The first film is still in the making. Producers of the mysterious and startling vaudeville act protest that giving away their secret will ruin what has proved to be a sensationally successful business venture. The second film, as befits its dignified nature, is to have its premiere before a scientific society in Europe, after which prints will be made to be shown throughout the world. This picture is more than six thousand five hundred feet long, and is divided into three sections. The first presents a general conception of relativity based on every-day incidents which anybody can understand. The second is an explanation of the problems of time, space, and ether as worked out by Einstein's predecessors. The third reveals a solution of the problem based on Einstein's own theory. One cannot ever tell; Einstein and the lady who get sawed in half may be the recipients of fan letters yet.

More About Merton

Any one who read "Merton of the Movies" will recall the name signed to the communication below, and may suspect that this is not genuine. So do we, and furthermore we suspect Agnes Smith of perpetrating it. It looked very much like her typewriting, at any rate.

DEAR OBSERVER: So you liked "Merton of the Movies." Where did Harry Leon Wilson get all his material? He must have tried the game himself. When I read the story, I felt like Merton himself. I used to be a regular saphead. When all the newspapers were printing fine stories about moving-picture salaries, I left the old desk and took the savings account to God's country. Humor and pathos! Also heart interest, for as soon as I earned a little money, I got married. I can't write like this man Wilson, but he has given the best picture of fillum life I have ever read. No bunk, no sex stuff, no sudden success.

Now I am playing second leads, and I get good work. I had a lot to learn. Every one around the studio read "Merton." Thomas Meighan had the time of his life over it. Bebe Daniels couldn't wait for the next installment. Honestly, down at Armstrong's you had to fight for the newest copy. All of this just goes to prove that the man who writes honestly and sympathetically about motion pictures can make a big hit. It's a great game and no longer in its infancy. I was a saphead when I started, but now I have graduated to the human class. When I read about Merton, I had a good laugh at myself. That story has done a lot of good out here in Hollywood. Sincerely yours,

CLIFFORD ARMYTAGE.



Down on the ship, a thousand feet below the director, men listened intently for his orders, ready to carry them out.

The Director's New Sky Line

The craze for radio phones in homes is as nothing to the craze for them among motion-picture directors. They are all up in the air now directing their scenes.

By
Martin J. Bent

SCHOONER come on! Faster! Steam up! Destroyer maneuver alongside! Gobs overboard!

C'm'on, give me a little action," the quiet voice of Allen Holubar, over a thousand feet in the air, intoned his directions. And down below a United States navy destroyer with its crew supplemented with gob "extras," drew up alongside a three-masted schooner. The "gobs" poised on the rail dropped down upon the deck of the schooner and rescued the heroine from the pirates. "On with the fight. C'm'on plane No. 1. Where are you, plane No. 2? Shoot! Remember, plane No. 2 is to be shot down. C'm'on; fire!"

And there, high up in the air above the southern California waters, plane No. 1 obligingly fired and plane No. 2 dropped with broken wings, did a nose spin, and fell into the ocean.

"Pretty good," said Mr. Holubar, quietly up in his lofty perch. "This radiophone's a fine idea."

For the first time in the history of motion-picture production, and ushering in momentous possibilities, sea and air scenes have been directed from a hydroplane, by means of a radiophone with receiving apparatus on four aeroplanes, one of which

was a scout that rose at the rate of a thousand feet a minute, two destroyers, and a smuggling schooner.

When you see "Hurricane's Gal," starring Dorothy Phillips, you will marvel at the battle between the ships on the high, rolling seas during a terrific storm; you will be thrilled by the fight between the planes during which one is shot down while high in the air. And you will wonder, if yours is the kind of mind that likes to know the why and the wherefore of things, how in the world a director could secure such perfect unity of movements from two big ships and the planes. And, when you remember that the director softly intoned his instructions into the mouthpiece of a radiophone in a plane high in the air, the marvel of modern scientific instruments will be brought home to you as in no other way.

"The radiophone has at last given the picture director a means of keeping constantly in touch with his assistants in long-distance scenes," Mr. Holubar told me when I cornered him—upon safe terra firma, you may be sure! "In former pictures when I had mammoth scenes I have been compelled to rely upon smoke signals, wigwags, and fire pots in order to make



High in the air, Allen Holubar directed spectacular scenes below by means of the radio phone.

my directions known. Upon occasions, I have used the wireless telephone—it is in common use for directing large mob sets on the ground, battles and the like, enabling the director to keep in constant connection with his assistants. But many times, using the wigwag signals, the directions were misunderstood because of the inability of some one to see the signals or to interpret them correctly. With the radiophone it is as easy to direct a man miles away as it is to direct him on the studio stage. Every order is as clearly understood as though it were phoned on a perfectly clear telephone line.

"With the assistance of the radiophone it will be possible hereafter to give the screen scenes which could not be thought of before this instrument was invented. Every up-to-date studio is getting this apparatus."

With his sending apparatus, Mr. Holubar was able to instruct the hydroplanes to rise to a greater elevation or to descend, to fight and to quit firing on the instant. Every lurch of each plane, every movement upon the planes and the ships below was a result of his quiet intonation a thousand feet overhead. When he wanted the destroyer to release a smoke screen he merely spoke the word, and, though the ship was but faintly discernible on the horizon, the smudge would almost instantly appear. Sails were raised and lowered on the three-masted schooner, *Apollo*—though it was miles away. During the fight scene between the "gobs" and the pirates on the smuggler, a terrific storm raged at sea, enhancing the realism, the helmsman was swept overboard and a heavy spar was struck down from aloft by a bolt of lightning. Culminating his introduction of the radiophone as an aid to the megaphonist, Mr. Holubar directed by this means a spectacular fire scene marking the destruction of a ship and terminating the sea episodes.

A polite quarrel is being waged between various pro-



Lambert Hillyer directed some thrilling *aëroplane* maneuvers for "Skin Deep."



Lambert Hillyer, who directed Thomas Ince's "Skin Deep," takes issue with him. "The dirigible is too slow and bulky. How could we, in a dirigible, have chased a train going sixty miles an hour, let down a rope ladder to an escaped convict on top of the train and then carried him off from the roof of the coach? We do it in 'Skin Deep' with a biplane. We also set an *aëroplane* on fire in the sky. We couldn't have done that with a dirigible and given the mechanics a chance to escape with their lives."

Marshall Neilan prefers the dirigible and used it first to direct "Bob Hampton of Placer." With the new "nonflame" gas now in use by the navy, he thinks it safer than a plane. "With a blimp you can concentrate better upon some pivotal action below—you can even come to a dead stop and anchor to the ground until the scene below has been enacted. I employed the blimp at Glacier Park, Montana, in Arizona, and over the

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Ever since Marshall Neilan directed the memorable big scenes of "Bob Hampton of Placer" from a blimp he has favored directing from the air.

Favorite Picture Players



Photo by Abbe

CONSTANCE TALMADGE is breaking away from modern costumes as well as from her usual comedy types in her next picture, "East Is West," which is adapted from the popular stage play. But, as every one knows, no amount of drama can restrain the blithe spirit of Constance.



DRAMAS get along without comic relief now and then but beauty relief seems simply indispensable to comedies. Lovely Marie Mosquini makes up for many shortcomings in Snub Pollard's comedies.

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

OTHER statuesque beauties of the screen will have to look to their laurels when Barbara La Marr is seen in "The Prisoner of Zenda," for she is wonderfully magnetic. "Black Orchids" is her next.



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

ELAINA HAMMERSTEIN, somewhat chastened, apparently by her escapades in "Reckless Youth," has chosen "Under Oath" as her next Selznick vehicle.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

RUTH RENICK has that charming wistfulness that sets off a noble Western hero to advantage. Just now she is playing opposite William Russell.



HELLEN LYNCH appears in "Fools First" and "Her Man," and Marshall Neilan, who directed them, believes that she is one of the most promising young women in pictures.

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser



Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

NITA NALDI lived up to her big chance years ago in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," but since then has suffered in commonplace productions. She returns resplendent in "Blood and Sand."



Photo by Freulich

VIRGINIA VALLI brings such poise and distinction to her work on the screen that one might forgive her a few queenly airs in real life. But read the story on the opposite page and you will see what she is really like.

The Valiant Valli

She is a pleasant and companionable individual, but once in a while she likes to flirt with death.

By Caroline Bell

THERE are times when an interview is a necessity. Then again it may be a pleasure. I leave it to you which it is when Virginia Valli calls for you in her snappy little coupé and drives you to Betty Bolton's for lunch and then takes you to your dentist—and waits an hour to drive you home.

Betty Bolton's is a little tan-and-blue place off the boulevard a block or two, from whose walls smile down at you auto-graphed pictures of every star, would-be and has-been, in filmdom. The business of ordering was soon dispatched—Virginia was on a diet and I have a particular gift for demanding a square meal in no time—and we faced each other over the trim little tan doilies.

"Well?" I raised inquisitive eyebrows, which I have learned to operate beautifully from watching Wallie Reid.

"Well?" Virginia repeated in a puzzled tone. "I'm sure I can't see why you want to interview me. I've done nothing."

They all say that. But I had a hunch Virginia really meant it—she is always so amazingly frank and direct. However, I had heard a ripple of talk from those who had seen the rushes of "The Storm," in which she had just completed the lead—and when Universal officials talk that way it means considerably more than nothing.

"I've been having such a wonderful time on location up at Feather River Cañon," she continued, as the soup came in—my soup, for she had to content herself with a vegetable salad and tea. "I've done most of my work on my last four pictures on location. We had an accident, you know—it was in all the papers. We lost four canoes and six cameras and all our provisions and had to wireless for help. Universal sent a truck loaded with provisions to our aid and fortunately it reached us before we had suffered

any hardship. Another time we had to walk across a trestle hundreds of feet above the cañon—and the trestle was covered with ice. But I had a peach of a time.

The men in the company are always so dandy to the girls—make things easier for us and give us such a good time, that it's more like play than work. Do you like snowshoeing?"

I admitted that I prefer taking my exercise in somebody else's Rolls-Royce. But before we could finish our snowshoe battle—verbally, thank Heaven—a strident voice broke in upon us, as a group of tourists were seated at a near-by table.

"I come here because I can see all the 'movies' on the walls and once in a while a 'movie' herself." (A "movie," I must explain, is not a show; it denotes in tourist vernacular a motion-picture actress.) "Why——" The words hung suspended, and the fat dowager's pendulous chins dropped as she gazed at Virginia, her eyes flying from the trim figure in her green sweater and tan-and-green-striped skirt to her photograph on the wall near Nazimova's. "Lookit, there's that girl we saw last night at Loew's with Bert Lytell in 'The Idle Rich.'" A frenzied whispering ensued. And the remainder of our lunch was eaten to the tune of audible comments: "Ain't she pretty. One of those new fringed skirts. I wouldn't wear one. Say, d'you think I dare ask her where she got it?"

"This," crowed Virginia ecstatically, "is fame. When I first came out here I stayed at the Hollywood Hotel and used to see the tourist brigade trailing Bert Lytell every time he showed his face in

the lobby and said to myself, 'Virginia, you're an absolute failure—you've never had a tourist even look at you.' And to-day I achieve two ambitions: I am stared

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Virginia Valli is one of the new type of popular players about whom there is no pretense and no halo of illusory show.

The News Reel

Intimate glimpses of what players in Hollywood are doing.

By Agnes Smith

Hollywood Follies.

THE Writers' Revue, given at the Philharmonic Auditorium, was such a success that the managers of the affair were glad that they didn't commit suicide, as they threatened at dress rehearsal. In fact, the show was so good that it ought to be taken to New York and presented as a summer show. Of course, the one-hundred-million-dollar cast couldn't leave the studios. It was a satire on the follies of Hollywood, written by Waldemar Young and Alfred Cohn. The music had that Follies swing and was composed by Aubrey Stauffer, a reader at the Lasky studio.

I can't give you the names of those who were present before or behind the footlights. It would be too much. Mary Pickford appeared just as a surprise, and you would have thought that some one had played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Mary was touched, and cried; she didn't think she was such a treat to a movie audience. Douglas Fairbanks was a beef eater in "The Musketeers" number. He stood for half an hour with his face hidden by a large beard and a battle-ax. No one recognized him. Then he stepped forth, and there was another riot.

Lupino Lane, the new Fox comedian, was *D'Artagnan*, and made an astonishing leap down five steps. There was no trick camera work about it. Alan Hale brought tears into the eyes of all members of the Universal studio by imitating Von Stroheim. The baby stars were scared to death, but when they actually got before the footlights, they recovered their voices. Helen Ferguson, Mildred Davis, Clara Horton, Maryon Aye, and Louise Lorraine were among those who found that the performance was more inspiring than the rehearsals.

My typewriter falters when I try to speak of Theodore Roberts as *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Mary Pickford laughed harder than any one present. And now every one wants Mr. Lasky to star Roberts in a new version of the story.

The audience looked like an opening night at the Metropolitan Opera House only its members were better dressed and the diamonds were newer.

It was sure to happen. I mean, of course, that recognition simply had to come to Mae Busch. Mae has been playing "supporting parts," but she is so vivid and so charming that the public forgets the pictures and remembers Mae. It is said that her best scenes had to be cut from "Foolish Wives," and that, if the one-million-mile film hadn't been trimmed, Mae would have been the star of the show.

But now Mae has been engaged to play the leading rôle in "The Christian." Maurice Tourneur has gone abroad for atmosphere. Richard Dix will be the John Storm of Hall Caine's story. And so you can watch out for two new stars.

Although he might have stayed with Lasky to direct the Valentino pictures, it isn't likely that Fred Niblo will accept the assignment. Louis B. Mayer wants to make him a star director. I should like to predict that June Mathis will soon be Rudie's director.

Mildred Davis' brother has a set of brand-new teeth. He has reached the Booth Tarkington age. When he appeared at the studio, Mildred was terribly ashamed of him. But all the comedy directors began to laugh. On the strength of his teeth, he received plenty of offers to appear in pictures. He is all stuck up and is now considering his opportunities like all our best actors.

Helen Ferguson's beau—a well-known star—was bitten by a bear. Helen can't make up her mind whether the incident is funny or tragic. And she can't see why he didn't have caution enough to stay away from the bear.

Patsy Ruth Miller and Mildred Davis are glad they own regular families. In fact, they possess the only two known fathers in Hollywood. Every one has a mother neatly posed in the bungalow for the benefit of interviewers. But Patsy and Mildred have fathers—useful fathers who call for them at eleven o'clock in the evening at all social affairs.

Katherine MacDonald isn't afraid of competition. In "Heroes and Husbands," she engaged Mona Kingsley for an important part in the cast. Mona is almost as beautiful as Katherine—if possible. Mary MacLaren, Katherine's sister, has gone to New York to study for the stage.

The Talmadges—Norma and Constance—have returned. Constance is stopping with her sister, Natalie, at the Keatons' home while Mr. and Mrs. Schenck are at the Hotel Ambassador. Constance begins work soon on "East is West." Norma is undecided, so she spends her days playing golf with her husband. Probably her next picture will be "The Mirage." She is also rather anxious to film "The First Year" and try her hand at light comedy. At the time that the Talmadges arrived, Mrs. Sidney Drew came to Los Angeles in a vaudeville sketch so there was a regular reunion.

The members of the Rodolph Valentino Club are planning to get together. Mildred Davis, Colleen Moore's grandmother, and Colleen's young brother are the most conspicuous fans. Colleen's brother returned from school with his hair all slicked up with brilliantine.

"Who do I remind you of?" he asked his family. There was no an-



Theodore Roberts as "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was one of the big hits of the Writers' Revue.

swer. "See," he went on, "Rodolph Valentino. Ain't I the snake?"

Eugene Percy Heath, who remained in the box office during the Writers' Revue, said that he wore a treasurer's dress suit. Do you know what that is? It means that he had an evening shirt, coat and tie and check trousers. You see, the trousers don't show below the railing of the box office.

Rupert Hughes has bought a country home at La Pollo, and he says he is going to take a vacation. I believe that he has bought the home—but I don't believe a word about the vacation.

Marshall Neilan is going to produce pictures for Goldwyn as soon as he returns from Europe. Mickey's trip is the talk of Hollywood; no one seems to have any place to go. How could he? Many of the First National directors will probably use the Goldwyn studio for production.

Charlie Chaplin's newest two-reel comedy will be a Western. It's all about a convict who accidentally becomes a preacher. Edna Purviance is the girl whose life is made miserable by a mortgage.

Coming next week to this theater: Charles Chaplin, the distinguished English actor, in "Hamlet."

No single rumor of a Chaplin marriage has been circulated this month. My, how dull things are getting!

Owen Moore is working at the United Studio in "A Previous Engagement." It was written by Sarah Y. Mason who says the story is awfully funny. If the picture isn't so funny as the story, you can blame it on Victor Heerman, the director. The director is Miss Mason's husband.

Fortunately Edward Connelly, the character actor, was not seriously injured when Joe Martin, supposedly intelligent and tractable monkey, who plays in "Black Orchids," attacked him. Long hours of night work got on Martin's nerves, and he leaped at Connelly. The studio got a good scare, but Connelly recovered and went on with his part.

There are plenty of interesting personalities in "Black Orchids," which Rex Ingram is making. Barbara La Marr, for instance. And Ramon Samanegos. Ramon has changed his name. It was too much for the literati. Henceforth he will be known as Jose Ramon. At a benefit, the chairman announced him as Ramon Ham and Eggs. That was too much. Margaret Ettinger has told the readers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE that he is extremely attractive. He is also intelligent.

Alice Terry, wife of Rex Ingram, wanted to take a vacation during the filming of "Black Orchids." But she grew tired of a life of leisure and decided to adopt a disguise and play in a mob scene for one day. Unfortunately Rex is fussy about his big scenes and made Miss Terry report for three days' work.

Hughey Mack, once a comedian with Vitagraph, is in "Black Orchids." You wouldn't recognize him as a villain.

Allen Holubar will direct "Broken Chains" for Goldwyn, with Colleen Moore in the leading rôle. This is the scenario that won a prize contest, but don't let that prejudice you against it. Do you remember Holubar? He produced "Man, Woman, Marriage." Carey Wilson, who will be the supervisor or something, was one of the authors of "Madonnas and Men."

At last, an efficiency man has made good. At one of the studios, a goat was needed to play around the village streets. The next day there were four more little goats. The efficiency man wants his salary raised.

William H. Crane is a champeen checker player in Hollywood. Although no one has told me, I imagine he will be in the cast of "The Old Homestead." Maybe I am wrong, but I hope I am right.

Margaret Landis, sister of Cullen Landis, has become an actress, my deah! Her heavy Southern accent doesn't register on the screen. But it's all very queer, and she wishes Cullen wouldn't make fun of her career. Cullen is playing in "Some One to Love," an Ince production.

Lucille Ricksen, the little girl who was the heroine of the Edgar comedies, now grows furious when she is called a child. She is playing an important ingénue rôle with Marie Prevost in a picture called "They're Off!" She is learning to ride, and she is going to attend dramatic school. Just the other day she astonished her mother by exclaiming, "I must go to the Ambassador dances. All the girls are seen there!"

Jack Holt's polo pony, "Robin Hood," took first prize at the Los Angeles Horse Show.

Here's good news. The fans have been making inquiries about Ethel Clayton. She isn't going to leave the screen; she is going to star in R. C. pictures. Instead of playing placid domestic stories, Miss Clayton is looking for something actively dramatic.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil De Mille have adopted an eleven-year-old daughter. Katherine Lester is the lucky girl. She is the daughter of a veteran soldier in the Canadian army, and her charm and refinement made such an appeal to Mrs. De Mille that she decided to take her into the family. The De Milles also have an adopted son, John, who is eight years old.

Anderson Smith has been engaged to play an extremely drastic rôle in a Ruth Roland serial. One Sunday, John Gray, of the scenario department, frantically telephoned him: "How far can you fall?" he asked.

"How far can I fall on what?"

"On rocks."

"Just about two and a half inches," said Smith.

"You've spoiled the script," exclaimed Gray, as he rang off.



Unlike most comedians Baby Peggy has no trouble thinking up new funny stuff. Just give her a new costume and she does the rest.

Over the Teacups

Fanny the Fan discourses on likes and dislikes in motion pictures, new faces and old, prejudices and perfumes.

By The Bystander



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

Wherever her husband goes, there goes Betty Ross Clarke, even when it means turning down some interesting picture offers in California.

LET'S have a contest," urged Fanny, as she strolled in and nearly crowded the teapot off the table with an enormous vanity case.

"They don't mean anything," I objected. "And besides you'd probably win if the idea is to see who can give the best impression of a syncopated barber shop. I never smelled so much perfume in my life. Where on earth have you been?"

"That isn't the idea at all. I'll tell you about the perfume later if you'll only support my idea for a contest. I want every one to vote for the player they think would be an ideal flapper on the screen. You know the Pyramid company has bought the screen rights to a play by Eugene Walter, called 'The Flapper,' and every one says it's a wonder. But I'm afraid they'll go ahead impulsively and cast somebody about as appropriate as Mary Carr in the title rôle. They ought to let flappers all over the country pick the ideal actress for such a part. Let them misrepresent business men and society leaders and sweet young things on the screen if they like, but the flapper is a national institution that ought to be shown to the world just as she is."



Photo by Raymor Studios

Martha Mansfield had a narrow escape during the filming of "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge."

"May MacAvoy," I suggested idly.

"Oh, well," Fanny came back superciliously, "if you don't want to play, I'll find some one else who'll take an interest in my contest. You know perfectly well that May MacAvoy isn't the type at all. She's too reserved and poised. You might as well suggest Constance Binney. Corinne Griffith might do it—she's much more suited to young-girl parts than these suffering-wife parts she has been playing, you know. She told me just the other day that she was going to bob her hair again, just to see if that wouldn't urge her company into getting younger stories for her.

"And Mabel Ballin could do it wonderfully; she has such a sense of humor. Diana Allen would be darling and so would Pauline Garon in such a part. Or if Mary Hay would only come back to pictures, maybe she could do it. Can't you suggest any one?"

"Not when you're talking all the time," I added, in the icy manner that Fanny would like to be able to copyright as her own. "It seems to me obvious that Ann Forrest is the person for the part. By the way, where is she now?"

"Up in Yonkers," Fanny answered despondently. "She's playing opposite George Arliss in 'The Silent Voice.' But the studio is so far away I know I'll simply never see her. Why they don't build their studios somewhere nearer civilization I can't see. It would be so much more convenient for me if the studios were in the vicinity of Times Square——"

"And, of course," I cut in, "all that motion-picture studios are built for is so that you'll have somewhere to go between getting up and tea time. I never——"

"But we were speaking of casting, weren't we dear," Fanny remarked, as sweetly as though it were quite the proper thing for her to interrupt that way. "And that reminds me that Helen Jerome Eddy is playing 'The Flirt' for Universal—the Booth Tarkington story, you know. And nice as Helen Jerome Eddy is, I don't think that should be allowed. The part was simply made for Claire Windsor, or she was made for it, and there are any number of other people who are better suited to the rôle. Of course, when the picture comes out I may change my mind, but just now I'm disconsolate that Claire didn't play the part. It's always been one of my favorite stories—and when Universal made it before, with Marie Walcamp in the leading rôle, I saw it about a dozen times.

"And speaking of old favorites, they're going

Photo by
Joel Feder

to release
'Enoch
Arden'
again. I was
talking to
Lillian Gish
just the other
day and begging
her to make that
over again. Don't
you wish she
would? Then if
they'd assemble prints
of all the productions
of 'Enoch Arden'

Gwynedd Vernon is just over
from England and is going to
make pic-
tures here.



Photo by Clarence S. Bull

Helene Chadwick made a flying trip to New York and had a ten days' whirl of shopping and theaters and parties.

they'd have a pretty complete record of how pictures have improved. The first production was made 'way back at the old Biograph, with Florence Lawrence in the leading part; next D. W. Griffith made it with himself and Linda, his wife, in the leading parts, and then Christy Cabanne made it under Mr. Griffith's supervision, with Lillian Gish and Wallace Reid. The first was one reel, the next two, and the third four reels in length. Incidentally when they reissue that last one they're going to call it 'The Fatal Marriage.' Isn't that atrocious?"

"No less," I agreed. "Wasn't it funny about Lillian and the New York picture-player popularity contest?"

"Funny," Fanny exploded. "It was ridiculous. The last night of the contest when everybody in society and movies was at the ball and votes for the favorites were being auctioned off—the whole thing was just a scheme to raise money for charity, you know—Lillian Gish came into a box and everybody got so excited there was almost a human stampede. Every one wanted to get close enough to see her. Billie Burke got the most votes, Mary Carr was second, and Marion Davies was third, but the crowd wasn't half as interested in seeing them as they were in seeing Lillian.

"Votes were sold for ten cents each and the contest brought in about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for New York's poor. I suppose they'll buy clothes and food and uninteresting necessities with it when the people would probably be much more grateful for a few tickets to the movies.

"All the players were awfully good sports about helping in the drive for funds. Lucy Fox even climbed a great high ladder in Times Square one



Photo by Donald Biddle Kores

Every one's predicting big things for Nita Naldi in the near future, and meanwhile they're waiting anxiously to see her in "Blood and Sand."

noon charging some one in the crowd a dime every time she went up a rung. But then players always will do simply anything for charity—"

"Especially when it's their own Actors' Equity Association treasury that needs funds," I added. "Did you see their annual show?"

"Did I?" Fanny ejaculated, and drew a long breath.

It's no wonder Fanny marveled at that show, for there never was another quite like it. It was at the Metropolitan Opera House, and every one who is anybody on the stage or in pictures—and who was in New York at the time—was in it. Many a famous star who carries the weight of an entire season's hit appeared only for a brief moment or two. George Arliss, for example, and Dick Barthelmess were called on merely to step onto the stage and hold up placards announcing different acts. No announcers ever received more applause, though. And at the conclusion of this perfectly bewildering array of talent which lasted for four hours there came a most gorgeous finale in which all these hundreds of big stars were grouped. Mae Murray made a tremendous hit when the spotlight disclosed her in her "bull" costume that she wore in "Fascination," and Elsie Ferguson called forth great bursts of cheers when she was revealed as the girl in "Outcast," which is to be her next picture.

"Do you know who's in town?" Fanny remarked abruptly, cutting short my reverie, and then not waiting

for me to answer went on, "Betty Ross Clarke. Where her husband is, there goes not only her heart but her career. Betty packed up and left California and all the interesting offers she had there as soon as she finished 'The Man From Downing Street' so as to come to New York with her husband. She is going to make pictures here now, and maybe she will go back on the stage.

"And I saw Martha Mansfield this morning. She has almost finished 'The Queen of the Moulin Rouge.' She had an awfully narrow escape the other day. There was one scene where she had to fall through a skylight. Martha was all for doing it herself, but the director insisted on having a double. Not that he cared, he insisted, if Martha broke her neck, but it would delay the picture if she was laid up. When they came to make that scene, there was an accident—the double broke both legs. She was awfully plucky about it, but Martha cried terribly. She says she'll never let any one take risks for her again.

"It's awfully exciting being in New York nowadays. You never can tell who you'll see. The other day I bumped into Mae Busch, and I was so thrilled I went out and bought three pairs of earrings before I knew what I was doing. She's one of the most fascinating people I ever saw. She never seems to be in a dull mood for a minute.

"She played poker with Richard Dix and some of the other people in the company on the train coming East just to pass the time away and when she got to New York she found that she was eighty dollars ahead. Richard

Dix not only lost money, but weight, on the trip. Maurice Tourneur ordered him to be twenty pounds lighter by the time he reached England, and they were ready to take the first scenes of 'The Christian.'

"And Gwynedd Vernon is here from England. She was over once before, you know, last winter, and just as she was all ready to start work in a picture she was taken ill and went back home to England to convalesce. She owns the picture rights to some of the Limehouse stories of Thomas Burke, and maybe she'll make one of them over here right away. Why any one should come to America to film a picture with supposed London background I can't just understand, but that's what I was told, anyway.

"Gwynedd—you pronounce that Gwyneth, and it's not a stage name; it's her own real one that she inherited from Welsh ancestors—is a typical English beauty, all pale pinks and whites. I think fans will love her over here.

"And Helene Chadwick has been East for a vacation. She looked much thinner than she has in her pictures recently and ever so much younger. She was only here ten days, but she crowded loads of shopping and parties and theaters into that time."

"What did she like best?" I demanded.

"I knew you'd ask that," Fanny answered triumphantly. "Don't you ever get interested in a regular

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Not Quite a Hero

In the heat of discussion about Rodolph Valentino—in which every one who ever goes to movies seems to be taking part—what the man is really like is almost lost sight of in the maze of conjecture, misconception, and exaggeration spread about him. Here he is—as he really is.

By Agnes Smith

ONCE upon a time there was a young man who was not a perfect specimen of American manhood. He was not remarkably dauntless nor brave. His appearance did not suggest shining virtue nor impeccable nobility. In spite of the fact that he lacked all the glorious qualities of a real movie hero, Rodolph Valentino went into the movies. The casting directors whom he interviewed decided he wasn't the sort of man who would appeal to our American girls. He did not seem fitted to jump off cliffs, rescue maidens in distress, or register high-minded devotion in the close-ups. They admitted, however, that he could dance and that he was a good type for what is recognized about the studios—and nowhere else—as a "society villain." But they forgot to find out whether or not he could act. Sometimes the big movie organizations are careless about minor details.

I am not going to tell you about "How One Young Man Made Good." I don't need to. You probably saw "The Four Horsemen." But I am going to set forth my theory of his phenomenal rise, the secret of his sensational success. It is this: He does not look like your husband. He is not in the least like your brother. He does not resemble the man your mother thinks you ought to marry. He is not like the nice boy who takes you to all the high-school dances. And so women go to see him in motion pictures because he typifies Romance; he is the hero of that love affair you never experienced.

Out in Hollywood, the men who know him like him. But no man understands the reason for his phenomenal popularity. The women know, but they won't tell. As for Valentino himself, he doesn't talk about it. If you happen to be one of those irate fans who have been disgusted with the interviews in which his opinions on love and the ladies have been set forth at wearying length, please accept my word for it—that any such statements which he really made were wrung from him, and that some of them were as new and strange to him when he saw them on the printed page—if he ever saw

them—as they were to you. Certainly, I found him shy on all such subjects; he honestly does not want to be considered a *matinée* idol. You cannot blame him, for where are the *matinée* idols of yesteryear? I have tried to talk to Valentino about love, women, and matrimony. Every time I broached one of these subjects, he side-stepped. But let us hasten on to the interview.

I met Mr. Valentino on the Lasky lot. With me was the Perfect Valentino Fan. When she saw Mr. Valentino coming up to us, she said, "Please introduce me by my maiden name and don't say anything about my husband and baby." Whereupon she removed her wedding ring and slipped it into her hand bag. There's a little bit of bad in every good little girl. Mr. Valentino suggested luncheon and escorted us to his motor.

"It needs cleaning," he explained, "but it runs beautifully."

In half a minute we were half a mile away. When Mr. Valentino made his entrance in this restaurant, every woman in sight gave a low moan of joy, and all the women tourists were, oh, so glad that they had come to California. Mr. Valentino looked neither to the right nor to the left. He looked at the menu card.



Rodolph Valentino is as popular on the Lasky lot as he is outside. Lois Wilson, Bebe Daniels, and Bebe's young cousin are glad when he is not needed on the set.

Our luncheon engagement was the result of a long promise. When I saw the preview of "The Four Horsemen" in New York, June Mathis, who wrote the scenario, came up to me. "Keep your eye on my *Julio*. I picked him myself, and, if he isn't one of the coming favorites, I'll eat the film." After the picture, I saw June and congratulated her. "That boy, Valentino," I said, "is going to break up a lot of homes. Why did you go and do it?"

Whereupon June said, "He is intelligent, agreeable, and he deserves his success. I want you to meet him because you would like him."

So there I was with Rudie and the Perfect Fan, and I wondered what to do about it. Rudie saved the situation. He found out that the Perfect Fan loved to dance, and so he talked about dancing and orchestras and about the charm of sitting in a pleasant restaurant, with agreeable and well-behaved persons all about you. He hates vulgar dancing just as he hates all sorts of vulgarity.

Then he turned to me and talked about June Mathis.

"June Mathis discovered me. She gave me a part when life was not so easy. And now she will write all my pictures. She is a capable, humorous and generous woman. I am eternally grateful to her. No one realizes how much she had to do with the success of 'The Four Horsemen.' She was on the set every day. She suggested a hundred small touches. And now she will supervise 'Blood and Sand.' I am immensely glad because it is the first picture in which I am to be starred, and I know that I can trust Miss Mathis' advice and good judgment.

"The studios need more capable women to help in this business of making movies. Too many directors think only in terms of physical action. Women are cleverer in appreciating subtle situations. Look at Elinor Glyn. She wrote the story of 'Beyond the Rocks,' and she took an active part in its direction. Her suggestions were always intelligent and valuable. And she is immensely conscientious. In some of the scenes, she dressed the hair of the extra girls. Personally, I found her a wonderful critic."

Mr. Valentino was quite sincere. He is not half-hearted about his praise or his blame. Sometimes when it comes to blaming actors, actresses, or directors, he refuses to be politic. Who says that the Italians are a suave race? But his greatest virtue is his loyalty and gratitude to his friends. With all the feminine world accepting him as a romantic figure, he refuses to accept the rôle; his good qualities are commonplace.

I said that he evaded discussing love, marriage, and women. Yet I discovered, indirectly what sort of women he likes. During our conversation, he professed an admiration for only one type; he likes clever, sophisticated, amusing and capable women. He has no eyes for the beautiful and the brainless. Although he probably would not admit it, I think he likes 'em rather strong-minded.

No power on earth can make him speak even tolerantly of his picture "The Sheik." In vain do you tell him that "The Sheik" has made money, that "The Sheik" brought him stardom, that "The Sheik" is one of the most popular pictures of the year. Mr. Valentino will simply reply that "The Sheik" was a fatal error.

and that he hopes, *Deo volente*, never to appear in another picture like that. You may like "The Sheik," I may like "The Sheik"—though I don't—and Famous Players-Lasky may like "The Sheik," but to Mr. Valentino it was an error.

"What nonsense it was!" he exclaimed, "I neither acted like an Englishman nor like an Oriental. I was obliged to play it like an emotional Italian. It was all out of character. The Oriental is stolid; the Englishman prides himself on his self-control. Then why the eye-rolling in 'The Sheik'?"

"When the picture came out I received many letters. Some of them were very flattering. But the intelligent critics told me what they thought of my acting. They said that I had achieved a little success and that evidently I was content to take advantage of that success. Letters like that aren't pleasant, are they? I am not trying to please those who are easily pleased. I value the opinion of the intelligent critics."

This may be a blow to the Valentino fans, but he honestly dislikes silly letters.

"Just now I need honest criticism and good advice," he told me. "I appreciate it. I do not want to play 'straight' rôles. I want parts that call for mental action. So far, my best work has been in 'Camille.' Madame Nazimova was the star, but what difference does that make? It is not the star that counts, it's the picture."

Again Mr. Valentino was sincere. Success has made him sensitive and hypercritical of his own work. He is not vain. He is so shrewd and careful-minded that he takes his popularity with large grains of salt.

"Do you know what worried every one when we were making 'The Sheik'?" he asked.

I had my suspicions, but I said "no."

"Page fifty-seven," he answered, with what is known as a meaning smile.

"What was on page fifty-seven?" asked the Perfect Valentino Fan.

"You read the book?"

"Certainly."

"Then I cannot believe that you don't know about page fifty-seven."

"I have forgotten."

"Then go home and look it up."

After that, naturally we talked about censorship. Mr. Valentino did not commit himself in words. But he gave a committal smile. And then we talked about Hollywood.

Ethel Sands has told you briefly that Valentino doesn't care for Hollywood. He is too foreign to be understood; he is always homesick for Italy. Most of the actors in Hollywood wear clothes that look as though they had been given them by Cecil De Mille. Valentino dresses correctly; he looks like a man who has suddenly come from a big city to a small town.

"Hollywood," said Valentino, "is a small town—not physically but mentally. A great deal has been said about the gayety of the movie colony. But the movie colony is not really gay. All of us need more honest recreation. We need to forget the studio after our work is done. I like to dance and I like to go to the restaurants with my friends. But I don't like vulgarity

HAVE YOU HEARD

—Some of the things Rodolph Valentino is quoted as having said about love and the ladies? Have you read his opinions as they have been set forth in some interviews? Have you been antagonized by his remarks about American husbands?

Well—so was he. Take Agnes Smith's word for it, the first he knew of his holding some of those theories was when he saw them in print. Many of the opinions set forth as his were as strange and surprising to him as to you.

He doesn't ever get drawn into any discussion of love willingly. And when remarks have been wrung from him, they were strangely distorted and exaggerated by the time they were printed.

Read this story—and in the future when you hear wild tales about this talented young Italian, you'll know whether to believe them or not.

in dancing and all the so-called wild times I have seen in the cafés in Los Angeles were rather childish and silly. Several years ago, New York had become a delightful, cosmopolitan city. Out here, we have still to learn how to amuse ourselves, how to be gay naturally and spontaneously. One cannot escape boredom merely by going out and spending a lot of money. No reformer is needed to tell the better-class actors and actresses that they cannot enjoy themselves merely by going out and drinking too much."

I am afraid I have made Rodolph Valentino a serious young man. Most of the time he wears a mask, and he uses his charming manners as a sort of guard. He has no particular pose; he is a dignified and courteous gentleman. He is witty in a sharp way.

When he spoke of the conventional "happy ending" to movie stories, the Perfect Valentino Fan hung on his words.

"The 'happy ending' has come to be nothing but a rubber stamp. I think the public is tired of it. After all, only one love affair in a thousand ends happily. And an affair of that sort is too dull to be interesting. Romance doesn't make men and women happy. Human beings are made happy by such things as success, food, a good home, and pleasant friends. Romance is something that makes them more than just happy."

A refutation of the Pollyanna philosophy. Love doesn't make the world go round. It makes it go sideways, zigzag, up and down, and backward.

In his attitude toward his art, he reminds me of the adored Caruso. When Caruso made a sensational success in opera, the wise men said that he couldn't stay a public favorite. Caruso remained a favorite until he died. Valentino and Caruso are much alike in their way of talking and speaking. Caruso was supposed to have a wicked voice—whatever that means—and Valentino is supposed to have wicked eyes. At heart, Valentino is as sane as Caruso.

One of the most interesting things about him is the violently contrasting opinions in the outbursts of feeling that his sensational success has caused. If you've been reading "What the Fans Think" you know what I mean. I know of no one in pictures the mention of whose name will start so violent a discussion. Hazel Shelley told you, last month, that he was vain, calculating, and upstage. She refused to meet him. Hazel, you are entitled to your opinion, but you missed the chance of your life. Years from now, you're going to sit down and cry about it. Ethel Sands gave a very good impression of him—thoroughly honest, and, to my mind, accurate. And now, having given my own appraisal, I wish to add the opinions of some of those who have worked with him.

June Mathis says: "I have worked with Rudie a long time. I can assure you he is a nice boy. He has been the target for a lot of professional jealousy. He has kept his head and kept his temper. He is reasonable and not at all temperamental. He has a wonderful sense of humor."

After finishing "Blood and Sand," Nita Naldi discussed Valentino. "When I came out here, I didn't think he could act. And now I apologize. He's a real actor. I suppose some of our love scenes will look pretty warm. The script called for them. Valentino was courteous and decent. Some actors—and I have

played with prominent ones—like to spoil the scene by putting in little asides. Valentino does not. Moreover, he is willing to let the women in the company have some glory. He has no unpleasant tricks, but he has the best sort of professional etiquette. I hope to play with him again."

Said Lila Lee: "'Blood and Sand' was a real inspiration. Imagine Fred Niblo, Valentino, and June Mathis working on the same picture. Valentino isn't a bit mean about wanting the star part. I like Miss Naldi, and she encouraged me a lot. It's all wrong, isn't it, when two women in the same cast like each other."

Mrs. Mathis, mother of June Mathis, also gave me an opinion: "We are all so fond of Rudie. I like an accomplished man. He speaks five languages and plays and sings beautifully. And then he can cook the best spaghetti you ever ate!"

The Perfect Valentino Fan ended up the chorus.

"I'd leave my husband for him," she sighed. "But I am afraid it would only

annoy him. Most screen stars like to be he-men. Mr. Valentino is a wonderful relief. He reminds me of all the men I didn't marry, of all the boys who didn't ask me to college dances, of all the heroes that I thought were dead. He isn't the self-satisfied business man, he isn't the perfect American. No good American would dare to be half so charming. No good American would dare have such fascinating eyes. He doesn't really flirt; I think he is quite sincere. And doesn't he make the regulation movie king look foolish?"

By the time you read this, you will have known for some weeks that Rodolph Valentino is again married. The lucky lady is Natasha Rambova—according to the fans. But, to Rudie's friends, it is Valentino who is lucky.

You know all about Valentino, but you don't know so much about Natasha Rambova. For some time she has been art director for Nazimova; her settings were really works of art. Wait until you see "Salome."

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Photo by Maurice Goldberg

Professionally she is known as Natasha Rambova; really her name is Winifred Hudnut; but what really interests motion-picture fans is that she is now Rodolph Valentino's wife.

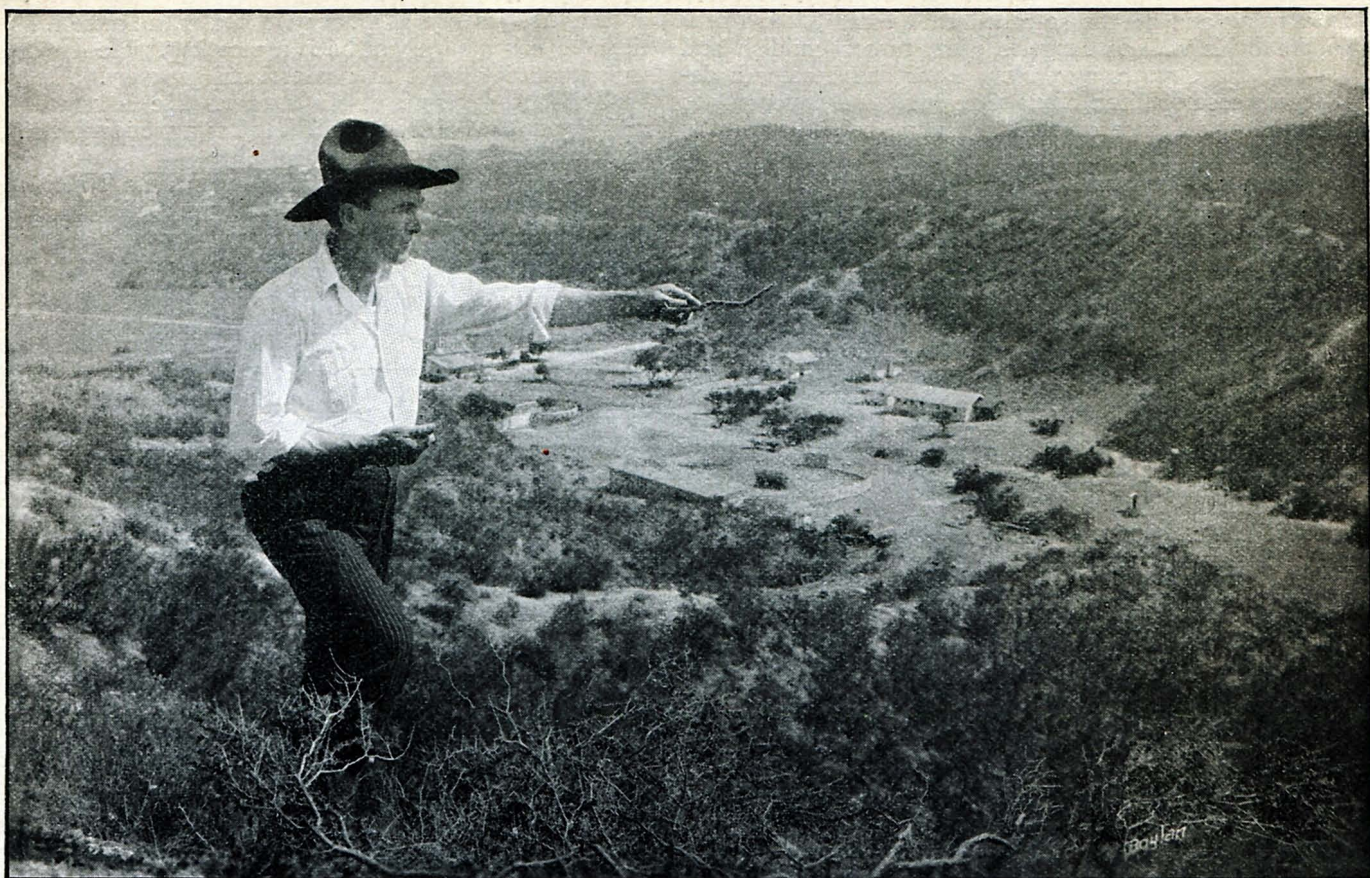


Photo by Boylan

In order to see Harry Carey's whole ranch at once you have to climb a high hill and look far across hills and fields.

A Fan's Adventures in Hollywood

She meets the men who portray thrilling cowboys on the screen; some of them in incongruous surroundings and some of them at their ranch homes, as interesting as the locations in which they play on the screen.

By Ethel Sands

WHEN a crowd of us used to get together coming home from school or during the intermission at a picture show, we often played a game that I guess is a favorite with girls everywhere. We all said what we'd ask for if we could have one wish. Some of the girls thought they'd like to marry millionaires, and one of them wanted to be a champion woman swimmer like Annette Kellermann, but I didn't want anything like that. I wanted to be able to walk right through a motion-picture screen and be in the place that was pictured there.

I've often wondered if there aren't lots of people who've wanted to do that. Maybe out in the little towns there are girls taking vocal lessons who nearly grow crazy with envy when they see scenes in an opera house like the ones in Hope Hampton's "Star Dust." And I guess a lot of people will want to go to Italy when they see "The Man From Home." But it wasn't scenes like that that used to start me wishing. It was the Westerns. You know those wonderful, vast landscapes with a few men on horseback silhouetted against the sky? I used to get a lump in my throat every time I saw one, and I'd start wondering if I'd ever have a chance to see wild West country like that.

All the way out to California on the train I kept looking for something of the sort, but I didn't find it.

There wasn't a single long string of cowboys charging across the prairies that I could see; maybe they were farther back from the railroad. Anyway, when I got to Hollywood I was still hoping to see some cowboys, and ranches and a lot of cattle and other Western stuff. And suddenly one day it looked as though my wish were going to come true; Mr. Conlon, the publicity man I had met out at the Selig studio, told me that he knew Bill Hart very well, and would arrange for me to meet him.

Was I excited? Well, I've always loved Westerns, and I guess Bill Hart will always be the first star any one will think of when they think of Westerns, so you can imagine what a treat I looked forward to. And then it wasn't at all what I expected. Not that I was disappointed in William S. Hart, for I wasn't at all, but there wasn't anything Western about our meeting. It could have happened in an office in my home town or yours or anywhere if Bill Hart just happened to be there.

You see, I was told Mr. Hart was so very busy writing that I'd have to meet him in his offices on Hollywood Boulevard where he was working. I didn't care *where* it was that I met him, just as long as I did meet him!

However, it did seem sort of funny when I climbed

the stairs of the office building. It seemed so out of the atmosphere of the movies and the last place in the world you'd expect to find Bill Hart.

The office was quite a large, barren room with books scattered in corners and two desks by the windows with a stenographer busy at one, and Bill Hart at the other. He rose from his desk to greet me, and even if he didn't look exactly like the typical "two-gun man" of the movies in just the plain trousers and velvet jacket he wore to write in—it was big Bill Hart just the same. I sat down alongside of his desk and he leaned back in his swivel chair and we talked.

He speaks with a soft drawl, and his small, keen, blue eyes twinkle humorously as he talks. I could scarcely imagine them flashing steely fire as they do in the movies—he seems so kindly and good-natured.

He has written five stories and done most of them in pictures. Of course, you know that he has written several boys' stories. He showed me the little book of his "Pinto Ben and Other Stories" by himself and Mary Hart, and said I might have the book if I wanted it. He autographed it for me, too. My, wasn't I proud to get that as a memento! That was even better than a photograph. I could see all the small boys I knew who would be tickled to death to see Bill Hart's own book. But I was greedy enough to ask him for a picture for all that, and he was generous enough to give me two.

Norma Talmadge, whom I had visited at her home the day before, had asked me to tell Mr. Hart that she was coming over soon to see his sister who was ill at the time, and that made me feel very important, carrying messages from one famous movie star to another.

I asked him why he wrote in his office instead of at home, so he said:

"Well, you see, if I'm at home I fool around the house and my mind is distracted by so many things I can't pin myself down to my work. Here I keep regular office hours, and I have nothing else to do here but write, so I get something done."

When I said good-by, I knew what one "Western" actor did "off screen" even if I hadn't seen Western stuff as I'd wanted to. And I wondered if other Western players had as different diversions as that off screen.

The next "Western" player I met was Jack Hoxie.

I was so disappointed when Mr. Hoxie suggested that we go to lunch in one of the big elaborate hotels, that I could have cried. But his press-agent told him how much I wanted to see some wild West, so he took me to his ranch for luncheon.

My heart skipped a couple of beats, I'm sure, when I got out to his studio and saw how awfully good-looking Jack Hoxie is. He looks like all your dreams of what handsome cowboys ought to look like in his wide Stetson hat and Mackinaw coat. He's tall and broad shouldered, with dark hair and nice blue eyes and he talks with a sort of drawl.

He suggested that we stop at a big corral somewhere on the outskirts of Hollywood, and there I was treated to a sight of something I'd never known about before. It was a big corral extending over quite a bit of land which belonged to a man who runs a business which supplies wild bronchos and horses, cattle, and all that sort of thing that is needed for Western pictures. He

even supplies real cowboys for extras. There was a crowd of them very much engaged in shooting craps—and I got a real kick out of it when I noticed some of them packed big, loaded pistols in their belts. This looked real wild and woolly!

Jack Hoxie had his own horse brought out and saddled (Bill Hart keeps his horse there, too), and did some jumping for me. Then he lifted me up so I could have a ride on his horse. At first I was a little timid about getting on because Mr. Hoxie said I was the first girl that had ever ridden on that horse, and I was afraid said horse wouldn't like me to break the rule. But like the other players I met in Hollywood he was very considerate of my feelings and acted as though he liked meeting me.

I could hardly believe my eyes when I noticed a couple of fancy Roman chariots standing around. Of all places this seemed to be the last one where you'd expect to see relics of the "Queen of Sheba," but I learned that it was here the famous chariot race had been staged. Of course I had to climb into one of them. A fan can get a thrill out of just touching something that has had a part in a sensational movie.

At the foot of the hill was a little movie Western town with several street sets which they told me was Mixville where Tom Mix takes "location" scenes.

When we left there, Mr. Hoxie pointed out to me a steep mountain trail where his first picture was made.

"I'll never forget it," he told me, "because I had to ride down that terribly steep trail and stand up in my saddle and rope a runaway horse on which a girl, playing an Indian, was tied. I thought sure I'd break my neck." He speaks of it calmly, though, now.

Jack Hoxie's wife is Marin Sais who also plays in Western pictures. She happened to be away on location, so I was unable to see her. But his mother, who is a very nice motherly woman, was there. Jack told me that she is part Cherokee Indian, but you'd never guess it.

As we approached the house his little daughter, Mona, came running out to meet us. She's only about seven and a typical outdoors child, dressed in overalls and with flashing dark eyes and hair and red cheeks. She brought out her pony and rode him without a saddle, galloping off like a regular little wild Westerner. There is another little girl, too, only she's quite different from her sister, being fair and more quiet.

Jack Hoxie brought out all his Stetson hats to show me. They say if there's one thing a cowboy is proud of it's his hats, and I don't wonder. There were about five of them, very big, and some cost fifty to seventy-five dollars! My goodness, I was astounded; I never dreamed that any men's hats could cost as much as that.

Mrs. Hoxie called us for lunch which she had cooked herself, and I must say I never ate such delicious muffins and jelly tarts and wonderful creamed pumpkin pie.

After that we went outdoors again to look around the ranch and inspect the prize bulls and a new little calf, and Jack Hoxie told me of his plans to improve on the place.

"We're really just camping out here," he said, "until we can get everything shipshape. You see, I haven't had the place very long, and I've been away for months on a personal-appearance tour, so we haven't been able

IN GLORIA'S BOUDOIR

Many a girl has dreamed of how thrilling it would be to sit around and chat with Gloria Swanson in the intimacy of her dressing room. Feminine fans all wonder about the luxuries of her dressing table—the beauty secrets hidden in its little jars. And her elaborate coiffures! How many girls have marveled at them and wondered how she made her hair look like that.

Ethel Sands can tell you, for she had the dazzling experiences with Gloria that every girl would like to have. Her account of her meeting with Gloria is one of the most fascinating of all her experiences. She will tell it in next month's Picture-Play.



Harry Carey showed me around his ranch and explained everything in his friendly way.

to get at it, but we're working fast now. I'm going to build additions to the house and gradually acquire more land and cattle and plant larger orchards." He has another big ranch in one of the other Western States, which his brother looks after, but he has to stay in California to make pictures, so he wants to have an equally nice one there.

The really ideal Western player off the screen is Harry Carey, for he seems to be more active in ranching than any of the others. Naturally, I was overjoyed to be invited to visit him. His ranch is situated far out in the open country, but he drives all the way into the studio every day. It won't be so far for him now that he has joined R-C pictures. But it's a twenty-five-mile drive from Universal City, where he was making pictures when I met him. We started out early and sped along the road to San Francisco, past Saugus and Newhall and several little Western towns—which looked peaceful and sleepy and not at all wild, even though there were quite a few Mexicans living in them. Then gradually there weren't any more towns, and we got away out in the real open country with just mountains, hills, and wilderness, like the scenery we see in Bill Hart's and Harry Carey's pictures. I could almost im-

agine some Indians popping out on us, it seemed so wild and moviefied. Here were my dreams come true just as though I had stepped through the silver sheet into the land I loved.

We kept on riding till I thought we surely must be almost to San Francisco—but of course we weren't—and then we mounted the last hill from which we could see Harry Carey's ranch. To a movie fan the private gateway—over which is an arch with "Harry Carey Ranch" printed in big letters—is ever so much more thrilling than the usual "Bar X Ranch" that we see sometimes in pictures.

The car had no more than been driven up to the doorway and stopped when Harry Carey was greeting me and helping me out of the automobile. He looked like a typical ranch owner in his big hat and boots, and this seemed just to be the proper place to see him. I can hardly picture him inside a movie studio under lights and in make-up. He is such a he-man type, real rough and Western appearing, being big and tall, and with a very deep, mannish voice. This is just the way I wanted Harry Carey to be; didn't you? I thought him even better-looking than his pictures show him, but in a mannish way, you know—not handsome, but just a strong, characterful, rugged type.

Mrs. Carey is just the kind of wife you would expect a man like Harry Carey would pick out. A nice, pleasant, wholesome young woman, practical and full of fun. She is a regular pal to her husband, and I learned she goes to the studio with him every day where she attends to business details for him. She took me right into her bedroom so I could try to patch up my appearance, which had been somewhat disarranged by the long motor trip. Right away I asked her if she had ever been a movie actress.

"Yes, indeed," She laughed. "And I'm famous for one thing—I'm the only movie actress who had sense enough to quit when I saw how rotten I was in pictures!"

I'm sure she doesn't do justice to herself, although I had to laugh with her—it seemed so refreshingly frank for her to say that. Her name was very familiar to me, though.

"Oh, are you the same Olive Golden that played the deacon's daughter in Mary Pickford's picture, 'Tess of the Storm Country?'" I asked her, and she admitted that she was.

That picture is pretty old now, and I was only about twelve or thirteen when I saw it, but it impressed me so that I remember it distinctly. I had fallen deeply in love not only with Mary—but incidentally with every

one else in the picture. And I remembered Olive Golden especially. Now, after all these years, here I was right in her home! I can just imagine how incredulous I would have been at that time if any one had told me such a thing might happen. You see, fans—you never can tell—who knows but that you, too, may, some day, be meeting your favorite movie star face to face, and being entertained in his or her home.

We sat in the living room, which was real rancho style with a big stone fireplace, Indian curios, pictures on the walls, Indian rugs and pipes and moccasins around, and Harry Carey told us about the wild stampede they had filmed on a near-by ranch for his picture, "Man to Man." He seems to be much more interested in ranching than he is in the movies.

You know, I think it's rather nice to know a movie star who is making good, worthy use of the tremendous amount of money the movies enable him to earn. It seems as if the movies were accomplishing something really worth while, besides just the amusement—when it enables its interpreters to do other big things. I like to think there are some movie players who don't squander all their money uselessly on show and live up to that popular belief that money in the movie game "comes easy and goes easier," but are putting it to good advantage, using it to make their other dreams be realized.

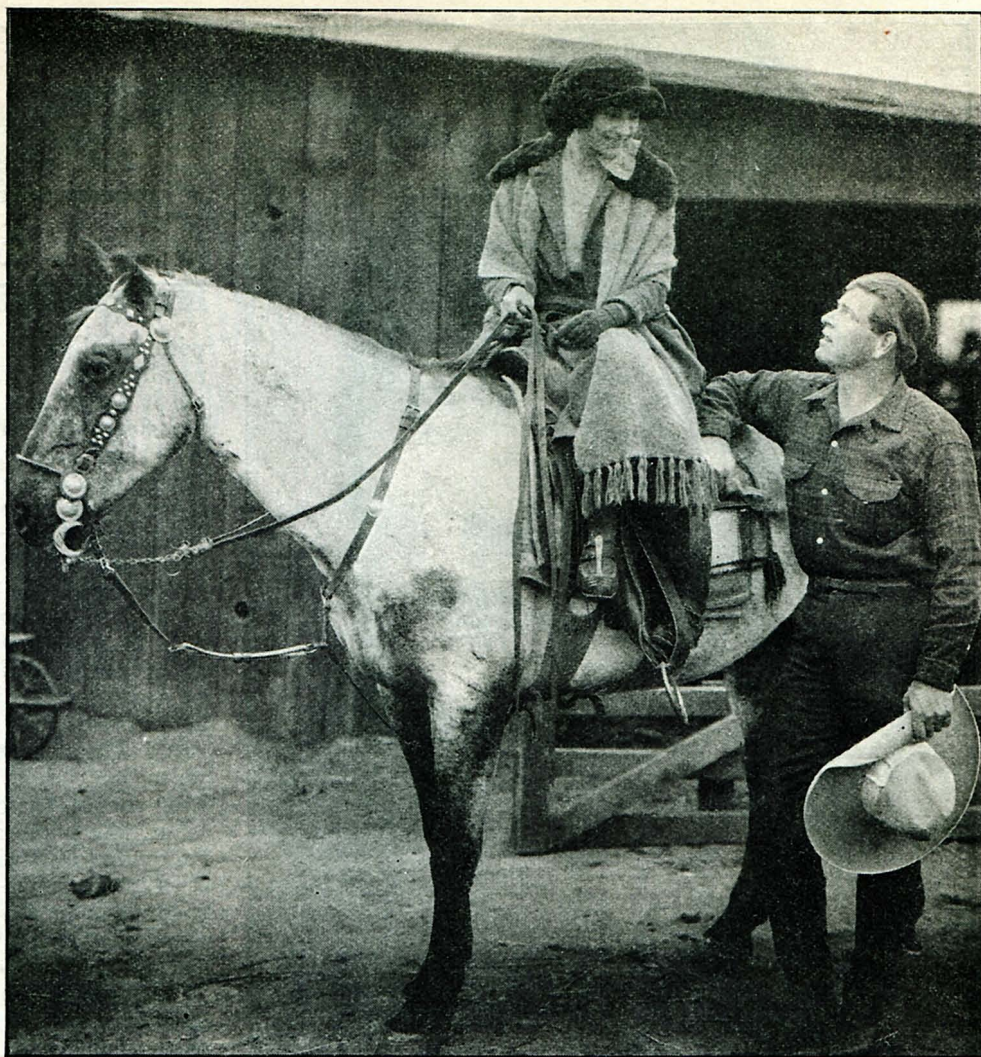
At luncheon Mrs. Carey kept persuading me to take second helpings, and I ate simply loads of fried chicken and vegetables, and even a heaping plateful of strawberry ice cream which Mrs. Carey made herself, with cream from the ranch.

What fan wouldn't be in her glory, sitting next to Harry Carey and having him relate his experiences. He told us how he first fell in love with Mrs. Carey. It was while he was making a picture called, "Just Jim," and Olive Golden was his leading lady.

"They took the company down to San Francisco for locations," he related, "and after work was done, the director suggested we all go to some place he knew of where they had fine chop suey and Chinese food. So he led us to some odd little place where they served all this Chinese food, and I took one taste of it, and then I started to fool and play with it so the others wouldn't notice I wasn't eating it. Gosh, I was hungry, too, but that sort of food doesn't appeal to my appetite.

"Then I noticed Olive wasn't touching hers, either, so I said: 'Aha, a girl after my own heart. She doesn't care for that Oriental stuff, either.'

"So we went out on the floor and danced. I remember Olive wore some simple little frock that day, and looked particularly girlish and unsophisticated. At that time I never thought much about my appearance, and



I was a little timid about getting on Jack Hoxie's horse because I'd been told that no girl had ever mounted him before.

I guess I looked somewhat rough and wild compared to her. I know every one looked at us, and we overheard remarks about 'that sweet young girl being with that roughneck fellow'—they looked at me accusingly as if I were a kidnaper or something, and made me feel like a desperado."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Carey laughed heartily about it.

"As soon as we got out of there, we beat it for a place where we could get some regular food to eat."

We went back to the sitting room, and H. Carey, Jr., was brought out. He's less than a year old, you know, and a real husky little mite for that age, too. They call him "Dobe," because of his hair which is just the color of adobe, you see.

Mrs. Carey's sister, Mignon Golden, came in from the garden in a plain little gingham dress and a wide straw hat over her blond hair which hung in natural curls around her shoulders. She's only about sixteen years old, and, though she lives with her mother in Hollywood, she prefers to spend most of her time out on the ranch where she can ride and plant flowers, which is her particular hobby. There she is, living right in the movie capital, with a famous movie star for a brother-in-law, and she prefers to spend most of her time on an isolated ranch, while other young girls of her age think only of getting to Hollywood and having grand times there.

I asked her if she plays in the movies much, and she said she does once in a while when there's a part for

Continued on page 98

Writing, Dancing, and

That is just the beginning of the accomplishments of Barbara La Marr.

By Caroline Bell



Photo by Heever

Barbara La Marr's beauty used to get her into lots of trouble, but now it is one of her chief assets.

THE best way to get into motion pictures, says Barbara La Marr, is to write a novel.

Now, I can't agree with Barbara. For I have written a novel—and neither I nor it has become famous. There must be something different about Barbara and about her novel, too.

She is a daughter of the three Muses—for she writes, dances, and acts

with equal grace and talent. But let Barbara tell us about it. I only wish that you could hear her tell it in her soft melodic voice so much more expressive than cold print.

"I had been on the stage ever since I was a youngster," she said, as we sat in Metro's miniature Japanese garden. She was wearing a quaint black lace affair in which she appears as *Antoinette de Mauban* in Rex Ingram's "The Prisoner of Zenda," and she looked as beautiful and romantic as such a famous character should, if not more so. "I started when I was seven—a timid little thing, always imitating grown-ups and longing to be a great tragédienne and wield a dagger. You'd be surprised how well I can hoist a dagger!" How could I doubt her ability in that gruesome line, when her big eyes held mine with their appeal, even though the curved lips quivered with a smile. "But, like many a serious sister before me, I was catapulted into vaudeville to do a *dancing act*."

"But the novel—" I reminded her. I can see a dancer any day in the week for fifty cents at a vaudeville show. But novels are serious propositions.

"I'm coming to that," she answered in her slow, studied way. "It's too important to hurry. Besides, I have no inclination to work on such a lovely warm day—it's lots more pleasant sitting here in the shade—so I'll take my time. Well—later I became a member of a Pacific Coast stock



She has an important part in Rex Ingram's big production of "The Prisoner of Zenda."

company and it was then that I began to write in dead earnest though I had written verses since childhood, those little things that kiddies think so wonderful because they do them themselves. At a dinner party I met Winfield Sheehan, general manager of the Fox company, and told him all about my novel. I wouldn't let him get a word in edgeways, I was so enthusiastic about my first pretentious brain child. He was interested and suggested that I make a scenario of it. I did, and he produced it with Gladys Brockwell in the featured rôle. It was 'Mother of His Children.' Remember it?"

I did. It was one of Gladys Brockwell's few pictures that stand out in my memory as being worth remembering.

"That was the beginning of my literary career, which survived six stories," she continued reminiscently, with a humorous quirk to her lips that proved Barbara has that so rare feminine gift—a sense of humor—and exercises it even with herself as its victim. "But meantime I had become so enthralled with the art of motion pictures that I decided to take a hand in it myself, from a front angle rather than the back door of the author."

The fact that she has beautifully chiseled features, of excellent photographic possibilities may have had something to do with it, too. I don't know whether or not you've heard the story of how Barbara's beauty always used to get her into trouble. She was christened Reatha Watson, and though Watson may not be a very beautiful name, Reatha is. And Reatha herself matched her name in pulchritude. The story had it that she was kidnaped from her father's home in El Centro and abducted by a cave man who made her marry

him. Her husband died, and she returned to the city—when the first thing she knew a mean old judge told her she was far too beautiful to be roaming around a big town and letting men fall in love with her, so he *exiled* her. Yes, my dear. Wasn't it romantic? So Reatha took her beauty away some place where it would be more appreciated. Later she brought it back again—and billed it as "Barbara La Marr" with splendid financial results. So the face that the judge claimed too beautiful to be going around unprotected is being framed now on the silver sheet that you all may see and admire. And I doubt if any one would emulate the mean old judge and tell her to take her face away.

Her first part, a tiny one, was in Anita Stewart's "Paying the Piper," which led her to play with Harry Carey in "The Desperate Trail," also in a Frothingham picture and with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Nut." It was this last rôle that proved her abilities to a discerning Doug, and she was immediately cast for the part of *Milady* in "The Three Musketeers." She played with Katherine MacDonald in "Domestic Relations" before commencing "The Prisoner of Zenda," and upon the completion of her present rôle will be retained by Rex Ingram for "Black Orchids," which he intends refilming.

"This is to be the biggest opportunity she has had yet," Mr. Ingram told me later when he had called her back to the set to be made love to by handsome Ramon Samanegos. "And I have every confidence that she will give us all cause to be proud of her."

And I believe too that she will make good. For anybody who has written a novel clear through—and *sold* it—can do most anything.

Another Blue Bonnet

Madge Bellamy is proud to hail from the State that produced so many stars.

By Myrtle Gebhart

MADGE BELLAMY and I both came from Texas—therefore we have the State Fair in common.

A slim, fragile figure ran to meet me across the big Ince stage, where Madge was filming "Lorna Doone."

"Mother, here's another Blue Bonnet," her fluty voice called and, all in one breath, began extolling the accomplishments of other Blue Bonnets. "Isn't it wonderful what the Texas girls are doing in motion pictures? Bebe Daniels, Corinne Griffith, Mary Hay, Florence Vidor, Ruth Renick. Oh, we Blue Bonnets will get there!"

And I, with the usual modesty of the interviewing profesh, meekly permitted myself to be drawn into the stellar company because of nature's accident in depositing me in the greatest State of the Union.

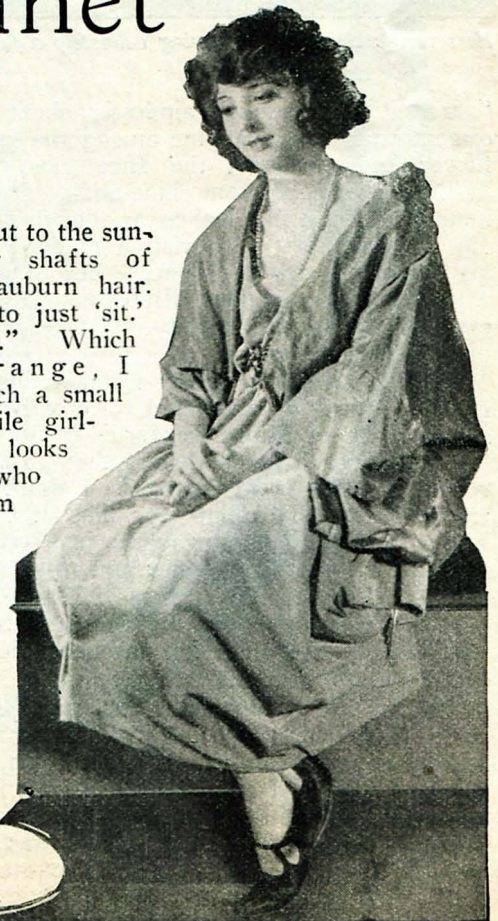
Madge's mother, a stately matron of about forty, bade me welcome with that charming hospitality that Texans seem to have patented, and explained laughingly that her business was just "being on hand to 'pin' Madge to her career."

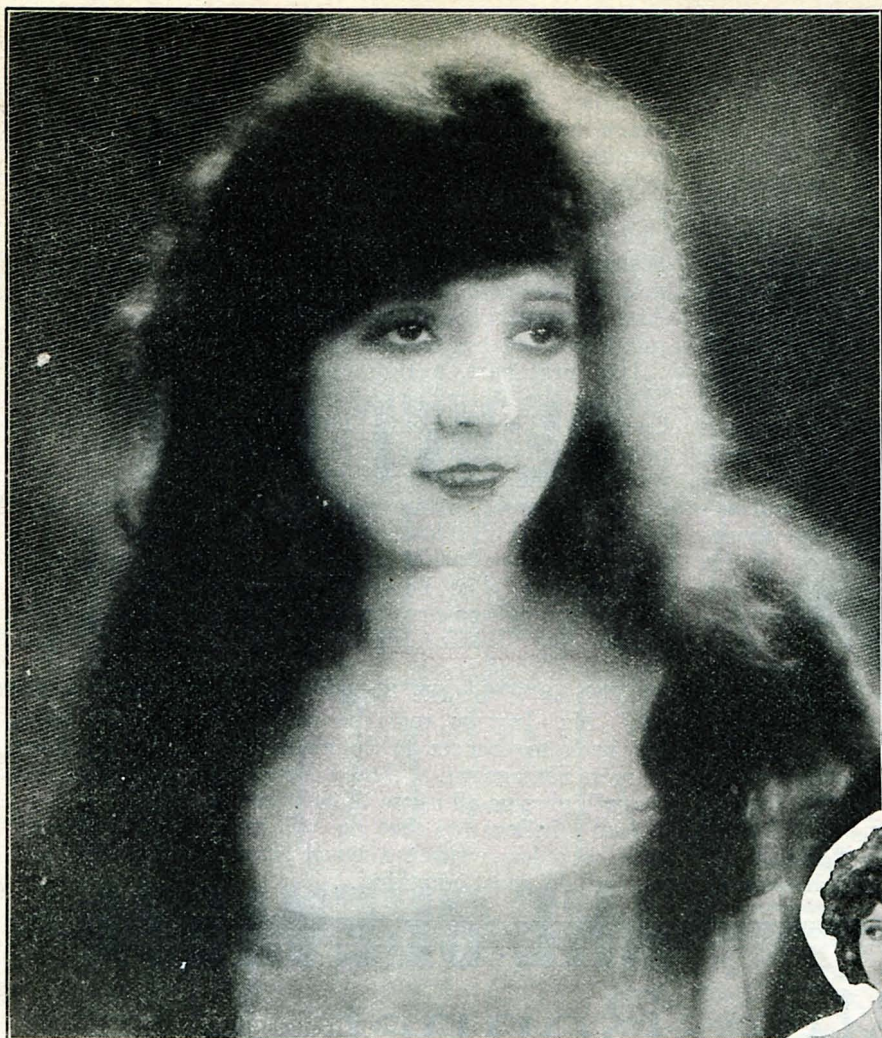
When *Lorna* ran off the set to get pinned up or unpinned, as the case might be, we conversed in jerks of books, art, work, men, women, and—Texas. Mr. Tourneur decided he could spare her for a while.

"Come on—let's walk," her delicately vibrant voice

beckoned me out to the sunlight, slanting shafts of gold in her auburn hair. "I can't bear to just 'sit.' I like action." Which seemed strange, I thought, in such a small piece of fragile girlhood. She looks like the sort who sit and dream days on end. But she has a great deal of buoyancy, she is all

Madge Bellamy looks like the sort of girls who sit and dream days on end.





Hers is the charm of conveying delicately a fleeting expression.

"nerves." We walked aimlessly about the threadlike cement walks that entwine among the green lawns and flower beds between the Ince glass-covered stages. With *Lorna's* bouffant blue-and-gold skirt and her hourglass figure she looked as though she had stepped out from a tapestry to visit a modern world. About us, yelping, frisked "Toots," her small Pomeranian who has a very jealous disposition and who weighs—even with the barks left in—about as much as one big piece of fudge.

"I don't believe in seltzer-water acting," said Madge in that beautifully modulated voice of hers that reminds me so much of Mary Pickford's in its tonal charm. "An old French axiom has it that 'to suggest is to create, to state is to destroy.' I don't want to be too positive, too blatant—for that destroys illusion. I want to suggest a thing subtly, just strongly enough to make the people go home and *think* about it."

That, to many, is the secret of Madge Bellamy's charm—hers is the art of conveying delicately but surely a fleeting expression. She does not mar the picture by "acting"—but she makes you *feel* with her.

"In real life women don't 'act' every time something happens. They stand still and feel," she continued. "It is that quality of mirroring thought that I am striving for. I am a keen admirer of Lillian Russell—she has that art of concentration in the little things. And partly," she confessed archly, "because she once said I was beautiful and had promise."

I asked her how she, a girl of nineteen, knowing nothing of life's

Her smile is winsome, but she is determined



shadows, could have pictured pathetic little *Nan* in "Hail the Woman."

"I just *thought* it." She brushed her hair from her brow with a characteristic gesture—a nervous little mannerism. "I had been so discouraged over getting such inconsequential rôles—sugar-water heroines. And I knew that there was my chance to do the sort of part I loved: real-life tragedy, with a little-girl pathos that would save it from dramatics. I just put my whole soul into it. *Nan* is getting closer to what I want to do.

"I am so thrilled with pictures—I act them, read stories from them, live pictures—almost *eat* them!" Even in this one-industry town where you're either in pictures or you don't exist, I have never seen an actress so enthralled in her work.

"I know it isn't good for me—sometimes I get blue and tired and cry for no reason whatever." When things go wrong, she cries. But—she comes back for more. "But of course I have other interests. Reading—who wouldn't with a college professor for a father?" with a hovering half smile.

"I like Flaubert, Balzac for his word-pictures of quaint customs, Ruskin, poetry. I like to drive my shiny new sedan over these wonderful roads and stop on top of a mountain to dream. There is so much romance here—it holds you. And I adore tennis and, when in the East, ice skating. But work takes up most of my time.

"Oh, yes, I want to return to the stage some day," she answered my question. "Who doesn't? But I want really to *do* something before I go back.

You know"—her limpid, brown eyes lit with a delicious twinkle—

"I've a peck of ancestors to live up to. I always say to people,

don't have ancestors! My great grandmother was a sister of General Sam Houston's mother. And we Blue Bonnets know what that means." (Sam Houston is to a native-born Texan what George Washington is to any American and a studio is to Hollywood.)

Continued on page 96

The Indiscretions of a Star

The real life story of a famous screen idol.

As Told to Inez Klumph

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

WHAT was it—scandal?" I demanded.

"No—nothing but a fad," Barry Stevens answered, with a good-natured laugh. "But such a fad! In her article Chris had Dodo say, 'I get the inspiration for all my gowns from the ancient Greeks. Flowing robes, great simplicity, beautiful sandals instead of shoes—these make the type of costume best suited to my beauty, and, if I had my way, I would never wear a garment that made me a slave to fashion.'"

"You see, Chris figured that the people who read the article would never see Dodo except on the screen, and so wouldn't know what she wore in private life, and that Dodo would never see the story, and so wouldn't know anything about this supposed fad of hers. So Chris pulled on her battered little tam-o'-shanter, and her big coat, and we went off in the car for a long ride, had our dinner at a country hotel, and got back to town at eight-thirty, just in time for me to go to work, and for Chris to hustle home and begin on her beauty stuff.

"It used to be a treat to see her, huddled up over her machine, hammering out glowing sentences to the effect that 'I always have my maid rub my feet before I go to bed, and have my hair well brushed with fragrant tonic, as I do not believe in retiring while I am fatigued; I find that my sleep does not rest me unless I am prepared for it.' This she'd sign with the name of the really beautiful star whose name was attached to this stuff, who was in reality probably scrapping with her director because her last close-up wasn't as long as she thought it ought to be, or else was dancing to some jazzy orchestra at a road house down on the shore, while Chris, in worn-out shoes and a dress that was the worse for wear, sat there, so tired that she could have fallen into bed with all her clothes on and slept twelve hours at least, and pounded out advice from the star to women all over the country."

"But what about the bomblike article?"

"Well, as luck would have it, Dodo saw it. So did a lot of other people. Letters poured in, commenting on her theory of dressing. A well-known modiste begged permission to design some Greek gowns for her. It brought her more publicity than anything her press agent had been able to think up for the last year.

"But she wasn't grateful—oh, anything but. She tore her permanent wave and shrieked. She wanted to wear smart flapper clothes, and here Chris had forced her into Grecian robes. She was wild.

"I dropped in on the fatal séance, to find Chris cowering behind her typewriter, while Dodo, resplendent in a dress five years too young for her, threatened battle, murder and sudden death. Chris rolled appealing eyes my way, and I took a hand. I'd known Dodo when

BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

Barry Stevens is always in one of two situations—in trouble or just out of trouble. He has, sometimes through his own fault and sometimes not, been involved in the love affairs of countless well-known motion-picture people, and his actions have nearly always been misconstrued. So this popular idol, under the name of Barry Stevens, is telling here the true story of his adventures. You have read in the preceding chapters of the trouble that he encountered because of his kindness to a famous comedy actress; of Sarah Grant, whom he helped start on a career of writing, and her tragic love affair; of Jack Lewis and his wife, the young couple for whom he got jobs in pictures, and the consequent starring of Jack in country-boy parts; how his kindness to them was repaid by Jack's threatening to kill him because of a fancied regard for his wife, in whom Barry had no interest whatever. You also read how Barry walked out of the Lewis apartment, up the fire escape, and into the apartment and intimate life story of Christine, a pretty and clever newspaper writer. Complications started when Christine wrote an unusual fashion article supposed to be signed by a certain star.

she was just playing bits around the studios, before she got to be professionally sweet and girlish.

"Listen, Dodo—you're letting a good thing slip," I began. 'Play up this line; do your curls in a psyche, and be "The Lovely Dodo." Why, you could do big stuff on the screen—big emotional things, instead of being a rival to Mary Pickford.'

"Well, she knew as well as I did that she'd never been anything but a cheap imitation of Mary, but of course we didn't say it in so many words. She calmed down a bit, and we sat down on the window seat and talked it over. She kept insisting that her public didn't want her to seem any-

thing but a dear, sweet young girl, and that they wouldn't like her in emotional rôles, but Chris and I both came in strong there with remarks about her marvelous ability, called her a second Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and all that sort of thing, and finally she let herself be convinced.

"And then—oh, the things that happened! It was sort of in between seasons for the dressmakers and milliners, so they were glad of a fad that would make women buy gowns and hats even though they already had plenty. A Grecian wave hit the country. Women did their hair in psyche knots, and wore straight gowns, and all that sort of thing. Some of them didn't know why they did it, didn't know that Dodo had started the whole thing, but they fell for it just the same. And Dodo flourished.

"Her company gave her big rôles, mock *Toscas* and things of that sort. She even did an Americanized *Sappho*. She got emotional all over the place.

"But unfortunately, before she went to see Chris that day, about the story, she wrote a letter to the paper Chris worked for, saying that the article had been written without her knowledge or consent and signed with her name. And Chris lost her job, which meant her bread and butter.

"'Oh, well, I don't care,' she insisted to me, when I tried to sympathize. 'I'll get another job, somehow.'

"'Sure you will,' I told her. 'You've got one now, writing scenarios for me.'

"'Not at all,' she fired back at me. 'No charity for me. I don't want to get into the studios. I'll get another newspaper job.' And she did, doing movie stuff for some paper there in Los Angeles.

"She didn't get much money; more than once I've ambled in just at dinner time, and found her having scrambled eggs and tea. She never was at all embarrassed; if she had an extra egg, she'd offer it to me. If she didn't I'd go to the grocery store and get one. She always said that she was having her hard times then, and would have her good ones later. And she wasn't at all self-conscious about it.



"What's the matter here?" I demanded, trying to sound stern and emphatic. "What do you

"She had written a play, which was the very center of all her hopes. She told me she'd worked over it for two years before she came out to the Coast, and that it meant everything in the world to her. She let me read it once. It was called 'Without Mercy,' and the idea was a whopper. She had handled it rather crudely, but the bigness of it was there, all right, and I could see how, when she'd matured a bit more, and learned a little more of stage mechanics, she would make good with it. It might put her on Easy Street, establish her as a big writer, if she waited till she could do it right.

"I told her that she'd better come into the studio and learn something about stagecraft; you can get a lot of it from the movies, you know, and my director was a man who'd had a hand in the staging of several Broadway successes and knew his business pretty well. So she said she would. And in six months she had the business of adapting stories to the screen down pat.

"Then she met—well, I'll call him Don Crandall. I introduced them, worse luck for me. It was at a wild party given by a man I knew, a producer, to celebrate his engagement to one of the prettiest and flashiest of the near stars. And it was a regular orgy—one of



mean by trying to tear this good man's clothes off his back?"

these affairs where champagne is served from a marble pool sunk in the floor, and dancing girls swim in it along toward morning.

"Chris had never been to one of these parties, and I took her just to let her see what they were like. But she was disgusted with it soon after we arrived, and we went out on one of the terraces from which we could see the ocean, and sat on a stone balustrade, talking. And Don Crandall joined us there.

"Every one has heard of him, of course. He's a man who made a big reputation years ago as a playwright, and also as a marrier. He got married for all sorts

of reasons, and for no reasons at all. His wives wouldn't stand for him long; he drank so that they couldn't. But being married to him was a good proposition for a young actress; he'd do a couple of plays for her, and give her some jewelry, and when she left him she'd be firmly on her feet, if she had any talent at all.

"His last wife—the one to whom he was married when Chris met him—was different. She was a very beautiful society girl, just a débutante when Crandall met her, and she had fallen heels over head in love with him and eloped with him before her parents could stop her. Later, when she found out what sort of man he was, she was too proud to leave him. And he really was in love with her, felt different about her than he had about any of the others, and wanted to hold her.

"He'd had a big offer to come out to the Coast and adapt some of his stage successes for the screen, and his wife had gone abroad. She'd said she wouldn't have anything more to do with him if he didn't brace up, and he wanted to do it, but somehow he couldn't seem to. He didn't tell us all this that night; I learned it afterward.

"Well, he quite liked Chris; she did look stunning that evening in a turquoise-blue evening gown, and somehow, for all her slimness, she was such a sturdy, independent little thing, that I suppose in his weak-kneed condition she especially appealed to him. And before the evening was over, he asked her if she wouldn't help him to work his stuff up for the screen. She knew more about that end of it than he did, you see.

"And right there was where she hit the toboggan that she never managed to climb up again."

CHAPTER XVII.

"I'm not sure that I want to hear the rest of the story about Chris," I told Barry Stevens. "I'm afraid it's going to be tragic."

"It is," he replied. "But not in the way you think. I want to tell it, though, if you don't mind; I've never told any one else all the real story of Chris, and I'd like to—maybe I wouldn't feel so sorry about her then.

"And somehow, nights like this, when I'm in a beautiful place where there are people who've had their money just happen to them, as you might say, and I think of her and what she went through because she

didn't have a little of it when she should have—well, I get rather bitter about it all.

"She liked Don Crandall from the first; he told her his story—about how he'd been brought up in the theater, by a drunken father, and never had a chance, and all that sort of thing, and she felt sorry for him. He told her that the three actresses he'd married—if you can slander marriage by covering their agreements with the word—hadn't understood him at all, had just married him because they needed his help. And he insisted that he didn't have anything in common with the girl who was his wife at that time, and didn't care anything for her. Dirty cad!

"Chris pitched in and worked like a Trojan with him—really did all the work that he was supposed to do, and did it darned well. And she made him sober up, too, which was a triumph in itself. He began to look much better, to make out better all around.

"And then, finally, after they'd been working together about two months, and he'd completely won her confidence, she gave him the darling of her heart—her play, 'Without Mercy.'

"She told me that they'd gone riding, one morning, and were sitting under some twisted little pine trees, above the ocean, when he read it. They spent the morning and part of the afternoon there—after he began it he wouldn't put it down. And finally he turned to her with tears in his eyes.

"'You've got a wonderful thing here,' he told her. 'It'll go like mad. I'll help you whip it into shape, and then we'll take it to New York.' And he raved on and on, telling her what big things it would mean to her, what he could do for her.

"He did very little, though—she was so clever that all he had to do was to indicate to her what ought to be done, and she did it herself. It was just a matter of making some changes in the mechanics of the thing, anyway.

"The end came very suddenly. Quite by accident, Chris came upon a copy of the play which Crandall had made a few days before he was to start for New York. He had planned that he'd go, and she would follow a few days later. She found this in his desk, when she was looking for some papers that she was to get for him—evidently he'd forgotten that he had left it there. There were three copies, in perfect shape to be submitted to a manager—and on the title page was his name alone—as sole author.

"He had changed the title. It read 'Merciless,' by Don Crandall. She was completely left out of it.

"He came to her apartment that evening, and she showed him the copies and asked for an explanation. She got it in a hurry. He had been drinking a bit, just enough to be garrulous. And he told her that he was going to take it East and submit it himself—that he had done most of the work on it, anyway, that she had nothing to do with it as it was in that form, and that it would never have had a chance without him, anyway. Oh, he offered to give her a share of the royalties. You can imagine what share that would be. And he wound up by telling her that his wife was coming back to the States—would land the day he reached New York, in fact—and that he knew that, sobered up as he was, and with a new play, the best he'd ever written,

under his arm, he'd be taken back by her with open arms.

"He was right about that. The play was a big hit—was bought by the first manager who read it, too, and made a tremendous success, under still another title. It's playing yet, I believe, and the royalties are still coming in."

"But Chris?"

"I went to see Chris that night—later. She phoned for me." He dragged the words out as if he hated them. "You see, when Don Crandall told her that, so cold-bloodedly, she nearly lost her mind. She flew at him, and when he couldn't calm her down, or make her let go of him—well, I suppose he lost his mind, for a bit. She hit him, she told me—hit him in the face—and to a man of his temperament that would be the last straw. He picked her up and slammed her down against a table edge—and when I got there she lay on the floor, all limp and broken—just where she'd fallen after she reached for the phone and called me.

"I couldn't even pick her up, she screamed so from the pain. She was hurt internally—just broken to pieces. I went wild. I got a doctor, but he said he couldn't do anything much, and I got a minister and begged Chris to marry me, and live for my sake.

"'I can't,' she told me. 'I'm married to somebody else.'

"And after the others went into the next room, and left her to die in my arms, she told me about it. She'd been married to a young chap back in Chicago, a newspaper man—young and poor and ambitious as she was. She'd had this idea for a play, and they'd worked on it together, and all

their hopes had been wrapped up in it.

"Then they'd had an awful scrap—both hot-tempered, you know, and too proud to give in. And she'd run away from him and hidden out there in Los Angeles—that was why she wouldn't ever be in a picture, for fear he'd find her.

"She wanted to put the play over, you see, and then send for him. She adored him. She gave me a bunch of letters she'd written him, and asked me to see that he got them—she'd poured out her very heart to him on paper. And finally, still talking about him, she died."

"But her husband—did you find him—where is he?" My cheeks were wet, and Barry had openly mopped his eyes with his handkerchief. I had never seen him so moved before, Barry who usually shies so at emotion.

"That's where the queer twist comes in—the touch that makes me think Fate had a hand in it," he answered. "The husband wasn't what she'd thought him at all. He hadn't her sense of honor. He'd gone East when she went to California, and written the play over, and taken it to a manager, and sold it. A professional rewrite man had gone over it with him, but the original idea stood, though, as I've said, the title didn't. But her name—little Chris' name—was not on it.

"And when Don Crandall got to Broadway and strode into a manager's office with his manuscript, swaggering around in his fur-collared overcoat, the manager gave him the laugh as soon as he'd heard the plot of it.

"'What do you want—a suit for plagiarism?' he asked Crandall. 'That show opened night before last in one of my theaters, and it's the hit of the season!'"

Continued on page 90

Would You Let Your Daughter Go Into the Movies?

That is the question that hundreds of mothers have asked Helen Christine Bennett since she went to Hollywood to live, and began the series of articles on acting in the movies which we have been running.

That is their answer to her report that there are unlimited opportunities for girls in motion pictures. Knowing that a mother's judgment is the most exacting one, they ask if she would risk her own daughter's future in the movies.

Her answer is direct—detailed. It contains some of the most amazing information about acting in the movies ever published. It is a mother's answer to a widely discussed question. It will appear in next month's Picture-Play. Every one will want to read it.

The Screen in Review

In which the latest film offerings are discussed, criticized, and labeled for your guidance.

By Alison Smith

THERE is no game with more hazards and less certainty than this business of film reviewing. Compared to it, horse-racing is a simple and exact science. The race-track sleuth can occasionally get the good points of a horse through tips or his own observation and it's fifty-fifty that he plays him and wins. But you can get the good points of a film through your knowledge of star, story, and direction, and you can get all sorts of tips from the publicity bureau or other reviewers, and when the film appears the chances are that it will be quite another thing again.

Take "Saturday Night," for example. I was literally dragged to that film, expecting the worst that Cecil De Mille could do (than which, for your humble correspondent, there can be nothing more terrible.) I expected the usual close-ups of telephones modestly swathed in silks and satins, of liqueurs labeled "Forbidden Fruit," of ladies in fearful and wonderful head-dresses. To my utter amazement, the story started with an idea, went straight ahead developing that idea with logic and a great deal of humor and wound up as one of the most forceful and direct pictures I have ever seen acted by an intelligent and admirably chosen cast. The joke was on me, but certainly Mr. De Mille couldn't have enjoyed it more than I enjoyed his picture.

Now "Sherlock Holmes" was just as great a surprise, but, alas, from another angle. There is simply no telling you how much I expected from this film. Here we had one of the more thrilling stories of one of the greatest mystery writers that ever slung a wicked clew. Here was John Barrymore to play it, looking as if he were the original model from which Conan Doyle drew his famous pussy-footed hero. Here was the background of the original tale—the real London with its eerie lights and shadows. Knowing all this as I did, I would have staked all my rubles on this being the great and final masterpiece of the film year.

Well, it isn't. It has beautiful and exciting moments—no film with Jack Barrymore and a London background could fail to have some purple patches. There are wonderful, glamorous scenes in which *Sherlock* pulls his famous cap over his eyes, lights his celebrated pipe, and leans at a mysterious angle over a bridge on the Thames to the terror

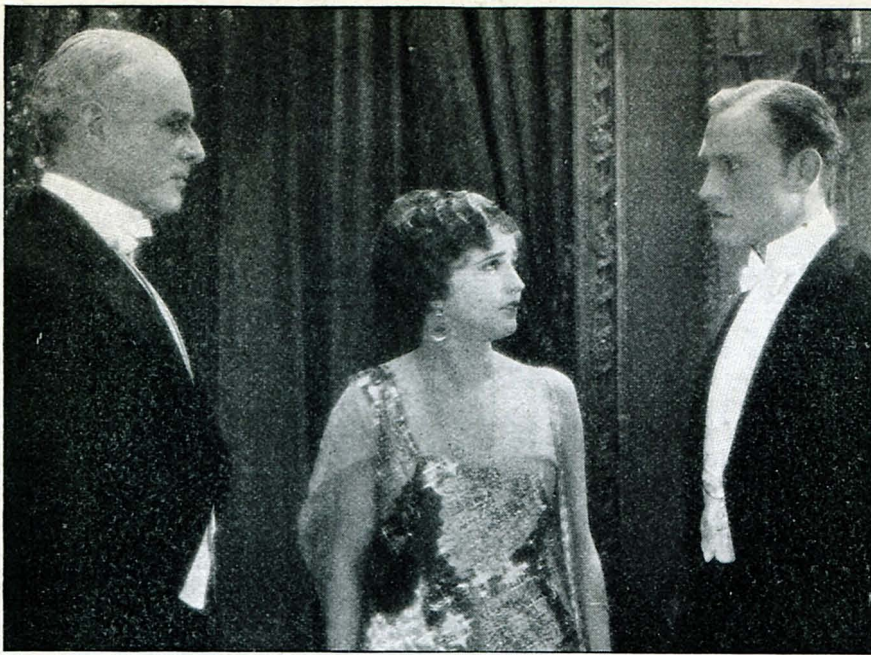
"Lady Godiva" is a foreign film which gives the legend of Coventry its proper Old-World setting.



"Sherlock Holmes" is disappointingly slow, but it has John Barrymore, and that's something.

of all the crooks in the cast. But whatever thrills there were crept in when the director wasn't around to suppress them. I do not like to be disagreeable about Mr. Parker, but it does seem to me that he stood about the lot with a club ready to swat any real moment of excitement that might raise its head above the monotone of his direction.

The plot follows the adaptation from Conan Doyle by William Gillette, which for so long was one of his most successful stage plays. It has the familiar "letters" and the "goil" and the leering villain in the person of the fiendish *Moriarty*. But, instead of opening with a smash-bang crime leaving a mystery to be unraveled, the film begins with a meandering tale about *Sherlock Holmes'* early days at Cambridge and his somewhat anæmic love affair with a village belle. This romance seems aw-



Agnes Ayres and Conrad Nagel are the leading players in "The Ordeal."

fully out of the picture. I leave it to you if the mastermind has any time for love's young dream while handcuffing crooks, examining footprints with a magnifying glass and hissing "Quick, Watson, the needle." It's all wrong, *Romeo*, it's all wrong.

The thing is, in this film, there is no real characterization, and Conan Doyle, for all his plot mind, was just as strong on character studies as on action. You couldn't find a more real flesh-and-blood person than *Sherlock Holmes*—unless it was *Colonel Newcome*. But this film hasn't permitted John Barrymore to give his own characterization. It doesn't permit him to do anything except pose in a series of pictures strikingly like the Frederick Dorr Steele illustrations for the Conan Doyle stories. These pictures alone make the film worth seeing; Mr. Parker understands pictorial composition and the use of creeping shadows. If he combines this skill with a thrilling continuity and lots of action, his second Conan Doyle picture may be all we expected of the first.



Wallie is again the hero of an auto story in "Across the Continent."

"Beyond the Rocks."

The full title of this film should read "Beyond the Rocks, or Around the World with Rodolph and Gloria." For, if there is a single corner of Europe which is not touched by these two happy adventurers it is because Burton Holmes has never heard of it. Each change of background means a corresponding change of costume for Rodolph Valentino; he makes at least twelve lightning changes, including hair cuts. Needless to say, Gloria Swanson matches each with one of her own and sometimes goes him one better. So what with the shifting wardrobes and the shifting geography, this film cannot be said to lack excitement which is fortunate when you consider the plot.

For the story—although by the unconventional Elinor Glyn—is one of those custom-made affairs which are becoming as typical of Paramount as the "Follies" are of Ziegfeld. The ingredients are one misunderstood wife, one fervent—but noble—lover, a boob husband, and unlimited sunsets, lakes and villas at moonlight. "Beyond the Rocks" has a slight glimmer of originality at the end when the fat, vulgar and rich husband is obliging enough to go to Africa and get himself shot so that his wife and the handsome young stranger may be happy. This prosaic husband is the real hero of the piece, but because he is fat and still a grocer for all his millions, the roseate spotlight falls on the slim young lover. Life is like that!

That this routine action is not dull, is due entirely to the personalities of the two stars. You may know exactly what is going to happen, but you don't know how Rodolph and Gloria will meet it, and this, in addition to the natural charm of the actors, keeps you interested. But what a grand and glorious feeling it would give if Paramount broke loose into a series of pictures that weren't stamped with an inevitable cut-and-dried action. I shudder to think of what "Beyond the Rocks" would be if it weren't for its two scintillating stars.

"The Man From Home."

Here is another example that all is grist that comes to the Lasky mill. You couldn't imagine two writers less alike than Elinor Glyn and Booth Tarkington—unless it was James Whitcomb Riley and Omar Khayyam—but by the time the movie wheels have ground it down it emerges in the correct uniform shape like one of the hundreds of sugary rolls in the baker's window, which it somewhat resembles. And this is true despite the vast difference in the plots. Instead of the married triangle we have the sweet young American girl living in the Riviera, the wicked Italian prince who twists his mustache and purs "Little one, why do you fear me?" and the homely

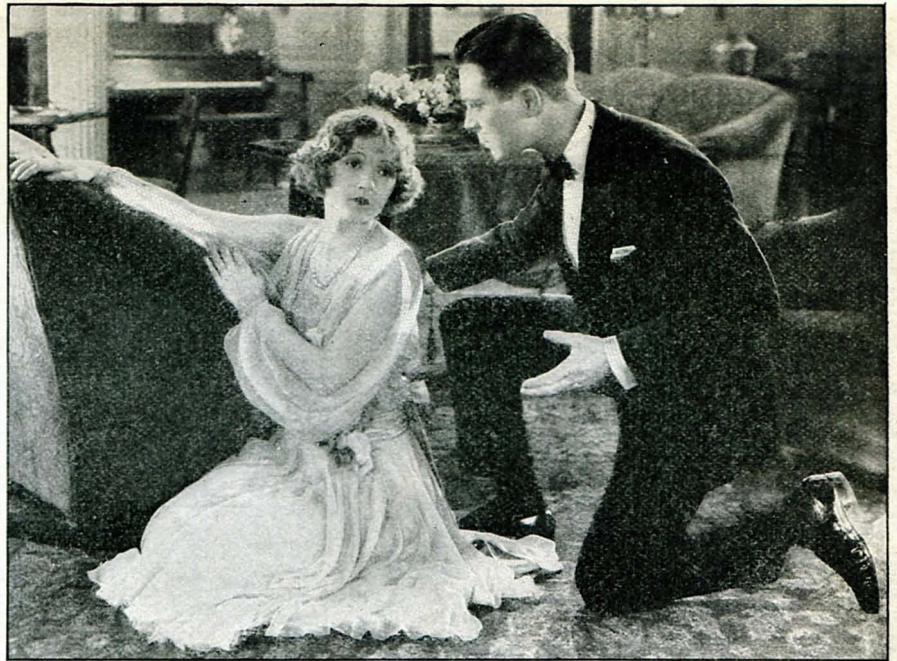
American hero. It was a good many years ago that Tarkington warmed the critical heart of Broadway with this, one of the greatest of all stage successes. It was before the war, in the good old days when we really believed that no one but an American really could amount to much and that all Europeans were a sad lot. What really got the play across, however, was the dry humor of the dialogue—particularly the homely observations of the Hoosier hero, *Daniel Forbes Pike*. But stripped of the charm of the Tarkington touch, and the humor of the Tarkington lines, it struck me in its 1922 screen version something like a George M. Cohan musical show. The only thing lacking is a close-up of the American flag at the end.

As a matter of fact, George Fitzmaurice and Ouida Bergere probably made this film with the most patriotic intentions imaginable, but the net result is rather hard on America. For it presents the hero as a boorish, unmannered hick which the little town of Kokomo, Indiana, might well be ashamed of. I can't determine whether this is the fault of James Kirkwood, who acted the rôle, or George Fitzmaurice, who directed it, or of Booth Tarkington, who wrote the part in the first place. At any rate, I don't understand how any one can try to prove to-day that bad manners and ignorance are proofs of one hundred per cent American nobility. Anna Q. Nilsson does her best to redeem her country by playing the part of the American girl with real charm and simplicity.

As motion pictures go, however, it's way above the general run of them. And it has one real distinction. The company was sent to Italy to get artistic settings, and Fitzmaurice succeeded so well in this that the best reason for seeing this film is in the haunting and glamorous Italian backgrounds taken in the real Riviera which are so ravishingly beautiful that you don't have to keep your mind on the plot.

"Silver Wings."

It seems to me that a new recipe should be devised for these mother-love concoctions. Ever since Mary Carr made her richly deserved hit in "Over the Hill" we have had that selfsame identical plot served up to us without the variety of a different blending. "Silver Wings" for instance is just another story of a mother who loves the black sheep best. You can always pick out the one the mother loves best in these stories by the number and variety of his crimes. This erring lad drives all the good children out of the home and squanders all his mother's money and then forges her name leaving her penniless and homeless. But she loves him all the more for these little civilities, and of course he reforms and is rec-



"The Primitive Lover" is based on an old plot, which was the basis of "The Taming of the Shrew."

onciled to the united family at the end. Mary Carr, as usual, is appealing and really moving whenever the script will permit. But she is too imaginative and resourceful an actress to be tied down to this one story in one film after another for the rest of her natural life.

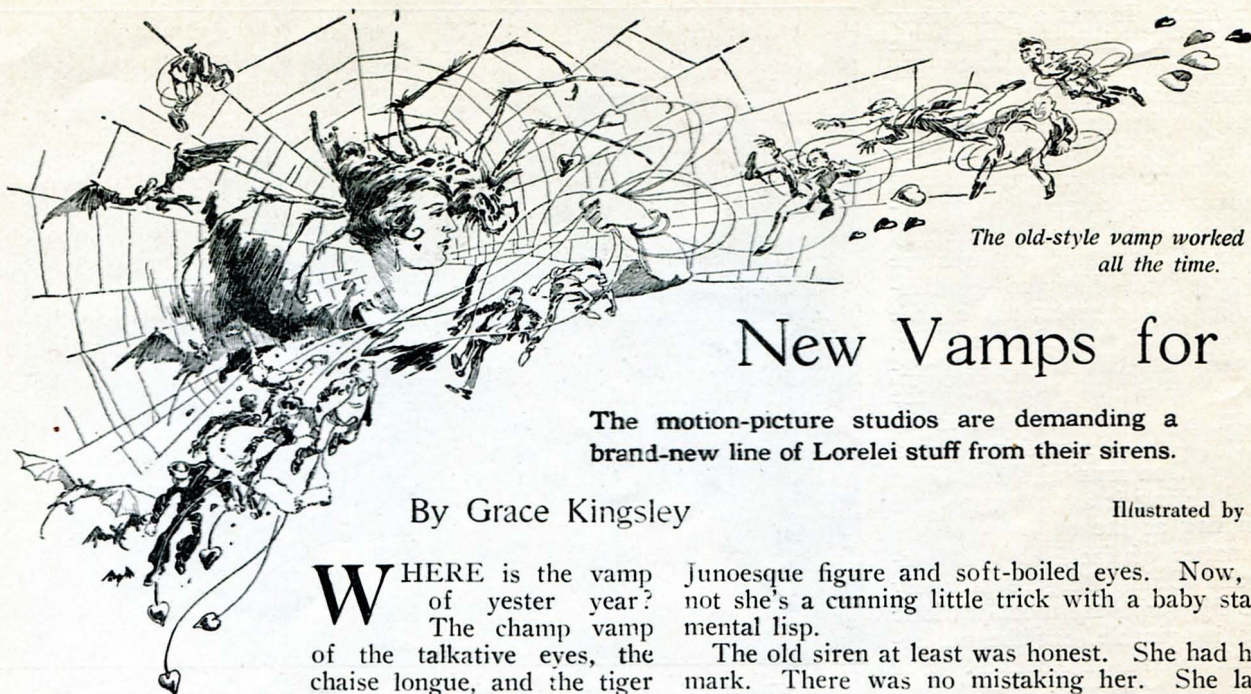
"The Primitive Lover."

Here is another plot which has been worked overtime ever since one William Shakespeare thought it would be amusing to make a comedy about a strong man disciplining a rebellious woman and called it "The Taming of the Shrew." It is particularly popular these days to invent a hero or heroine whose favorite form of flirtation is banging the beloved playfully over the head with a pickaxe. Harrison Ford doesn't go quite this far with Constance Talmadge in "The Primitive Lover," but he does spank her and instead of throwing the kettle at him in return—which I am sure Connie would do in

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"Missing Husbands" is a foreign film which has some wonderful shots of a mythical country.



The old-style vamp worked at the job all the time.

New Vamps for Old

The motion-picture studios are demanding a brand-new line of Lorelei stuff from their sirens.

By Grace Kingsley

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

WHERE is the vamp of yester year? The champ vamp of the talkative eyes, the chaise longue, and the tiger skin—she who lived in a suite of rooms as big as the mu-

nicipal free baths, and who hated the heroine with a hissing hate?

Alas! She has given her chaise longue to the poor and has made her tiger skin over into a fur coat.

Not that the vampire has passed out of screen literature entirely. Ah, no. She has merely been denatured. Why, half the time you don't know the vampire when you see her. Often you can't tell it on her at all. She never sets the scene nowadays. She prefers to let things just happen.

You find her in the most unexpected places, the new-style vamp. She may be a school-teacher, a stenographer, the keeper of a delicatessen store.

The old vamp used to belong to the vampires' union. She was a hard-working girl—worked at the job all the time. No wonder if she occasionally grew peevish and threw the piano lamp at the hero! But the present-day vamp lays off occasionally. She does other things in between. None of the old obvious stuff for her!

Indeed no lady of the screen nowadays is above doing a bit of vamping. Why, it's even got so that the heroine herself may do a little vamping without losing prestige. Look at Miss DuPont in "Ropes," at Leatrice Joy in "Saturday Night," at Pauline Frederick in "Green Jade."

They're all doing it now—the Lorelei lure!

She's more vamped against than vamping, sometimes, to be sure, as in the case of Miss DuPont in "Foolish Wives."

The vampire used to be a big girl with a

Junoesque figure and soft-boiled eyes. Now, often as not she's a cunning little trick with a baby stare and a mental lisp.

The old siren at least was honest. She had her trademark. There was no mistaking her. She laid down a chalk line and nobody came into her bailiwick. You knew the minute the good old chaise longue hove in sight just what was going to happen. You had to pay her a certain respect, too. She must have known that in the last reel she would be thrown down hard by fate; yet, having started on her career, nothing could daunt her.

Yes, the vamp of other days had a hard row to hoe. She had to be a brave woman to take in even plain vamping, let alone anything fancy. Now she can vamp high, wide, and handsome, and get away with it. She slips the hero her vamping so cunningly that not even you in the audience know she is a vamp at all until every male in sight is cleaned out.

She nearly always has a happy ending, these days, does the screen siren, no matter what her crimes. It always turns out that for one reason or another the poor girl couldn't make her eyes behave or something. And in the end the worst thing that happens to her is to reform and marry a poor man—one of nature's noblemen, maybe, with a good job in the ferry house.

That old girl wasn't nearly so subtle nor so dangerous as the present-day vamp.

She was divided into three classes, the old-time vampire.

First there was the king-pin vamp, the society vamp, with props and scenery as related above.

Then there was the sub vamp, the dance-hall girl, who went on and dragged her men down, down to the depths of a weird Western dialect, a short clay pipe, and the desire for a marriage license with her name written on it, let the chips fall where they might.

Lastly there was the ancient vamp, Cleopatra or the Queen of Sheba or Salomé, who wrapped herself snugly in a string of pearls when the weather was very cold, who used to have baby lions and



The ancient vamps used to have baby lions underfoot and they did their best work on chaise longues.

suchlike pets under foot all the while, and who vamped her men on luxurious bearskin couches, made him a gourmand by feeding him a bunch of grapes, a grape at a time, and luring him to the depths of sottish drunkenness with sips of pink liquor out of gilded papier-mâché cups.

I remember an old Triangle picture in which Louise Glaum started out as a beautiful society vampire. She lived in a suite of rooms furnished in early Triangle style, i. e., as though with trading stamps from a department store; and always when the hero called she had the good old chaise longue right out in front. But in the last reel her fatal beauty was spoiled by a wound that left a scar, and she was relegated to the awful fate of a hall bedroom with a washbowl and pitcher, and getting her eats from a delicatessen store around the corner.

But usually Louise wasn't permitted to live at all. She got bumped off in an automobile accident, or shot, or stabbed, or else she died of something lingering.

Theda Bara's various fates were even worse, especially in the costume pictures—which with Theda always meant, you remember, practically no costume at all. In these pictures she died violently after letting an asp cafeteria off her fair chest, or else the big knife with which the ancients and the French finished their enemies, separated her cervical vertebrae.

I believe, indeed, that Miss Bara holds the record. I've counted ten of her deaths, and no two of them were alike. She often went out of her way, indeed, to give us something fancy in the way of deaths, as when she sipped poison from a seal ring. In another picture she hurled herself into the lions' den. The automat was nothing to the service she gave those lions!

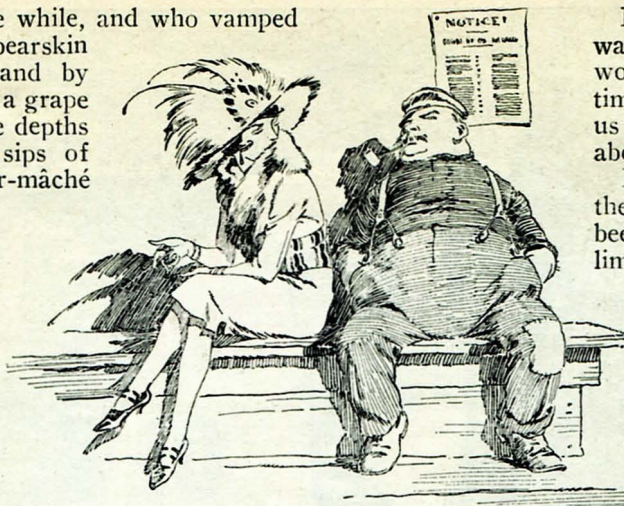
Dorothy Dalton, the dance-hall girl de luxe, who used to sit on a table and kick a wicked ankle, simply couldn't look at a rum glass or a bearskin or a pair of antlers with which they used to decorate those devilish dance halls, without having every evil impulse aroused in her.

But those dance-hall vamps were pretty good sports at that. They brilliantly exemplified the fact that there is a little bit of good in every bad little girl. They often loved some man so wildly that they died for him, and they always protected the good little blonde.

"Y' ain't goin' to make her what I am!" she would exclaim. And you bet your life he didn't either, even if she had to stick the butter knife in him up to the hilt!

Often the good little blonde would retaliate by taking her great, clean-limbed man away from her.

The good little blonde often takes the vampire's great, clean-limbed hero away from her.



The vampire never sets the scene nowadays; she just lets things happen.

In every vampire's life there was always an innocent blonde! No wonder the poor vamp had a hard time. And the blonde often made us feel just as the vampire did about her.

But alas, it's a cold day now for the old-fashioned vamp. She's been pushed right off into the limbo of the five-cent houses by the nifty article of to-day.

One trouble with her was, I think, that she didn't seem to have any brains. She plotted enough, but her plans never came to anything. That she had no brains is proved by the fact that the blonde always got the best of her. Anybody that that blonde could get

the best of must indeed have been possessed of the lowest form of intelligence.

And the old-time vampire had no sense of humor. A man does love to be amused, and it isn't enough just to vamp him. All she did in those old days was creep-mousie-creep-mousie up his sleeve with her jeweled hand, drape herself over the sofa and work her eyes.

The present-day vamp is a lot smarter. She's almost always an individualist, like Leatrice Joy in "Ladies Must Live." And she keeps the hero amused—makes him laugh—keeps him guessing.

Moreover, nobody could possibly be as innocent as the best brand of present-day vamp looks.

She isn't unmixed bad, either. She is often rather good to her mother, like Katherine MacDonald in a picture I saw the other day.

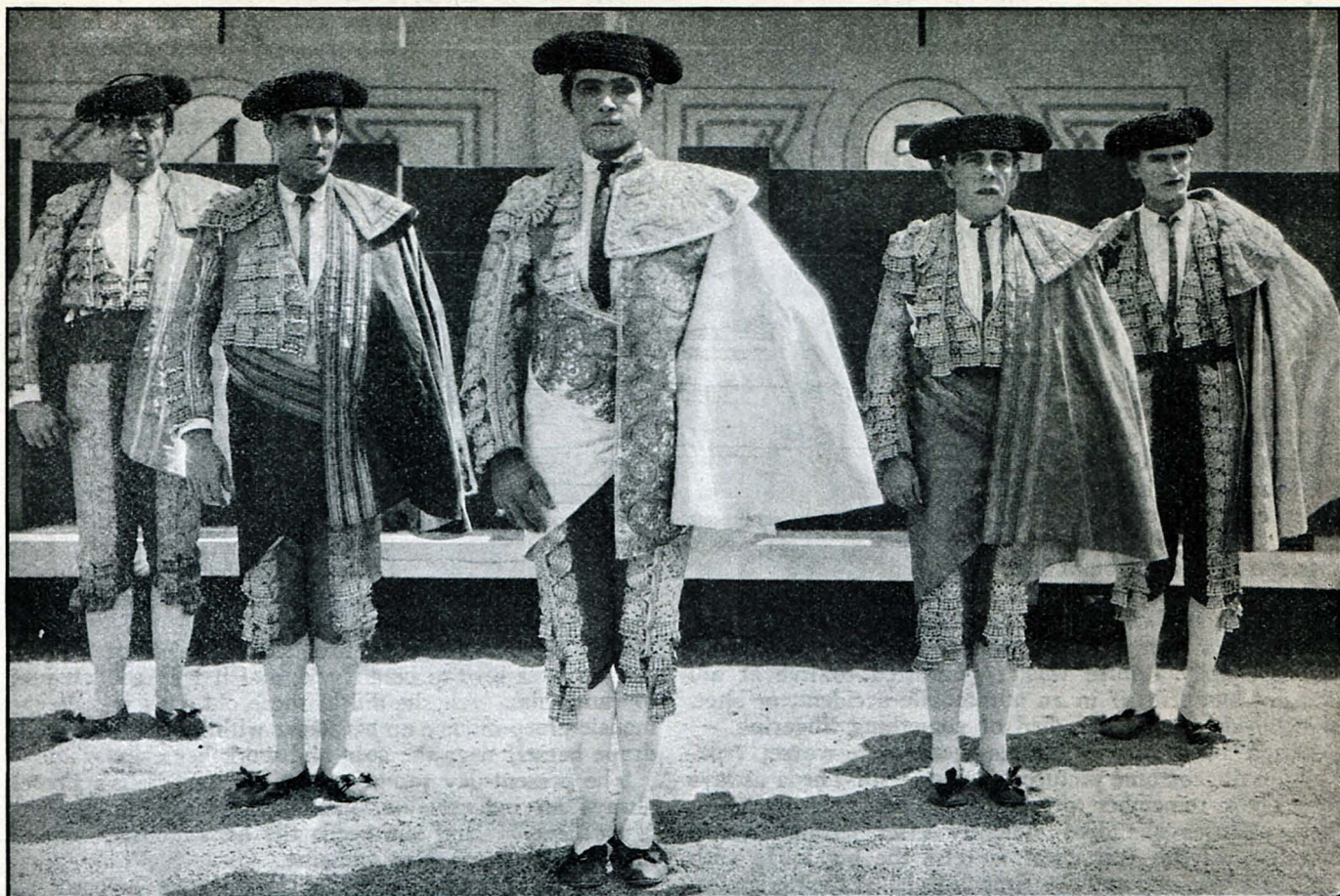
But the queen-bee vamp of to-day is the kind that just can't help vamping, like Constance Talmadge in most of her pictures.

And the helpless vamp is one of the most deadly of the species. Heaven knows, she seems to say, she wouldn't be so all-fired attractive if she could help it! Her vamping can no more be helped, poor thing, than a squint in the eye or a harelip on another person.

Take Claire Windsor, for instance. She seems to be the official can't-help-it vamp of the day. In "Dr. Jim," you remember, she left a trail of broken hearts behind her. But you will also remember that, in her artless way, she finally took the man who was the best provider. In "Grand Larceny" she is another of those vamps with the involuntary come-hither look. She finally decided to leave both of her men flat and "go forth into the world to become worthy of a real love." She apparently didn't have any money, but probably she met some man right away who let her come into his office and stenog without any pre-

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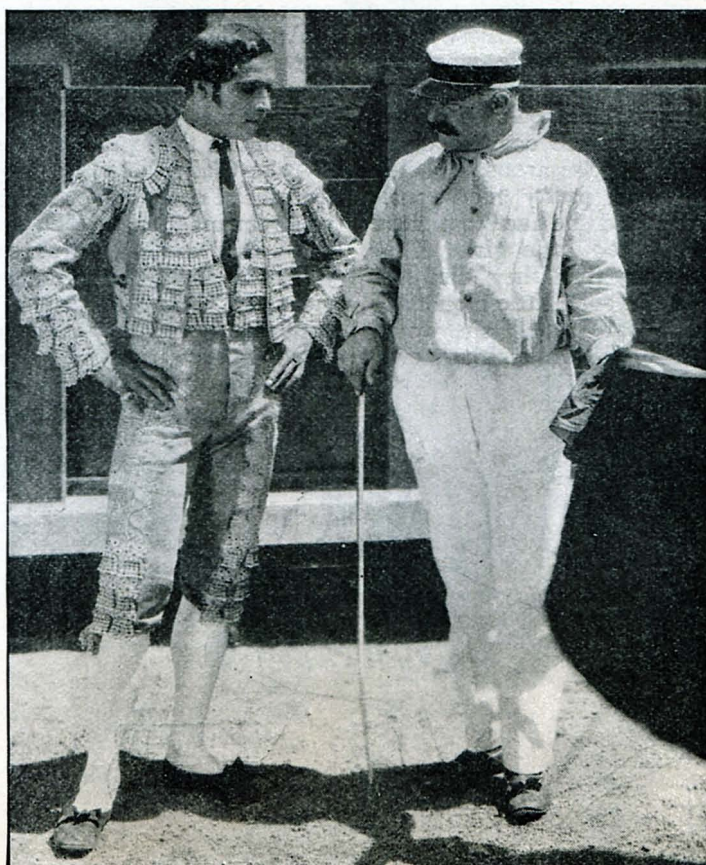
When Bulls Shy at Valentino

It is just because the best fights are managed that way. There is nothing hit or miss about "Blood and Sand."

By Peter White

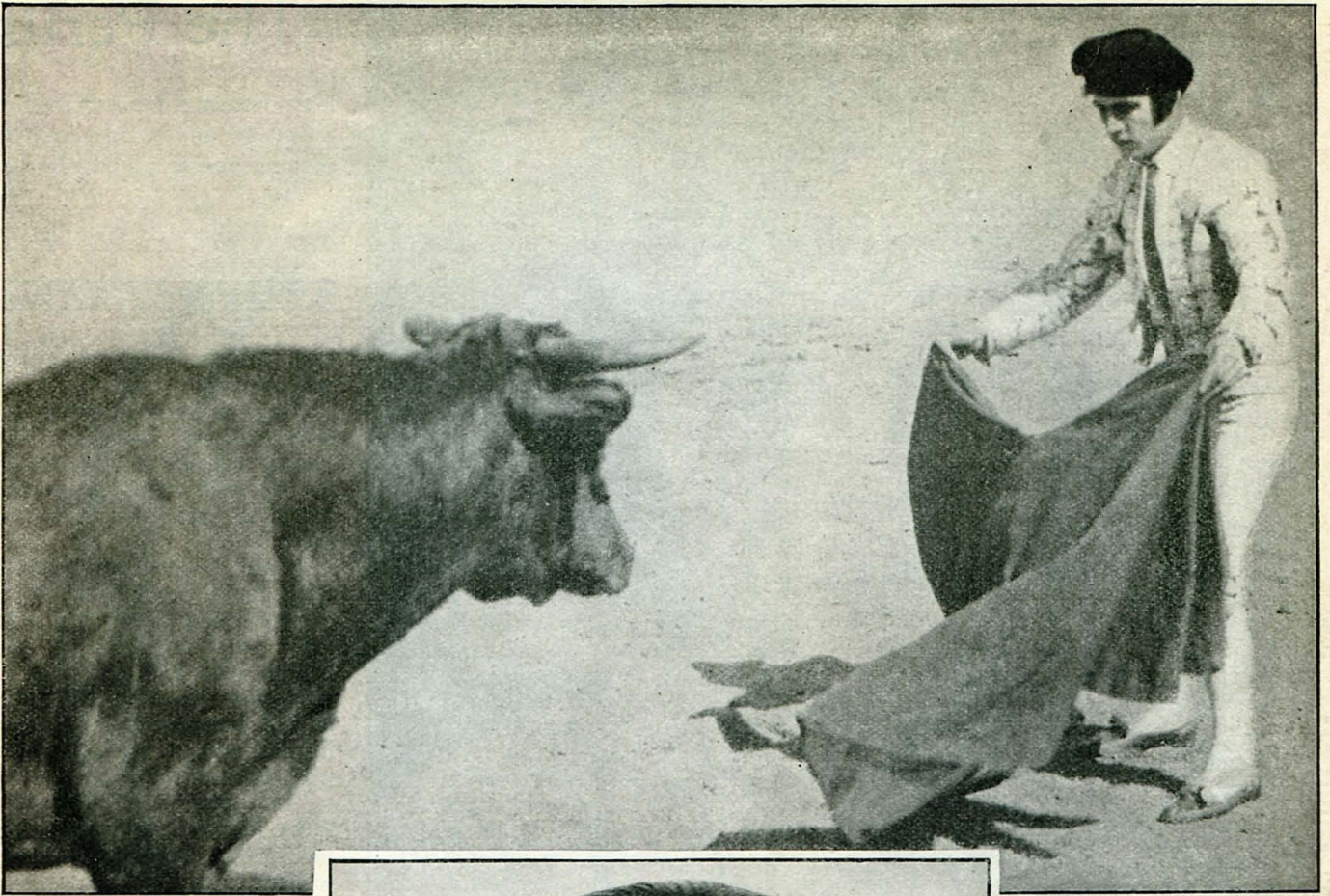


Above you see what the well-dressed bull fighter wears, what is swagger for the man about the arena. Here is Rodolph Valentino as *Gallardo*, the matador, in "Blood and Sand," accompanied by his *cuadrilla*, or four men on foot, as he enters the arena. If he is lucky the matador kills the bull, if not—oh, well—



Rodolph Valentino never needs to take any instructions when the job in hand is to dazzle the ladies. But when it comes to bulls—well, the Famous Players-Lasky officials decided he had better learn about bulls from Rafael Palomar, the Babe Ruth of Spain. He ought to know them—he's killed two-score.





After being duly instructed, Rodolph went out to meet the bull, armed with a cape, which in bull-fighting circles is called a muletu. The cape is used to arouse the temper of the animal, if, unlike most actors, he hasn't already been driven nearly mad by the director.

And this portrait of the young man under the Spanish influence shows more of the little details that make bulls mad. The sideburns are called chuletas, and the pigtail, used to soften any dangerous falls, is called a caleta. All bull fighters have their hair dressed like this.



Marguerite de la Motte is one girl who is frankly scared at the prospect of being starred.

ALL this year I have been hearing tales of girls out of work, girls who have passed their initiate, who have proved that they can act or at least attract the favorable attention of the public, girls who until the great slump that has not yet passed from the motion-picture industry had been fairly successful, rising from extras to minor parts, then to supports and often being featured in small productions.

"It is really pitiful," said Mary Pickford's secretary to me, "the good actresses who have been out of work this year. And so many of them." And when Ethel Sands was here she told me of one girl who was staying at the Hollywood Club, a girl whose name you would know because it has blazed in the electric, who, said Ethel, "hasn't had work for months and months

parts you ought to play is a precarious business. The road to success is marked by the pitfalls where other girls and men have fallen, attracted usually by the lure of a salary, and any girl or man who is climbing up will do well to see to it that the way is quite safe.

It was Colleen Moore who enlightened me on most of this, for Colleen is wise in motion-picture lore and the pretty head set on her young shoulders is full of shrewd judgments that are going to serve her well as she advances. Colleen is now reputed to be the highest-salaried leading lady and featured player in the business, with stardom just ahead.

"But I hope it doesn't come too soon," she assured me as she perched on the arm of her mother's chair. "I'm scared of stardom. You have to be so responsible,

The Perils

Phenomenal success in motion Street by any means; here is cessful young player has to

By Helen

and doesn't know when she will get any."

Then a writer friend of mine casually remarked that "every one was lending money to the girls—and boys—this year; so many were out of work."

"But," I protested, "surely they could get something to do, something that would keep them from borrowing." My friend, who has been writing scenarios for years and who is well acquainted with all the ins and outs of the profession was very serious.

"But, my dear," she said, "they don't dare take extra parts, they have to hold on to their places if it is possible. Even tiding over can be paid back in better times."

It's a slippery ladder that leads to success in motion pictures. You can lose out in so many ways.

As soon as you get past the first hard part, the part of finding out how you screen and serving as an extra you begin on the period of "You don't dare." You don't dare to cheapen the eminence you have gained, lowly though it be, by accepting any doubtful position, by acting with an inferior company; you don't dare take parts that are not in keeping with the ambitions you nourish—you may get sidetracked; in fact you don't dare do so many things that keeping engaged for just the

of Near Stardom

pictures does not mean arriving on Easy a glimpse of the difficulties every suc- face—and how a few of them do it.

Christine Bennett

you know. Everything is up to you. You are the one who is blamed if the story fails or the production fails or the titles aren't right or the 'father' doesn't look the part or anything else that happens to go wrong. It's a great responsibility."

Looking at her as she sat perched on the arm of the chair she did seem a slender little thing to take all that upon her. But she had not finished.

"There are real perils in what you call near stardom, too," she said very gravely, "but I'm somewhat used to them. The worst temptation is to take the big salaries they offer. When Goldwyn's was closed this year I had so many offers, three chances to be starred. Two I refused at once, the company was all right and the director was all right and the story was all right in each case. But the releases were bad. They didn't have the arrangements made for getting those pictures out to enough people. A year of that, with only a few people seeing you is enough to kill any actress. Then another offer was just too good. I couldn't take it. I was afraid I couldn't live up to it, not yet. Getting ahead too soon is fatal. You have to watch so carefully. A poor story or a poor part or a poor director or one who doesn't sympathize with you, or bad business management or bad advertising or poor releases all set you back on the ladder and sometimes you slide down so far you never get up again. Why, I could name a dozen girls I know who got just so far—and you never heard of them again."

She nodded her auburn head sagely. And I began to think myself of girls I had seen who did just that, seemed to get to a leading or featured part—and then I never heard of them again.

And while I was marveling at the amount of business wisdom it takes to intelligently plan the way to stardom she went on:

"But please tell people there are a lot more perils. First you never have any time, except at your peril. You have to live to get ahead. Why, I haven't had a Sunday for two years that I didn't spend part of the day having photographs taken for publicity. And girls who are not in the profession think we go to so many parties. I have been ready to go to a party many a time, dreamed of that one, maybe for weeks, and I have had a new dress and everything ready. And then I have found I'd have to have a close-up the first thing the morning after, at nine o'clock and every little tired look would show, so it wasn't to be thought of. Often I've given up a cherished party and crawled to bed at nine, not even daring to cry a few tears of self-pity



Photo by Evans

Colleen Moore's pretty head is full of shrewd judgments that serve her well as she advances.

for fear it would show! That's a peril, a peril to your happiness.

"Then expense. If you are going to keep ahead you will need a publicity representative, and they cost. You need gowns and they cost. You are forever being asked to make personal appearances, and you have to have new clothes for them—and that costs again. I know. I've been in pictures for five years, beginning with Mr. Griffith and playing in the comedies with Mr. Christie. I was there two years, and it was the greatest training. Then I played with Colonel Selig's company in 'Orphant Annie,' then in Marshall Neilan productions, and then came to Goldwyn. And I have to be just as careful, no—more careful now, than at any previous time."

Colleen Moore has told the truth so exactly that there is hardly a word to add. The chief danger of near stardom is the temptation to star too soon. As soon as a girl is found to attract any public at all, small companies, hoping to find a gold mine in her, offer her a much bigger salary than she is getting, to star with them. And a star cannot be imposed on the public, not until she has a public of her own.

"Yes, go on and hold me up as a horrible example," said Lila Lee generously when I asked her if I might use her experience. "It may do some girl good, and I'm living it down gradually."

She surely is living it down. Until she told me all about it I thought she was a young girl who was steadily going up, doing better and better work. But Lila is an ex-star who has begun all over again. She was starred some years ago when stars appeared overnight—as indeed they do yet, only most of them turn out to be comets.

"And forced on the public when I had no public," she says, quite without bitterness. And despite widespread publicity her pictures were not a success. Then very sensibly she determined to work for her public, and from small parts she has again worked her way up to leads and to being a featured player.

"But no stardom until the people want me," she said, "not if I wait all my life."

It took me some time to determine exactly the difference between being a lead, a support, and a featured player, and if after fifteen months about the studios here I had difficulty perhaps it will be well to straighten the matter of position out finally. A "lead" is a leading part. You may play a "lead" with a star or there may be two "leads" and no star. A "support" is a part which is played opposite a star. It is a "lead" part, only there must be a star to be "supported." A "featured" part is both "lead" and perhaps "support," you can be featured with a star or you can be featured with the director as star or the producer as star. If you are "featured" you get your name in the electrics and in large letters in the advertising. The nearest thing to stardom is being a "featured" player in a production in which the producer or director gets the star advertising.

While I was talking with Agnes Ayres between the making of scenes for one of her first starring pictures, "Borderland," I asked her about the perils of the road she had just left.

"The worst thing about being a featured player," she said, laughing, "is that unless the director or pro-

ducer is the star in the advertising you have to play with a male star, and your main use is to show him off to his best advantage. If you do it too well it may be a real peril, for you may be forgotten altogether. I know well enough that starring is perilous, but at least you get a chance to do something, you want. If you

are featured with a male star, the lights are arranged for him; the staging is arranged for him, everything is arranged for him. If you look too ghastly of course the lights will be rearranged, but mostly you take what he looks well with. You work very hard for a long time without seeing much as a return when you are building up a public. Not only in the making of pictures, but in racing madly in a big car to a personal appearance miles away—and having to pay for the car in the bargain, in keeping up with your fan mail which is a big asset in working up, and in trying to get parts and people to play with who are going to do you good. For if the male star does not eclipse you as a player he will do you a great deal of good. It pays to play with important men."

Trimming one's sails to meet the wind of adversity has become a fine art this past year. Just when it was wise to drop a rung on the ladder or whether it was wise to stay out entirely until one could get one's old standing has resulted in many a girl and man seeing the savings of the year before melt away. But at the end of the year the industry began to right itself, and any one could see that stars, for some time to come, were

going to be fewer in number than in the prosperous years just past. So many stars have dropped to featured supports when they could find a picture sufficiently distinguished to prevent the drop from coming to notice.

Enid Bennett who has the rare distinction of having begun in pictures as a star without any preliminary climbing is this year playing *Maid Marian* in Douglas

Continued on page 101



Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

Lila Lee is gradually living down the mistake of having been starred too soon.

The Secret of Jackie Coogan

No child actor to-day is in the class with this seven-year-old youngster. This article is a thoughtful analysis of the reasons for his unusual success.

By
Myrtle Gebhart

IT was partly a sentimental feeling that first sent me out to the studio where Jackie Coogan was making "Oliver Twist." Dickens was as much a part of my childhood as buttermilk and telling fibs; many a winter evening we passed in the big, old home in Texas, with me huddled up before the big fire, and my sister reading aloud the adventures of *Oliver*, and *Mr. Pickwick*, and *Little Nell* from our old set bound in green-cloth covers. I remember that one page of "Oliver" was missing—where *Bill Sikes* kills *Nancy*—and I couldn't go to sleep at night on account of worrying over what had happened.

But it was only partly from sentimental reasons that I went, for I was starting to gather material for an article on the children of the screen, and it was while on that quest that the idea for this article was conceived. It happened this way.

When I reached Jackie's studio that day, they were making the refectory scene in which *Oliver* in his tattered raiment holds up his porridge dish and asks for more. They were using music on the set; riot—here is irony, indeed—to aid Jackie's tears, but for some of the finished actors supporting him! The plaintive strains of a Schubert melody hung vibrant on the air. Suddenly I heard the words, "I want more, more!" It was not the trained cry of a stage child, but a cry wrung from his heart. I felt that he wasn't acting, but that it was real. I could have sworn at that moment that the child was actually hungry. He wasn't a bit pretty as he cried; but he was tragic.

And that set me to thinking. Why was it, I asked myself, that this one child stands so alone among the scores of golden-haired youngsters of the screen, with his strange power of moving adults and children alike to laughter and tears? What has he that the others lack? Jackie is not a "pretty" child; he has no golden ringlets for an artificially placed spotlight to halo as his mother clasps him to her bosom. I determined to try to find out if possible just what was the secret of his unique gift.



Photo by Shirley Vance Martin

No other screen child has so strong an appeal.

Jackie himself had little to offer by way of explanation. The minute the director called "cut," Jackie asked for a piece of paper, rolled it, lighted it, and demonstrated very seriously how he would smoke a real cigarette if his mumsy would let him. Then he told me volubly how somebody—whom I strongly suspect of being Jackie himself—had put a smoke pot in Harry Wilson's office and locked the door. Harry is the company's publicity director.

"You should've seen Harry dive through the window," Jackie chuckled. He has, it appeared, his mischievous spells. He is not an angel, by any means. But he is being brought up far more strictly than any child in my neighborhood who never saw a stage or studio.

"Want to see the sets?" he inquired next.

In a very matter-of-fact way he showed me through, while electricians arranged lights in a new position. We were in the quaint old England of *Oliver's* time, with its narrow cobblestoned streets, murky

with fog from dimmed lights, the tobacconist's shop, and the "Three Cripple Saloon," all deftly shadowed with the Old World romance of that day. There was about them that charm that pervades all of Dickens for those who love him. There was the refectory, with big, square stones for the floor, a long table and benches, the stone oven, wooden bowls and spoons. There was the austere courtroom, with its prisoner's dock, grim and ghostly now in its silence. There was the workhouse, with its piles of hemp, where *Bumble* browbeat the kids perched upon their high stools, goading tired hands to additional effort. There was the coffin shop of *Sowerberry*—where later Jackie, in quaint high hat and long-tailed coat, was to film some scenes. Outside, across a big tank, London Bridge in miniature. About the scenes moved Dickensesque characters, men in plug hats and long coats, with sideburns and grim countenances, who looked as if they'd forgotten how to laugh, and women in quaint bonnets and kerchiefs and lacy pantaloons.

In the women's "work-us" scenes there were thirty women, all over sixty and very few of them actresses; some are real inmates of old folks' homes, and others

were drafted from their own firesides. While Jackie changed his costume, I asked these old women what was this thing of Jackie's that so endeared him to them.

"I dunno as I kin say," answered a wizened old lady with streaked gray hair and lined face. "He makes you want to cry over him—and the next minute laugh."

"Sentiment?"

"No, it ain't just that. It goes deeper." She didn't know she was being interviewed, the dear old soul, it was just a casual question, but evidently one over which they were all puzzling since it had been put into words for them. "Something about him, childhood and all, so natural, makes us think of home."

Jackie returned then, all aflame because somebody told him Joe Martin was on the phone—it was a chap named Joe whom they had put wise.

"Hello, Joe Martin," he cried, the whole boy-soul of him excited. "Is this *really* Joe Martin? They told me you couldn't talk, Joe. But you can, can't you, Joe?"

For five minutes his ecstatic voice poured into the mouth-piece the excitement any ordinary small boy would feel, particularly one as crazy about animals as Jackie is.

"Did you see my plate?"

Another scene over—in the coffin shop this time, with *Sowerberry* teaching *Oliver* the trade of embalming—Jackie immediately dropped the pose of pathos and returned to matter-of-factness. Admitting that I hadn't, he pulled it out, grinning. His plate is a dentist's device to hold in his three temporary teeth replacing those childhood molars that have come out. "You couldn't have *Oliver* with a gap in his mouth, now could you?" he explained. "People would laugh when you want 'em to cry." Here was proof that the child has some conception of character and, that, in his own way, he analyzes that great question: the audience. "And say, I have a lot of fun playin' with my plate. I tell Mr. Lloyd I'm goin' to pull it out some day right in front of the camera and 'crib' the scene."

But he won't. For he knows quite well what mumsy would do if he did. The idea that he is a spoiled child of fame is the silliest thing in the world. He isn't. He has to toe the mark like any kid. I have seen too many of these infant prodigies and grown tired of their "smart" remarks. But never yet have I heard Jackie say something insufferably "cute" without being called down. And he isn't a star to anybody around the studio; I heard a prop man bawl him out good and proper because he took a small bench off the set to rig up some kind of contrivance known only to the mind of engineering boyhood. He is especially fond of animals, particularly dogs, and he would rather play with the menagerie in his back yard than with most young-

sters. Incidentally, he doesn't care much to play with starchy, dressed-up, "polite" children, but prefers the newsboys who hang around the studio and the corner near his home, or youngsters who work after school.

The sun-gold cherubism of Richard Headrick melts hearts that easily melt. You don't melt over Jackie unless you are dripping with sentiment; but you *like* him, much as you like some of the kids in your own neighborhood—when you don't want to spank them. You don't think of sunbeams and angels and mother's knee when you talk to him; you feel matter-of-fact as

you look into his big, brown eyes and appreciate his serious tale of how he's going to lick a certain big boy some day. I have read a great many blah-blah publicity interviews in which he was described as innocent, adorable, marvelous, adjectives *ad infinitum*. Jackie is nothing of the sort; he's just a regular kid with a peculiarly mature mind and a gift for mirroring his thoughts.

I have written at length about him to show that he has not an unduly sensitive or an overdeveloped mind, but that he is, first of all, just a natural child, full of fun. Any day Jackie can't get a joke out of life it's because he has a pain in his tummy. He sparkles with the comedy that is childhood's own; and he switches, like an electric light that turns on and off, into the intense pathos he displays on the screen only when his director says the word.

And this, I have decided, after talking with many persons about him, and after having repeated my visit several times, is the child's secret: It isn't art with him, it is just a marvelous God-given gift of naturalness, and more than that, *understanding*.

This last word may seem incongruous when speaking of a seven-year-old boy. But I learned that the one word

which is constantly on his lips is: *why*? And also, that those around him answer his questions to the best of their ability. They do not merely tell him *how* to do things; they explain why this boy hated that man, and immediately that Jackie grasps the reason back of the action he does it, in an unstrained manner that bespeaks realism as no coaching could. He demands to know the reason back of every human relationship, and I think his gift is explained by his incessant working out of human relations in his own mind.

With Chaplin this gift for cleaving so finely the line between pathos and comedy may be art; with Jackie there is no art. He is never rehearsed, coached. He must understand clearly in his own mind *why* this was done—then he does it. The thing that speaks to thou-



Photo by Shirley Vance Martin

As *Oliver Twist* he will have an unusual opportunity to display his unusual ability.



Photo by Shirley Vance Martin

Some wise and kind Providence is guiding little Jackie Coogan into ambitious dramatic productions instead of capitalizing on his cunning ways. As the pathetic little *Oliver Twist* he gives a performance that, it is predicted, will surprise even his greatest admirers.



Photographs by Shirley Vance Martin

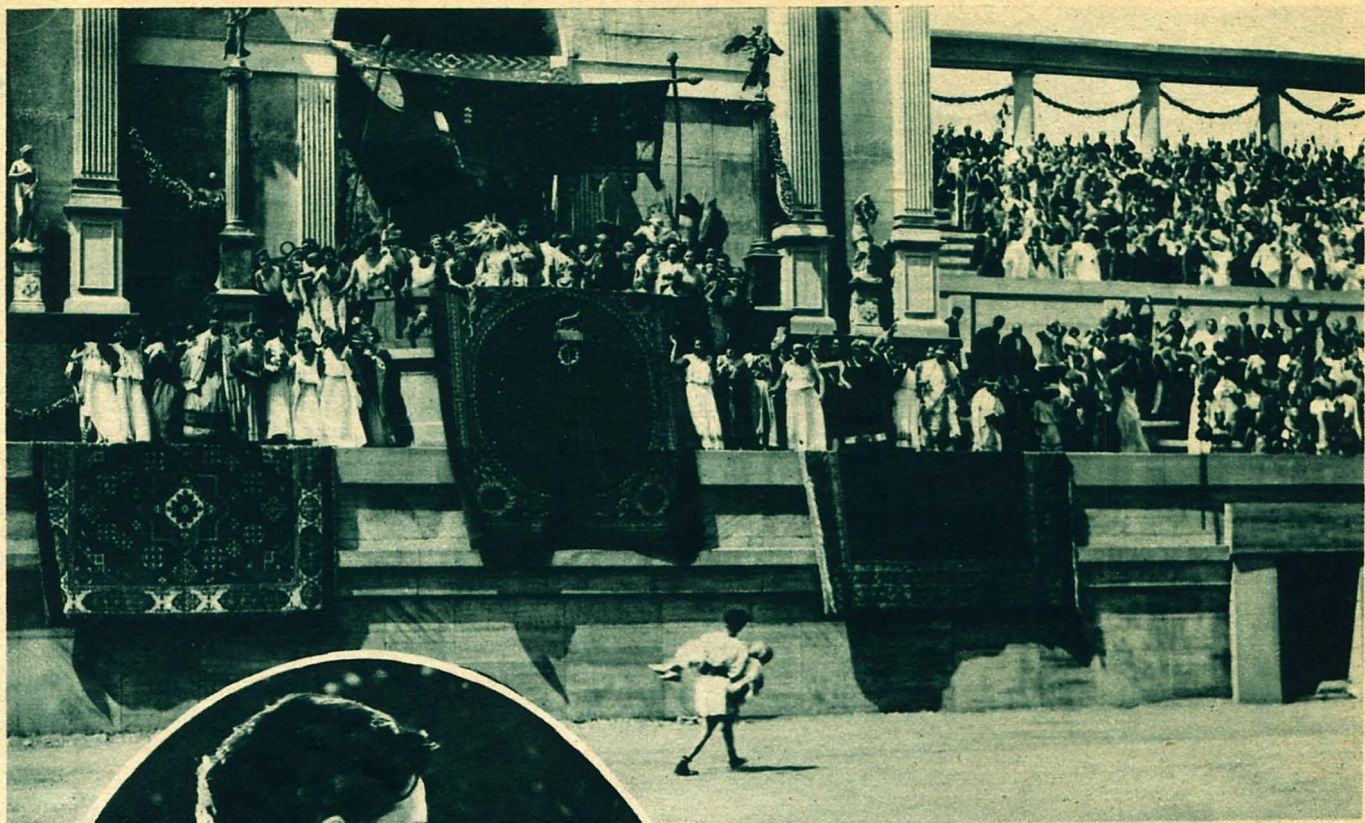


Every day in the home where his kidnapers take him little *Oliver Twist* practices picking pockets under the tutelage of old *Fagin*, played by Lon Chaney, who is a master thief. If *Oliver* cannot slip things out of old *Fagin*'s pocket without stirring the coat the merest trifle, he suffers a torrent of abuse. *The Artful Dodger* and *Charlie Bates*, who watch his fumbings scornfully, are graduates of this training.



A new production with John Barrymore is always a big event for motion picture-goers, for although he has made few appearances on the screen he is recognized as its greatest character actor. Here he is as *Sherlock Holmes*, most interesting of all detective heroes, and above is shown a thrilling scene from the picture.





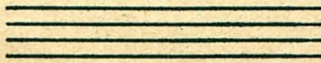
Doing as the Romans Did

It was long the ambition of J. Gordon Edwards to film the life of Nero, so last year when William Fox made his plans for his annual spectacular historical production he commissioned Edwards to go to Italy and make this picture he had so long planned. The natural settings form backgrounds of compelling beauty. Except for one player, Violet Mersereau, the members of the cast were Continentals. The scene in the center shows Miss Mersereau with Alexander Salvini, who plays a leading rôle. He is a grandson of Salvini, the world-famous tragedian.





Scenes of beauty and opulence vie with the sensational burning of Rome for chief interest in this production. The director who made "The Queen of Sheba" and many of the Theda Bara pictures has outdone himself in the magnitude and splendor of the picture. Where before he had only the simulated beauties of a period, in this he has the architectural glories of Rome and a huge company of fiery Italians.





The Eternal Flame

When Norma Talmadge appeared in "Smilin' Through" it seemed to many of her admirers that the crest of her career had been reached, and some were afraid that she could never eclipse the delicate beauty of that production. But Balzac's "The Duchess of Langeais" provided a vehicle that promises even greater glories for the popular favorite. These scenes give a glimpse of her in character. The screen version of this story is called "The Eternal Flame."



Photo by Abbe

With each successive production the problem of what to do next puzzles Norma Talmadge more. She thinks she will play the luxurious tinged-with-scarlet lady of "The Mirage," and in anticipation of this she recently posed for some pictures in such striking gowns as this. "The Mirage," the story of a peacock lady with a noble heart, would offer many opportunities for the wearing of beautiful gowns.



Who But Gloria—



"Her Gilded Cage," which presents Gloria Swanson as these scenes show her, is full of the exaggerations her admirers love. Gloria herself may hanker for simplicity, but no one else can wear such bizarre costumes and live up to the moods required in such a story.

A Confidential Guide for Current Releases

NOTE: Only distinctive pictures appear in this list. It does not aim to be a comprehensive survey of all pictures now showing throughout the country, as such a list would occupy too much space. Program pictures will be included in it only when they have some unusual significance or excellence. Pictures reviewed elsewhere in the same issue will not be mentioned, but aside from those this list will comprise those generally considered as the most important of the current film offerings.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Orphans of the Storm"—D. W. Griffith—United Artists. A gorgeous tapestry of the French Revolution vitalized. It has many distinctions, chief among them the exquisite acting of Lillian and Dorothy Gish.

"The Four Horsemen"—Rex Ingram—Metro. A powerful story of war's ravages and regeneration vividly presented and boasting the presence of Rodolph Valentino at his best.

"Smilin' Through"—Norma Talmadge—First National. A tenderly beautiful love story unfolded in scenes of endearing graciousness. Norma Talmadge in a worthy vehicle at last.

"The Prisoner of Zenda"—Rex Ingram—Metro. Adventure—romance—intrigue that carries one through royal loves and escapades in a far-away kingdom. Beautiful Barbara La Marr alone is worth the price of admission, as is Lewis Stone. Alice Terry and Ramon Samanegos are among those present.

"Tofable David"—Inspiration—First National. A simple but powerfully moving story of a mountain boy admirably played by Richard Barthelmess.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy"—Pickford—United Artists. Mary Pickford in two beautifully appealing characterizations.

"The Three Musketeers"—Fairbanks—United Artists. Douglas Fairbanks in a massive and lively version of the famous romance of trusty swords, intrigue, and adventure in old France.

"The Good Provider"—Cosmopolitan—Paramount. A story of a father's devotion with some of the same cast and much of the same appeal as "Humoresque."

"Saturday Night"—Cecil De Mille—Paramount. Unusual and spectacular blasting of the idea that people of different living standards can marry and be happy ever after.

"The Golem"—Paramount. An interesting Hebrew medieval legend. Not a big popular success, but one which, in the opinion of many, ranks as the finest achievement of cinematic art.

"Pay Day"—Chaplin—First National. Chaplin, not at his best, but the one and only Chaplin nevertheless.



THE BEST OF THEIR KIND.

"The Sheik"—Valentino—Famous Players. The despair of critics, the favored of fans. A sand blast of cheap amours in Araby. The story has sensational possibilities but Agnes Ayres and Rodolph Valentino play it like little ladies and gentlemen.

"Penrod"—Neilan—First National. An uproarious children's party for grown-ups.

"Jane Eyre"—Hugo Ballin—Hodkinson. A great treat for the eyes—and of particular interest to all Victorians, intellectuals, and people with an ironic sense of humor. Mabel Ballin in a deft characterization.

"Fascination"—Tiffany—Metro. A brilliantly lighted panorama of dance, drink, drama, flappers, fashions, and extravagances. Mae Murray at her best.

"The Glorious Adventure"—J. Stuart Blackton. The screen's greatest novelty—a drama in natural colors, which marks the debut of Lady Diana Manners. Done after the grand manner of Griffith.

"The Man From Beyond"—Houdini. An unusual stunt picture featuring the popular vaudeville performer.

"Reported Missing"—Owen Moore—Selznick. All the elements of a packed-with-thrills serial, a riotous Sunshine comedy, and a hokum drama all rolled in one.

"The Prodigal Judge"—Vitagraph. Splendid character study by Maclyn Arbuckle in pleasant Southern surroundings.

"The Loves of Pharaoh"—Lubitsch—Paramount. A massive and thrilling foreign production which never loses its human interest in the shuffle of battles and mobs.

"The Ruling Passion"—Arliss—United Artists. The suave and sure George Arliss in an affable comedy.

"One Glorious Day"—Will Rogers—Paramount. Some delicious fun making with spiritistic phenomena. Will Rogers at his homely and lovable best.

"Turn to the Right"—Rex Ingram—Metro. Sweet, simple, and girlish—and filled with yokel humor. In spite of a story that was just too sweet, Rex Ingram made this a very good picture.

"The Doll's House"—Nazimova—United Artists. Not the Nazimova of pomp, temperament, and pageantry—but the well-remembered Nazimova of the stage who has successfully transcribed the stark power of Ibsen to the screen.

"Polly of the Follies"—Talmadge—First National. In many ways the best comedy Constance Talmadge has done. A Cinderella story blessed with the irresistible humor of Anita Loos.

"Man to Man"—Jewel—Universal. A thrilling Western boasting all that a lover of scenery, cattle, and diamonds in the rough could ask. Harry Carey at his best.

"Moran of the Lady Letty"—Paramount. Rodolph Valentino and Dorothy Dalton romping through ships and

storms and fights—and apparently enjoying it.



WORTH THE PRICE OF ADMISSION.

"My Old Kentucky Home"—Pyramid—American Releasing Corp. A homespun melodrama in which Monte Blue suffers and suffers and suffers.

"Fair Lady"—Rex Beach—United Artists. A vendetta transplanted in New Orleans and beautified by the presence of Betty Blythe.

"Find the Woman"—Cosmopolitan—Paramount. A murder-mystery melodrama that won't make the dissatisfied girls who long to come to New York any happier. Alma Rubens, Harrison Ford, and Norman Kerry in an engrossing story.

"The Wall Flower"—Rupert Hughes—Goldwyn. A story of a homely girl's rejuvenation which marks Colleen Moore's debut as an actress of the first rank.

"No Trespassing"—Hol-Tre—Hodkinson. A Cape Cod story wherein Irene Castle regenerates a young man and furthers her reputation as a style pace-maker.

"The Seventh Day"—Inspiration—First National. Not worthy of Richard Barthelmess, but he is in it, and that is a great deal.

"The Crimson Challenge"—Dorothy Dalton—Paramount. Dorothy Dalton comes back to the rugged sort of parts that made her popular—or that she made popular.

"Wild Honey"—Jewel—Universal. A disappointment to all those who love Cynthia Stockley's stories of Africa, but even a bad story won't make Priscilla Dean disappoint her admirers.



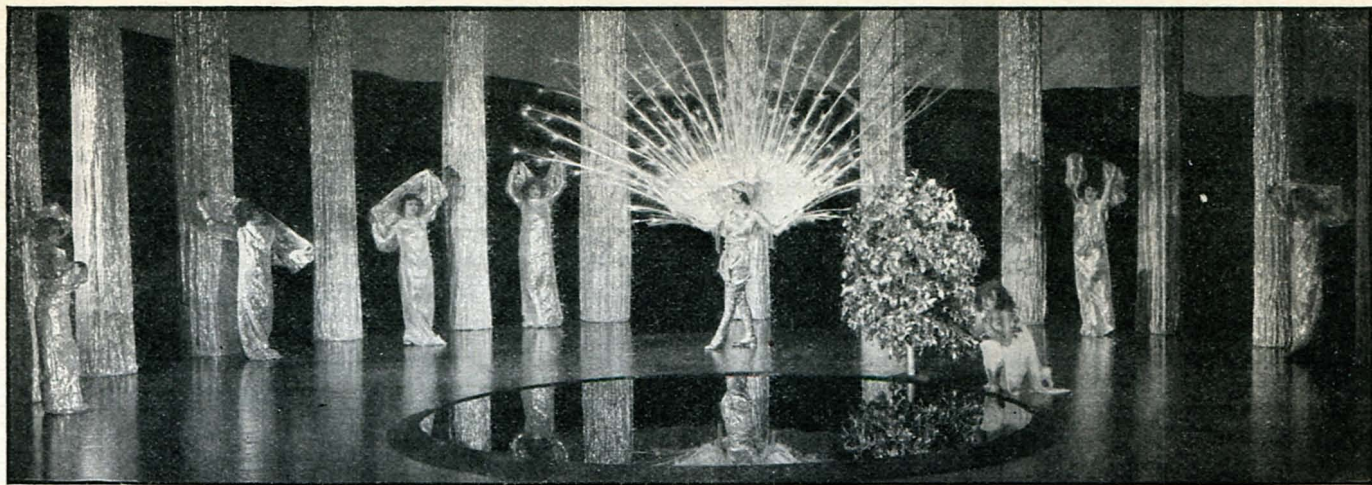
FAIR WARNING.

"Mistress of the World"—Paramount. An imported serial in four five-reel installments, all of which you will want to miss. There are some interesting ponderous scenes and some uninteresting ponderous actors.

"Beauty's Worth"—Cosmopolitan—Paramount. A stupid story in which Marion Davies runs the gamut of her two expressions.

"The Woman He Married"—Mayer—First National. Anita Stewart lost in a shuffle of sweet young things of innocent intent all found in the villain's apartment "That night."

"The Sheik of Araby"—R.C. This was not a good picture when H. B. Warner made it several years ago, and age has not improved it any.



The Follies of the Films

Spectacular effects such as New York Revues boast, play an important part in a coming Goldwyn picture.

By Edna Foley



Antonio Moreno is a stunning silk-tighted figure in "The Bitterness of Sweets."



Colleen Moore makes a tragic and appealing little figure as a dancer.

OLD FRIENDS IN NEW RÔLES

HERE'S a surprise for you—Colleen Moore as a *première danseuse*, and Tony Moreno as her dancing partner in a scene supposed to take place on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York. You'll see this scene in Rupert Hughes' forthcoming Goldwyn picture, "The Bitterness of Sweets."

The ballet scene was staged by Ruth St. Denis. In order to perform the dance, which is called "The Peacock and the Hunter," Colleen studied for months under Theodore Kosloff, and Tony, by the way, also had to put in some strenuous days learning to leap and twirl.

A Titled Lady of the Films

Whom directors admire they distinguish with titles all their own. Anna Q. Nilsson's is one of the most interesting in filmland.

By Helen Klumph

AFTER you've seen a girl's bedroom before the morning's disorder is cleared up there isn't much more you can learn about her, so when I went to interview Anna Q. Nilsson and got into the bedroom of her suite instead of the parlor, it didn't seem as though I'd have to go any further. I'm glad now that I did—but more of that later. Let's go back to the bedroom.

It wasn't a fluffy effervescence of boudoir pillows and chiffon lamp shades, with the telephone, modestly concealed behind a doll. It was a big comfortable room that looked lived-in from the profusion of shoes that peeked out from under the bed to the toilet articles that poised recklessly on the very edge of an overloaded dressing table. Probably her time is too valuable to be taken up with putting things away. Besides she needs a maid around to keep her in practice speaking French or German or Swedish—whatever the current maid happens to be—as I learned later.

The room wasn't scented, and there was no evidence of perfume around, but there were lots of books. "Cerebral rather than sensuous," I reported to myself in the manner of a clerk making

Anna Q. Nilsson is never happier than when playing opposite James Kirkwood. They have many scenes together in "The Man From Home."

Photo copyright by Hugh Cecil



It isn't merely because she is a slightly blonde of delectable facial contour that people like to look at Anna Q. Nilsson—she has style.

an inventory. (The pages of the books had been cut and the bindings were quite badly broken, if that evidence of their having been read interests you.) Even the chaise longue had found a mission in life; it held some open suit cases, and hatboxes and odds and ends of clothing. But the interesting feature to me was the man's photograph crowded among the articles on the dressing table.

"Oh," said I, "she doesn't take love where she finds it; she takes it wherever she's going." And that is Anna Q. Nilsson—a feminist, a little bit ruthless, and altogether fascinating.

Her conversation is not so self-revealing. As we sat in her big, sunny living room she spoke of new plays, new fashions, and dancing. She had just joined a ballet class that morning, and she was enthusiastic about it. When she warms up to a subject her foreign accent curls over her words, making them indistinguishable and much more charming than the commonplaces of every interview.

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made to say whatever strikes the author's fancy, and, when it strikes his fancy not to have them say anything they lose their power of speech. This is the only reason that I have been able to live with them all this time. The pliability of screen conversations makes it possible for entire stories to be rebuilt after the picture has been finished. The controlling motives of the action can be completely altered and thereby the insertion of a new and satisfactory plot is achieved. We can make characters say things they had no intention of saying; it is our privilege, for instance, to take a scene of a girl looking suspiciously at a man and asking: "Sweetheart, are you sure you love only me?" which inspires him to nod forcefully and say "Yes." By merely changing the title cards we have a woman looking suspiciously at a man and saying: "I will return your letters for eighteen thousand dollars. I can break you if you don't pay." Whereupon the man nods forcefully and answers: "All right—I'll pay." Or, to build human interest, we can have a woman looking suspiciously at a man and say: "John, dear, it is cold. Have you got on your heavy underwear?" And the man nods forcefully, but says nothing.

The amazing extent to which this transformation of story can be carried is illustrated by a conversation I had with a producer two weeks ago.

"I have a Jane Novak picture I'd like you to title," he said. "What is your price to do the job? It's five reels."

I named my figure. His reply astounded me.

"I'll give you five hundred more than that," he said.

This was a decided departure from custom. I was wary.

"Why?" I questioned.

"Because," he answered, "you've got to do more than just title the picture. You've got to rewrite the story. I'll be honest with you; it'll be a hard job. You'll have to scrap the whole plot and use the scenes any way you want, but you'll have to put a new story in from start to finish."

I suspended agreement on price until I had viewed the picture to determine what I could accomplish by messing with it.

To me this incident is indicative of an interesting and pleasant change of viewpoint on the part of producers. They are commencing to realize the terrific importance of titles. Not long ago one of these mighty men made the maniacal assertion that the per-

fect picture would be one in which there would be no titles whatever. Others of his insane colleagues accepted this delusion as a fact.

I was frantic.

It would mean the destruction of my business and the picture business—but particularly *my* business. The nonsense spread to the point where the adventurous Charlie Ray made a picture without any titles, hoping, I suppose, that it would turn out to be the perfect picture. Undoubtedly you will recall "The Old Swimmin' Hole." That was it. And the innovation well-nigh ruined the picture. That picture without titles was the strongest argument possible for the picture with titles. And as thunderous proof of the truth the biggest laugh in the picture was provoked by a substitute for a title. Charlie wrote upon a slate, "I'm through with wimmin'"; and then, immediately becoming the victim of a romance, he erased the resolution with ardor in view of the audience. Without the words where would the laugh have been? Since then no one has attempted a titleless picture.

Tedium is the greatest menace to entertainment. It is a peril that exists particularly in "inserts," or titles representing letters. These letters are often tedious and tiresome, but necessary. Here again tricks can be played upon the unsuspecting spectator. With mischievous foresight, a trick was played upon you in "The Miracle Man." Betty Compson read a three or four-page letter in this picture—but she read it in the bathtub. The edge of the tub was low and it fitted her like a thrilling décolleté; also, whenever Betty reached an exciting part of the letter she wiggled one or two pink toes over the plumbing. The letter was long, but it wasn't long enough—was it?

Evolving ingenious ideas like the bathtub letter is what causes title writers to suffer from insomnia and other intellectual complaints.

Strange but true is the fact that often the most sparkling and pungent lines from books, when used as titles for the pictured novel, suddenly become inert and effete. Probably the reason for this dismaying phenomenon is that the author, whose space is unlimited, builds up to his pet line with other paragraphs of splendor. But on the screen, shorn of its garnishings, it is pitifully bald.

Nevertheless the best titles ever shown in pictures were penned by O. Henry, who never wrote a word for pictures. Unfortunately he died in 1910, when films had an abundance of future but no past and very

little present. Still O. Henry's posthumous film productions were successes, and as his lines were short, naïve, and piquant, they made perfect titles.

The "snappy title" is a stimulating invention. Anita Loos is the mother of it, but too soon after becoming a literary parent she became the wife of John Emerson and has since neglected her brain-child. I hope that some day she will leave the house in jumbled disarray and write some more. Anita is the author of the "Hey," which I referred to in the Fairbanks picture.

Far from least among the purposes of titles is that of telling parts of the plot omitted from the picture. To do this concisely and clearly is work demanding courage. Perhaps the hardest work I ever did was titling "Officer 666" for Tom Moore, in which each word was the vehicle for a missing portion of the story. More recent examples are the titles in "Miss Lulu Bett" and John Barrymore's "The Lotus Eater." In both of these pictures the titles are congested with plot, and yet they are light and airy.

You will agree with me that the most detestable feature about titles is that so many people read them aloud. You think of these fiends with viciousness, but I regard them with interest. Why do they do it? A feasible explanation is that they are unconsciously under a strain watching characters open their mouths and chatter without emitting a sound. Then, when suddenly words are presented, they involuntarily explode the missing sound. It is a reaction readily comprehensible. Silence, to these people, is an embarrassing itch which they blandly scratch in public.

For the sake of satisfying my curiosity, I counted for over a period of one month at the theaters I attended the people who, to my observation, indulged this atrocious habit. Fifty-one announced each title publicly. Eleven of them were giving the information to children. Nine were reciting to near-sighted aunts or grandparents. Only four were entertaining able-bodied escorts. *Twenty-seven had come to the show alone!*

Certainly twenty-seven out of fifty-one people don't talk to themselves or read aloud to themselves at home. Why should they publicly? There can be no reason except that the heavy silence causes the reaction of making them effervesce at the first opportunity. And I believe that the majority of these general nuisances have no idea that they are talking aloud, and would admonish you severely if you did it!

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real life—she becomes his willing slave. It's not being done, of late. The best thing we can say about the picture is that Constance Talmadge wears the most stunning series of sport clothes we have ever seen on a mountaintop.

"North of the Rio Grande."

More mountaintop drama gloriously acted by the most eloquent and impressive range of mountains ever cast in any picture. They have the star rôle so completely that there isn't much for Bebe Daniels and Jack Holt to do except ride over them through five reels of somewhat confused plot. It's the old tale about the mountain feud and the man who finds that the father of the girl he loves shot his own father in a neighborly misunderstanding. It is not very convincing and neither are the actors, for Bebe Daniels doesn't look in the least like a ranchman's daughter and Jack Holt has too much humor to take this melodrama seriously. I'm sure I caught him laughing in a sob scene.

"Grandma's Boy."

Advance stories about this Harold Lloyd comedy were sent broadcast across the country long before the first print reached New York, announcing it as a world beater. It was so good, the stories went, that it "had Charlie Chaplin worried." This seemed a bit extreme, especially when you consider that instead of "worrying" about a rival's picture, Charlie is just the man to greet another's comedy success with as much genuine delight as if it were his own. Nevertheless I went to see "Grandma's Boy," expecting a second "The Kid" or "Shoulder Arms." I don't know how it will strike you, but I was somewhat disappointed. It doesn't seem to me to be as good as many other Lloyd pictures, not to mention the one and only Charlie. It is true that there are several comedy bits in it which are screamingly funny—as good as anything of their kind—particularly the shoe shine and the kittens and the moth balls in the candy box. But these touches of rare and academic wit are followed by long stretches of action in which the moral runs away with the story. It's a good idea of Mr. Lloyd's to give the action some significance other than if you steal a roll from a bakery, you will be smashed by a custard pie. But in getting his message over, he preaches a bit too much, I thought.

Lloyd himself is uproariously funny as usual, and he is assisted by that perky and vigorous soul, Anna Townsend, as *Grandma*.

The advance reports from where the picture has been shown indicate that it is being received enthusiastically, which I'm glad to hear, as it is a deserving effort. But so far as Chaplin is concerned, I can only add that I really think he has no cause to worry.

"Missing Husbands."

This was once a French novel by Pierre Benoit; a weird and fantastic affair called "L'Atlantide." It was about a queen who had the unpleasant habit of doing away with husband after husband and then embalming them and setting them up in niches in a vault. By the time the story ends she has a large collection of husbands in all shapes and sizes and hair cuts. This pretty tale has been made into a foreign picture as weird as its theme. It is worth seeing because of its amusing bits—which never were intended by the maker—and because of the really wonderful shots of the mythical country called Atlantis. But I have sworn off from recommending films because of beautiful exteriors. After "Mistress of the World" I'm through! "Missing Husbands" is a little like it—only more so.

"Lady Godiva."

Here is another foreign picture based on the old legend of Coventry where the noble queen to save her people rode through the streets clad only in her beautiful hair. Probably all the censors polished their eyeglasses expectantly when they went in to see the screen version, but, if so, they were disappointed; Lady Godiva is far more completely covered on her famous ride than any present-day flapper on any bathing beach. It is a quaint Old World picture beautifully produced and mounted. And the sight of Hedda Vernon with her flowing locks—which I am assured are her own—is enough to make any bobbed-haired ingénue in the audience burst into sobs of regret.



"The Beauty Shop" brings Raymond Hitchcock back to the screen.

"His Wife's Husband."

This is one of those things which inquire tearfully, should a wife tell? I wish they would get this trying question settled once for all and go on to the next plot. But they never do. The present version is adapted from an Anna Katherine Green novel, so of course it has a spook in it, and this is the only redeeming episode. Betty Blythe does her best to redeem it—she is a beautiful and magnetic creature and acts with her brains when she has a script that will let her. George Fawcett offers another bit of relief as a political boss.

"The Beauty Shop."

This plot has survived the test of time better than I thought it would. For the great cosmetic urge has changed in many ways since Channing Pollock first wrote this Broadway success. Nevertheless with Raymond Hitchcock to steer it through, there are laughs left in the old craft yet. But I'm still wondering why producers when they try to evolve a peppy new comedy, rush for help to a plot which is at least ten years old—and a musical-comedy plot at that. It keeps you waiting for the music cues.

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would undoubtedly have been dubbed, and Heaven preserve any one from such a fate! And, following along the same trail, is it any wonder that the dashing Norman Kerry should have acquired that name some five years ago, as against his given one of Norman Kaiser.

There were three little Flugraths all in a row, destined for leads in the movie show. The eldest was Edna, who retained the family name; the second was Viola, whom you know now as Viola Dana and the third was Leonie, a plain and simple name, which she changed to Shirley Mason.

The serious business of promising to love, honor, and obey has, quite naturally, been the medium by which many of our silver-sheet queens have acquired serviceable, and frequently euphonious, working titles, so to speak. It will probably be hard to convince many people that Rubye de Remer didn't select her name through a temperamental desire to have a dressy and somewhat distinguished label. Nothing of the sort. The radiant Rubye was led to the altar by a Denver business man, one Allan Thurman de Remer, no less, and though the venture was anything but a success, the lady in the case has not allowed a little thing like that to interfere with the practical business of retaining a perfectly good screen name. At the same time, we can't vouch as much for the "Rubye," for the simple reason that in the long ago when teacher called the roll our rubylike divinity piped up, "Present," whenever she heard the name of Katherine Burkhart. Then there is Wanda Hawley, who first shook her rattle as Selma Pittack, a name which she retained in her grapple with fame as a professional pianist. (Didn't you know that not so long ago she was accompanist for no less a person than Albert Spalding?) But when she came to the screen the name flashed before our eyes as "Wanda Petit." Then Dan Cupid got in his heavy work, through the medium of Burton Hawley, and what was more natural than that she should use the label which she matrimonially acquired. Also let us consider the case of Florence Vidor, who as a girl in Houston, Texas, was known as Florence Arto. Long before either of them had any thought of entering filmdom she married King Vidor and when pictures made their claim it was simply taken for granted that they should go hand in hand as King and Florence Vidor. Nor must we overlook Hedda Hopper, the current and fifth Mrs. De Wolf Hopper. When

she appeared behind the footlights in the support of her husband she used her maiden name, Elda Curry. Whether this proved too spicy, we are in no position to say, but for a time thereafter she was known as "Elda Millar," and then she suddenly hops up as Hedda Hopper, one of our niftiest screen sirens, a good looker, and a good actress to boot. Also there is the case of Mabel Ballin, who entered pictures through the guidance and direction of her artist-husband, Hugo, of the same name. But when she was doing her bit in the spoken drama, with Yorke and Adams, and Frank Daniels, she surely signed the salary sheet as Mabel Crofts. Then we must check up Irene Castle, the widow of Vernon Castle, and now Mrs. Robert Treman in private life. Considering the fact that it was as a professional dancer that she first pranced into the hall of fame, it is not astonishing to discover that before achieving matrimony she was known as Irene Foote! And don't think we are overlooking the gifted Mrs. Sidney Drew, the heroine of those delightful Henry-and-Polly domestic dramas which came to such an untimely end with the passing of Mr. Drew. Born Lucille McVey, she used that name as a lyceum and Chautauqua entertainer, but when she entered pictures she calmly appropriated her grandmother's name, which was Jane Morrow. Before long, however, she became known the world over by the title which has charmed many and many a moviegoer, Mrs. Sidney Drew.

Why, in the name of common sense, an attractive name like Mary Brooks should be discarded in favor of Ann Little, by which she is known to film fans, is as unfathomable a mystery, as it is equally clear and comprehensible why Bobbie Vernon should find it easier going, tagged thus, than to struggle along under his given name of Silvion Des Jardiens. Indeed, certainly so! And then there's the case of Margaret House, whom we all know as Marjorie Daw, and our faithful ally, alliteration, bobs up again in Lila Lee, who is really Augusta Appel. Also life is a much simpler proposition when you spell your name the way it is pronounced, which accounts for Seena Owen, as against Signe Auen. That's obvious. But it's incomprehensible why little Betty Lawson should light upon such a label as June Caprice!

She began life as Helen Garrett, and then she was known as Doris Lee, and now she answers to Doris May; while Greta Ahrlin was the distinguished child actress, Gretchen

Hartman, later to be dubbed Sonia Markova, only to return to Gretchen Hartman again, though in private life she's Mrs. Alan Hale—whose real name happens to be McCann! And it is easily understood why Edwin August amputated two thirds of his baptismal present, which was Edwin August Philip von der Butz.

Martha Mansfield simply annexed the name of the Ohio town in which she was born—it's a first-class one-night stand in Richland County—in preference to struggling along as Martha Erlich, though for a while she used this for stage purposes. Apparently Ethel Grey Terry believes in moderation in colors, because her real name is Ethel Black, and the name, Ina Claire, makes a better appearance upon screen and playbill than Ina Fagan.

How many thousands of times have we seen it written, "Mary Miles Minter's real name is Juliet Shelby," but very seldom is the fact disclosed that H. B. Warner spent his early youth as Henry Byron Lickford. Also most of us know that Bessie Love was evolved, somehow or other, from Bessie Horton, but it isn't generally disseminated that the charming Margaret Loomis skipped happily about her native Hawaii as Lehua Waipahua.

You wouldn't necessarily know that Katherine MacDonald and Mary MacLaren are sisters, for you see the latter discarded the family patronymic. And that sturdy quartet of leading men, Allan Forrest, Robert Warwick, Hal Cooley, and Elmo Lincoln, once upon a time answered to the respective names of Allan Fisher, Robert Taylor Bein, Hallam Cooley Burr, and Otto Elno Linkenhelt. And, girls, it's really Louis Eugene O'Brien, and of course you know he was christened William Wallace Reid.

So many times has the fact appeared in print that it seems almost unnecessary to state here that our vamping queen, Theda Bara, though she has now legalized that name, first dawned upon a palpitating world as Theodosia Goodman, and when she first emerged from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts she adopted what is said to be her mother's maiden name, Theodosia de Copet.

As a St. Louis schoolgirl she was known as Fannie Buchanan, her first matrimonial experience made her Mrs. Joe Lewis, to-day in private life she is Mrs. John W. Dean, while for many years both the stage and screen knew her as Fannie Ward.

Verily, it is a wise fan who knows his favorite star's name!



In the Days of Buffalo Bill

Great days on the American prairies and the adventures of national idols who made frontier history make thrilling screen material.

By
Edna Foley

THERE wasn't a better-known man in all the United States a few years ago, nor one more loved than William Frederick Cody—known to every one as "Buffalo Bill." Boys, particularly, made him their idol, for he represented the courage and daring of the great Western prairies in frontier times. Well remembered by many, a legend to the rest of us, those days when white men strove against the red men's violent opposition to join the East and West by rail are among the most thrilling in our history. And now they are to be vividly recalled to us, for Universal has filmed a serial based on events "In the Days of Buffalo Bill."

At the beginning of the Civil War, Bill Cody—later glorified by the name of Buffalo Bill—was a government scout and guide and one



of the most popular men of the frontier. When the building of the Union Pacific across the Western prairies began, he became an important figure for not only did he help to defend the encampments and ox trains from the Indians, but he actually provided much of the food for the builders. The people of the country were raising just enough food for their own consumption, so feeding the builders who had come in to work on the railroad presented quite a problem. Bill Cody formed a band of hunters and brought in enough buffalo meat to feed all these men. In eighteen months his little band is said to have shot and dressed 4,280 buffaloes.

Such a background of historical romance and daring should make this one of the most interesting serials ever issued.



The joining of the East and West by the Union Pacific is staged in the motion picture almost exactly as it is shown in historical records and photographs.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Barry Stevens and I sat without speaking for a time after he had told me about Christine; I knew from the way he had spoken of her that he had cared deeply for her, and it gave me a new angle on his character, a hint of the reason why he paid so little attention to the women who thronged about him wherever he went.

It explained, too, the unsatisfied look in his eyes. It seemed curious that, when life had given him so much, so much, too, had been withheld.

He and I drove into town the next day, most of the way through rolling hill country, with trees set in the considered and yet careless manner that cries of wealth and the labor of landscape architects.

"Tell me some more of your story," I urged, as he settled down behind the wheel and lighted a cigarette. "I'm glad to have heard about Chris, but it—well, I want something else to remember with her, please."

"All right—I'll tell you about Suzanne Nevin—which, of course, isn't her name, but you'll recognize her fast enough. She's as well known as—well, as Pearl White!

"The first time I ever saw her, she was trying to borrow a baggage master's overalls—right off his back.

"You can just as well lend 'em to me as not," she insisted. "Nobody cares what you wear, and it matters such an awful lot to me. Come on—be a sport."

"Needless to say, he didn't want to be a sport—there was nothing on earth that interested him less at that moment, if it involved losing his overalls in public. He was a queer-looking gink—you'd have picked him for the original of the henpecked husband in the mother-in-law comic strips—little and frightened looking, not much bigger than Suzanne herself. And there she stood, in clothes that were absolutely impassioned, and a pair of lace stockings that were nothing short of melodramatic, begging him for his clothes, all but taking them without his consent, in fact.

"Oh, come on!" she insisted, grabbing him by one shoulder strap and pulling him toward the cubby-hole that was his office. "You go in there and take 'em off, and I'll bring them back next Monday, honest I will."

"No—no——" he protested; I think he thought she was crazy, for he seemed scared to death of her, and kept backing away, while she tugged at him by the shoulder strap. "No, I can't—I need these pants myself."

"So do I," she retorted. "You

must have something else you can put on, at home—nobody'd see you if you stayed inside the station, and you could telephone for somebody to bring you your Sunday clothes. I've got to have these overalls.

"She began to pull harder than ever, at that, and he began to back away, bleating frantic protests, and in the fracas the shoulder strap she had hold of broke, and he emitted a loud yell, gave one final jerk, and vanished behind a Victrola box, clinging to his overalls with both hands.

"I thought it was time for me to take a hand then; I'd come down to the station in this little town intending to see about trains to the city, and nothing on earth would have dragged me away till I'd found out what Suzanne was up to."

"What did she look like?" I demanded.

"Nothing I'd ever seen before," he answered. "I've told you that her clothes were impassioned—they were. They had a Queen of Sheba touch that an artist would have envied. I got impressions of purple and scarlet and jade green, like the costume Mary Garden wears in 'Cleopatra.' Suzanne was a thin little thing, oh, pitifully thin at that time, and her dress and hat looked as if she'd stood in the middle of the room and had somebody whose aim was none too good fire them at her. Yet the color effect was gorgeous.

"She had enormous gray eyes, with black lashes, and her hair was assorted shades of red. She had a gamin face—piquant, alluring, yet at any moment you expected her to stick out her tongue at you—that sort of face. And she was almost in tears.

"What's the matter here?" I demanded, trying to sound stern and emphatic, as I went up to her. "What do you mean by trying to tear this good man's clothes off his back?"

"She looked frightened at first; then, after her first good look at me, she grinned.

"Thought you were a cop," she told me, pushing back the hair that had tumbled down over her face. "Well, I just had to do this—it's a case of life and death, just as I told him. I've got to have his clothes or lose my job."

"And just what is your job?" I demanded, while the baggage master hung farther over the edge of his box to learn what was at the bottom of the mystery.

"I'm an actress," she told me, proudly. "I'm playing in stock here, and I, well—oh, it's the first job I've had in over a year, and I've got to make good, and I told the agent who got it for me that I had an extensive wardrobe; that's the reason he gave

it to me instead of to another girl. And all I had was the suit I was wearing right then.

"So I've had to borrow. Usually it was women's clothes, and it wasn't much trouble to get 'em. The waitress at the restaurant where I eat has helped me out—she has two or three cousins who are about my size, and I've been lucky so far, and only had to wear sort of hick clothes. And the waitress and her cousins and all their friends would all come to the theater to see the clothes, and that gave me a following, d'you see.

"But this week they sprung a raw deal on me. They gave me the best part I've had yet, for week after next—but I have to wear men's clothes."

"Well, I sat down on a trunk and roared—couldn't help it. She was such a funny little thing, and so in earnest—and there was the intimidated baggage man, still peering around his Victrola box and clutching his overalls, but grinning a little as he saw the humor of the thing.

"Why didn't you borrow one of the men at the theater?" I asked.

"Didn't want any of them to know that I hadn't the money to buy what I needed," she answered. "Besides, this gink's the first man I've seen who was anywhere near my size—I've been spending all my spare time since I got the part walking around this town, looking at every man I saw. Besides, these overalls of his are just worn and dirty enough to look right. Oh, please help me make him do it—it's nothing but silly prejudice on his part that makes him so stubborn. There isn't another train for two hours—he told me so himself. That would give him plenty of time—"

"She began to advance on the baggage man, and he cowered down behind his box with shrill protests. I stepped in her way.

"Can't be done, you know," I told her. "I'll admit that he's narrow-minded, if you like, but since he feels as he does about the matter, you'll have to give in. However, I can help you out, I think. When do you have to have these clothes?"

"Right away," she told me. "They asked to see mine to-night, after the show. I kind of fixed some of the things—my landlady's son had an overcoat that I can wear if I take a tuck or two in it—but the overalls—"

"Her little face looked so pinched and worried that I felt sorry for her. I didn't exactly want to take her in tow, but—well, you know how those things go."

"So do you," I reminded him.

"Yes—but what's a pair of overalls between friends?" he laughed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Ethel, the Vegetarian

Do you wonder why George Walsh sits so complacently beside this lioness? Here is the answer.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

GENTLE fans, does it give you a thrill to see George Walsh in such careless proximity to a lady lion? Do you notice his hand, resting familiarly upon her paw, and his happy smile, which seems to suggest an entire absence of danger? Do you wonder why she, the queen of the jungle, does not make a meal off George's powerful frame? There is a reason, of course, as the street car ads tell us.

Ethel, who is shown reposing at the side of the film star, comes as near being a vegetarian as it is possible for one of the cat tribe to be. She was born in a cage at Universal City, and for the first two years of her life she didn't even know she was a lioness.

Her mother was also possessed of a tractable disposition, and when she died, bringing little Ethel into the world, she passed on to her baby the heritage of good nature which had endeared her to the actors and directors at the big studio.

Ethel spent her entire cubhood in a wired inclosure, and had for a playmate, a collie pup who was orphaned practically at the same time. The two grew up together, and despite their racial differences, were firm friends and joyous playmates. They used to chase each other around the wire cage, worry a big wooden ball, and sleep together in the sunshine. It was said of them that they didn't know which of them was a dog and which a lion. And that once a bulldog, having strayed into the menagerie, paused in astonishment before the cage where the collie pup was making herself very much at home on Ethel's broad back, using the lion cub for a pillow.

"Whatya doing in the cage with that lion?" he was heard to bark.

"Thassall right," responded the collie, opening a sleepy eye. "I'm a lion, too."

"You're a lyn'!" The bulldog snapped fiercely.

"Sure, I'm a lion," agreed the collie, and went to sleep again.

Which explains how it is that Ethel, now grown up, has no taste for meat on the hoof, as it were. She is absolutely safe with any one, and it is no unusual sight to see her being led, by a thin leather strap, out of the menagerie, into the back seat of an ordinary touring car, or even into the studio cafeteria.



Her good disposition, and her dependability make her invaluable for pictures. She is used very often as a double for fiercer and more bloodthirsty lionesses, or in close-ups where the leading lady or leading man must be shown wrestling with an enraged beast of the jungle.

Ethel is now working—if not opposite, at least quite close—with George Walsh in the Universal chapter play of "Stanley in Africa," a historical picture which brings back into mind the wonderful book which describes the exploration of the Dark Continent. And, although her name perhaps is not being shown upon the screen with the other actors, as you probably know, her part is an important one. For she is intelligent, takes direction easily, and has no temperament.

I understand that there is a rumor to the effect that Ethel's good disposition is the result of an undersized brain. In fact, to be brutally frank, that she is a moron. I deny the allegation whole-heartedly. As one who has known this worthy feline star almost from the day of her birth, I resent the implication that her brain is not hitting on all six cylinders. I will put it up to an unprejudiced jury of feminine fans if Ethel doesn't display rare good judgment in thus resting peaceably beside George Walsh, hand in hand with him, one might almost say, instead of turning on him and reducing him to caviar.

I imagine that the slander was started by some catty lioness who doesn't draw as many bones a week as Ethel does. Anyhow, there isn't a director in the world who wouldn't rather work with a good disposition than with brains. And I maintain that Ethel has both!



Continued from page 87

"Across the Continent."

The monthly crop of automobile movies is represented by two, featuring the usual popular stars in motor caps. One, of course is Wallie Reid. As usual he pursues love's young dream through dust and gasoline and lands at the end of the race with the wealthy auto-man's daughter in his arms. Same old stuff done in the same way, but Wallie's fans never seem to get tired of it. It has a typical cast with Theodore Roberts as the father and Mary MacLaren as the prize.

"Watch Your Step."

This is the other motor-car romance which begins smartly enough, but which dwindles out into nothing in particular. Cullen Landis is the young hero who is arrested for speeding so often that his father threatens to disown him if he is caught again. Of course uncontrollable circumstances force him into faster and faster records until he leaves the car altogether and winds up as a tramp on Main Street. It doesn't seem to mean anything, but Cullen Landis is an easy, agreeable comedian and Patsy Ruth Miller a girl worth speeding for.

"The Deuce of Spades."

Every time a new Charles Ray picture is announced I go wistfully into the theater hoping against hope that it will be one of the old-time winners. There isn't a better actor or a more charming personality on the screen—or I may add, a more bungling director when he runs his own show. This film for instance is called "a lunch-counter comedy romance" in which both comedy and romance are conspicuously lacking, although the lunch counter is there. Ray is always a joy to watch, but after the first welcome it pains you to see him doing such obvious and humorless things. I believe he is to have a director again in "The Tailor-made Man," his first picture for his new United Artists release, and it will be

interesting to see whether that picture will mark a turning point for the better. I hope so; if it doesn't, he soon won't have a fan left.

"The Trap" and "The Wife Trap."

There isn't any relation between these two, so don't mix them up just because I put the titles together. "The Trap" is another of those Great Northwest yarns of the sob-sister variety. Lon Chaney is the French-Canadian trapper whose pal done him wrong. He is careless enough to fall into the trap he set for his revenge, but he is pulled out of his difficulties after a succession of very flowery subtitles. There is a little boy called Stanley Goethals who acts like Jackie Coogan—what little film boy doesn't these days?—and a part for Dagmar Godowsky.

"The Wife Trap" has an equal number of coyotes, but they are the type that infest a great city and compromise a wife who is fighting for her honor and hasn't lost yet. It is a German picture, and Mia May is the wife. The tricks her husband plays on her to get her in wrong with the proprieties are unbelievable if you hadn't heard about German frightfulness through the war. She finally gets tired of it and stabs him in the back to the great relief of the audience which is tired of him, too. I think we can set the entire picture down to German frightfulness and try to remember that the war is over.

"The Crossroads of New York."

This is a Mack Sennett two-reel comedy, padded out into six reels. When it is good, it is very, very good, like the little girl who had a little curl. But when it is bad it is—not horrid, but tiresome. It's a burlesque on the young boy alone in a great city and has some glorious moments. Mack Sennett has never done anything funnier than the scenes at a breach-of-promise trial with fade-backs contrasting the girl's testimony with what actually happened. But this is only one moment, and the rest

goes on forever. Moreover it is acted by a conscientious cast—headed by Ethel Grey Terry—who behave as if they were playing Ibsen instead of Mack Sennett. Where are the uproarious two-reeler and the Ben Turpins of that early joyous slapstick period?

"Find the Woman."

This picture would have been more interesting if the woman hadn't been so hard to find. Like the Sennett comedy, it is padded into impossible lengths—must we always have five reels? It's the story of a murder which bears a certain resemblance to recent disturbances in Hollywood. There are the usual "letters" and the usual false clues. Alma Rubens, Eileen Huban, Harrison Ford, and George MacQuarrie all take a hand in this game of *cherchez la femme*. A routine, custom-made murder mystery with an excellent cast.

"Trouble."

Jackie Coogan in all the difficulties that can be found in an orphan asylum, a plumber's shop, and a police court. He is still wistful and natural and unspoiled. As usual, he is the waif who trails after an erratic guardian—this time a plumber. The only thing lacking is that the plumber isn't Charlie Chaplin.

"The Cradle Buster."

A simple and jolly little comedy about the rebellion of a mamma's boy. It might have been written by Booth Tarkington, but Frank Tuttle is the author. Glenn Hunter in the rôle acts as I wanted Mary Pickford to act when she played "Fauntleroy;" he rips off his curls, sheds his name of "Sweetie," and starts off to seek a wild life. He winds up in an amusement park where his frenzied career ends in a pretty romance with Marguerite Courtot. There is nothing epoch-making about this film, but it is deft and amusing and proves that Glenn Hunter as a screen comedian has real humor, good taste, and distinction.

The Secret of Jackie Coogan

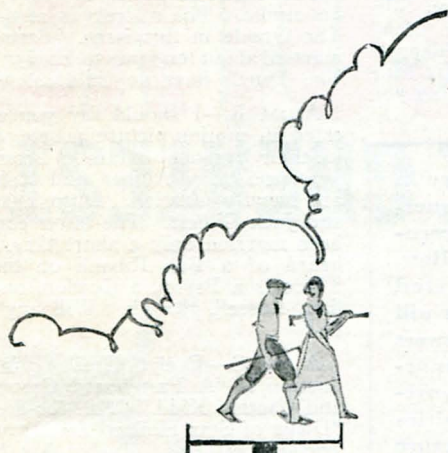
Continued from page 74

sands of hearts in Jackie Coogan's acting is his very naturalness; and it is the dominating quality in his life. For, in spite of the hectic publicity with which he is surrounded, he is the most human, natural child I have ever known, on or off the screen. Quick as lightning, his thoughts often are amazing, these questions he asks. But he is never told, "Run away, don't ask questions." When he wants to know something, Daddy Coogan sits down and explains it, man to

man, until Jackie grasps the idea. When he understands clearly *why* *Oliver* was sad, it doesn't take a Schubert melody to make him sad; he *is* sad. His brown eyes flood, and his mouth droops. The reason for *Oliver's* gladness explained to him, a smile quivers about his lips, and his eyes dance. Perhaps I don't give Jackie enough credit for his achievement; but to my mind it isn't anything that he *does* himself; it is something that he *is*. He is the channel through which passes some divine

power for spreading thought and feeling. He is but the toy of a gift born into the bones of him, malleable clay worked into dramatic shape by directors who understand him. Perhaps it is inherent; both his mother and father were on the stage.

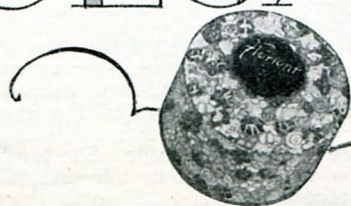
I'm afraid, after all my analyzing, I haven't defined it clearly. But let a pen more gifted than mine put into cold print that glowing, inscrutable, happy thing called *childhood* that can't quite be killed in human hearts.

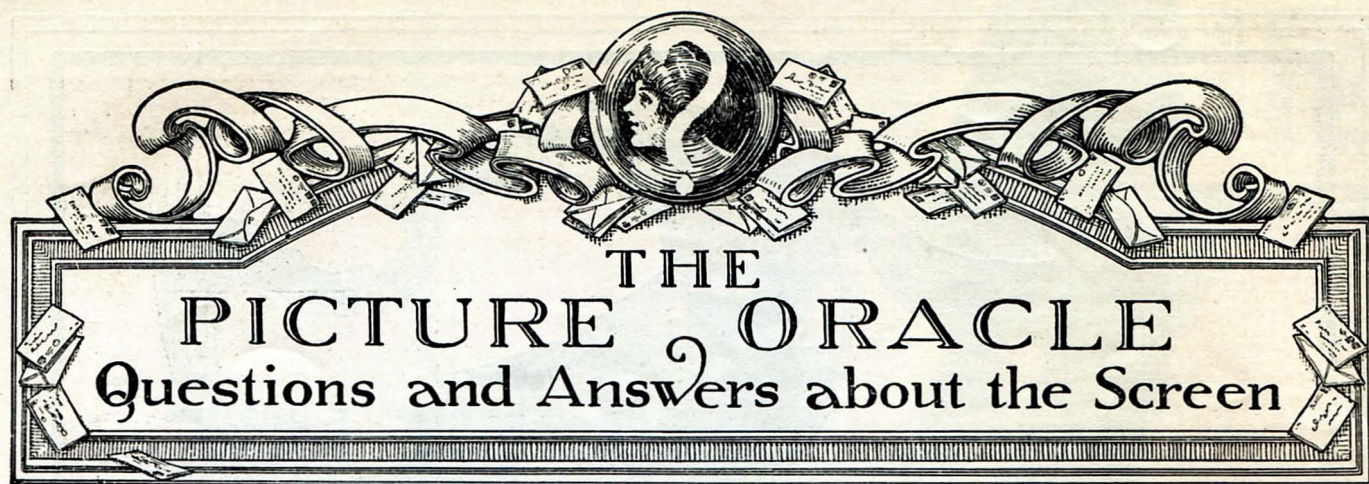


TAKE YOUR DIP—and follow it with a cooling shower of fragrant Florient Talc. You are refreshed and dainty from head to foot.

And at the last, a touch of Florient Face Powder with the same charming perfume.

COLGATE





THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

SIS.—Even when I'm flooded with questions I always try to manage answers to all of them, so don't hesitate about writing because you think I'm too busy. You can show this to your mother so she won't forbid your writing, and tell her that though I appreciate her consideration in trying to save me an extra letter, I really don't mind answering questions at all. Rodolph Valentino was born May 6, 1895. Rodolph recently married Natcha Rambova, art designer for Madame Nazimova's productions. They were married in Mexico. Yes, it was rather sudden. William S. Hart's address is printed at the end of *The Oracle*.

MARIE LOUISE.—Yes, Ralph Graves' wife, Marjorie Seaman, plays in pictures. Her latest release is "Free Air," and your other favorite, Tom Douglas, is also in the cast. "Come On Over" is Ralph's latest picture. It is an Irish story and, of course, Colleen Moore has the leading feminine rôle.

MARKO.—Mae Busch was born in Melbourne, Australia, and educated in this country. She is five feet five, weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds, has black hair and gray eyes. Mae was one of the wicked adventuresses in "Foolish Wives," the Von Stroheim picture. Now she is playing in the Goldwyn production, "The Christian," from the Hall Caine novel.

HARRIET F.—Some of the screen stars with bobbed hair are Norma and Constance Talmadge, Wanda Hawley, Mae Collins, Dorothy Dalton, Anita Stewart, Mae Murray, Shirley Mason, Nazimova, and of course the pioneer, Irene Castle.

L. G.—Shannon Day was born and educated in New York City, and was in the Ziegfeld Follies before entering pictures. Shannon is five feet one, weighs one hundred and seven pounds, and has brown hair and blue eyes. "Up and Going" is Tom Mix's latest release. You're right—Thomasina is the name conferred on Tom's baby daughter. No, I never heard it before, either, but I wouldn't accuse Tom of inventing it as the girl's name nearest resembling his own.

MAE B.—Welcome! Glad you liked your first copy of the magazine so well. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks will probably appear together in a picture as soon as they can get the right story. At present Doug is making "The Age of Chivalry," in which he plays *Robin Hood*, and Mary is preparing to refilm "Tess of the Storm Country," which she made for Famous Players several years ago. Shirley Mason is married to Bernard Durning, a Fox director. Shirley weighs ninety-four pounds, and is five feet tall. Her

eyes are light gray and her hair brown. "Very Truly Yours" is a recent release. Rodolph Valentino weighs one hundred and fifty-four pounds.

DORIS S.—No, Tom Mix is not always in the saddle—he gets dressed up like ordinary people at the end of the day's film work. In fact, I bet you wouldn't recognize him if you passed him on the street. Yes, Famous Players are going to film a sequel to "The Sheik." It is called "Burning Sands," and Milton Sills and Wanda Hawley have the leads. Send ten cents in stamps for our Guideposts for Scenario Writers. I think this little booklet will give you the information you want.

THE ORACLE will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to **The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.** The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Questions concerning scenario writing must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.

M. ELIZABETH P.—So you never had much faith in me? Well, I hope you will believe now when you see your answers in cold print. Yes, Norma Talmadge looks very much the same off the screen as on, except that she is much smaller than you'd expect her to be. She is only five feet two, you know. She has been married only once, and still is, to Joseph Schenck. They have no children. "The Duchess of Langeais" is Norma's latest release. When Gloria Swanson looks haughty on the screen it is because the characters she plays require it. Don't you know that you can't jump to conclu-

sions about players' real characters after viewing them only in motion-picture portrayals? Gloria is five feet three, weighs one hundred and twelve pounds, has dark-red hair and blue eyes. Her latest picture is "Her Gilded Cage," and David Powell plays opposite her.

A BERT LYTELL ADMIRER.—That New York address you have is all right, but since Mr. Lytell has gone back to California it might be better to write direct to his studio. The address is at the end of *The Oracle* in this issue. Bert has been married about ten years to Evelyn Vaughn. The Lytells have no children.

ANNA R.—I should say you are interested in motion-picture people, especially in their personal affairs. From all appearances May Allison and Robert Ellis are happily married. Ditto Leatrice Joy and Jack Gilbert. The latter couple have been married only a short time. I never heard of a Bob Russell on the screen. There is a Bryon, a Gordon, and a William Russell, though. Will any of these do?

A. B. C.—Evelyn Greeley's latest production is "A Pasteboard Crown." "Me and Captain Kidd," "Phil-for-Short," and "Diane of Star Hollow" were some of her previous releases. Evelyn has light hair and brown eyes, weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds and is five feet three inches tall.

M. D. F.—The romance of Wally Reid and Dorothy Davenport appeared in the July, 1921, issue, and that of William S. Hart and Winifred Westover in the March, 1922, issue. Whenever you want back copies of the magazine send me twenty cents in stamps, and I will have them sent to you.

HELEN.—Earl Metcalfe played opposite Ruth Roland in her latest serial, "White Eagle," and is now appearing in "The Bitterness of Sweets" with Colleen Moore and Antonio Moreno. Metcalfe is five feet eleven, and weighs one hundred and seventy pounds. He is divorced from Ethel Tully. Of course, it will be all right for you to write to him—I never heard of a player who wasn't glad to get letters from his fan admirers.

EUGENE O'BRIEN FAN.—I don't know what your favorite is going to do now. His contract as a Selznick star was recently dissolved, and he hasn't announced his future plans. Perhaps he will return to the stage, and perhaps he will go back to leading-man rôles. I always liked him as Norma's leading man didn't you? Eugene is six feet tall. He was born in Colorado in 1884.

JOSEPH VAN.—Yes, the Zane Grey novel, "Wildfire," has been filmed, but you won't see it advertised under that title. The book has been produced by Benjamin B. Hampton with Claire Adams and Carl Gantvoort in the leading rôles, and will be known to picture fans as "When Romance Rides."

ELSIE JANE.—"Pay Day" is Charlie Chaplin's latest picture—a two-reeler. Paris, France, among its other distinctions can claim the honor of being Charlie's birthplace, and 1889 was the fortunate year. Charlie is only five feet four, and weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Sorry I can't tell you the size shoe he wears, but it's not one to blush over. I guess there are lots of women who would like to be able to wear the size shoe Charlie does—that is, when he's off duty of course.

THIRTEEN.—Yes, Wesley Barry is under contract to Marshall Neilan, but he was loaned to Warner Brothers to make "School Days." There has been a great deal of this "farming out" recently, because of studio shutdowns, decreased production, et cetera. Motion-picture players under contract are expensive, and can't be kept idle, you know, so when there is no work for them at their own studios their producers loan them to other companies for one or more pictures. So now you'll understand why players whom you thought were tied down to one company are bobbing up in unexpected places. Since "School Days" Wesley Barry made "Penrod" under Marshall Neilan's direction, and will next appear in another Warner production, "From Rags to Riches."

TOMMIE J.—Mahlon Hamilton was Mary Pickford's leading man in "Daddy Long Legs." Here is the full cast: "Judy" Abbott, Mary Pickford; Mrs. Lippett, Milla Davenport; Miss Pritchard, Miss Percy Haswell; Angelina Wyckoff, Fay Lemport; Jarvis Pendleton, Mahlon Hamilton; Mrs. Pendleton, Lillian Langdon; Julia Pendleton, Betty Bouton; Sally McBride, Audrey Chapman; Jimmy McBride, Marshall A. Neilan; Mrs. Semple, Carrie Clarke Warde. Yes, Wesley Barry was in it, although he isn't mentioned in the cast. That was one of Wesley's first pictures, and his part was small.

KATE.—I see you like the brave, rugged he-men of the West—no pink-tea stuff for you, eh? Art Acord was born in Stillwater, Oklahoma, in 1890, and was really a cowboy before entering pictures. He was in a wild-West show, too—rode bucking bronchos and all that, but he probably managed to get a few new thrills when he started camera work. Art's latest picture is the Universal serial, "Winners of the West," and the inspiration of his courageous deeds is Myrtle Lind, the ex-comedy girl. Harry Carey is no longer a Universal star, but is making a series of stories for R-C Pictures. "Man to Man" was his last release. Buck Jones is five feet eleven and three-quarters, and weighs one hundred and seventy-three pounds. He has brown hair and gray eyes. "Western Speed" is his latest picture. It is best to inclose a quarter when asking for photographs of the players.

JOHNNY.—No, May Allison has not made any pictures lately. Her contract with Metro expired some time ago, and she has only recently begun work on a series of productions in which she will co-star with her husband, Robert Ellis. May has been on the screen since 1915, and was on the stage before that.

Continued on page 109



How Pretty Teeth

affect the smile—teeth freed from film

See what one week will do

The open smile comes naturally when there are pretty teeth to show. But dingy teeth are kept concealed.

The difference lies in film. That is what stains and discolors. That is what hides the tooth luster. Let us show you, by a ten-day test, how millions now fight that film.

Why teeth are dim

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. The tooth brush, therefore, leaves much of it intact.

That film is what discolors, not the teeth. It often forms the basis of a dingy coat. Millions of teeth are clouded in that way.

The tooth attacks

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germ constantly breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few people escape them.

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Dental science has long been seeking a daily film combatant. In late years two

effective methods have been found. Authorities have proved them by many careful tests. Now leading dentists nearly all the world over are urging their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been perfected, made to comply with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two great film combatants are embodied in it.

It goes further

Other effects are now considered essential. Pepsodent is made to bring them all.

It multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth, so they will not remain and form acids.

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Thus every application gives these tooth-protecting forces multiplied effect.

These things mean whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. They mean natural mouth conditions, better tooth protection. This ten-day test will convince you by what you see and feel. Make it for your own sake, then decide what is best.

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Continued from page 58

Madge is also a cousin of Tom Forman, Tommy Meighan's director. "And with all this fame in the family," with a sudden bubbling laugh, "I've got to make good or they'll hoot me out of the family Bible!"

Madge has a certain idyllic grace and poise—from her dancing I believe. Though frail almost as chiffon itself, there is a steellike rivet to her. She has forceful opinions. She has the biggest ambition I have ever encountered in a very small person—and that winsome way little girls have of getting around everybody.

Against a cloudy background of fine spun-gold hair—burnished darker in the sun—her features seemed delicately penciled in by nature, her coloring done in pastel hues. And her hair is really curly. I spent the night with her upon a later occasion, and, if there are any hidden rites to a woman's beautification, I'm the girl to search them out. She told me of her gifts from unknown admirers, some of them quaint, some absurd. A rope of pearls with an unsigned note of appreciation of her work. But she likes best her collection of autographed books given her by the authors themselves.

"Madge wants books, books, books," her mother scolded. "I have to keep a right rein on her or she'd spend all her money on them. She is such a serious small package. She doesn't go out much—likes to stay home with daddy and me and read."

"Madge right now is very full of Madge," her mother confided when Lorna was called back to the stronghold of the *Doones* for a scene. "But that is as it should be. Youth must have its chance. Madge's career has always come first with us. She was born in Hillsboro, Texas. When she was six we started her with dancing. She completed her schooling at St. Mary's Hall, San Antonio. Then we staked everything on her. Her father gave up his chair as professor of English in the University, and we went to New York."

"Like many a sister before her, Madge went to extremes in carving her career," laughed Mrs. Philpotts. (Bellamy is only a stage name. Incidentally, it is Philpotts on the door plate of their home.) "Only in her

case, we chose the wrong extreme! We wanted to have her voice trained—and a few weeks after our arrival in New York found her dancing with the prima donna in Andreas Dippel's 'The Love Mill.' 'And this,' said her father lugubriously, 'is what college life leads to!'"

But Madge went right ahead with her voice culture, letting her nimble toes work for her until a speaking part offered. In one year she played in stock, replaced Patricia Collinge in a road tour—and wound up on Broadway opposite William Gillette in "Dear Brutus." Action—even for a Texas brand! A little over a year ago—if you have a passion for exactitude, sixteen months one week and three days at this writing—Thomas H. Ince saw possibilities in her flower-petal beauty and gift for pathos and lured her with his nice lucre to California.

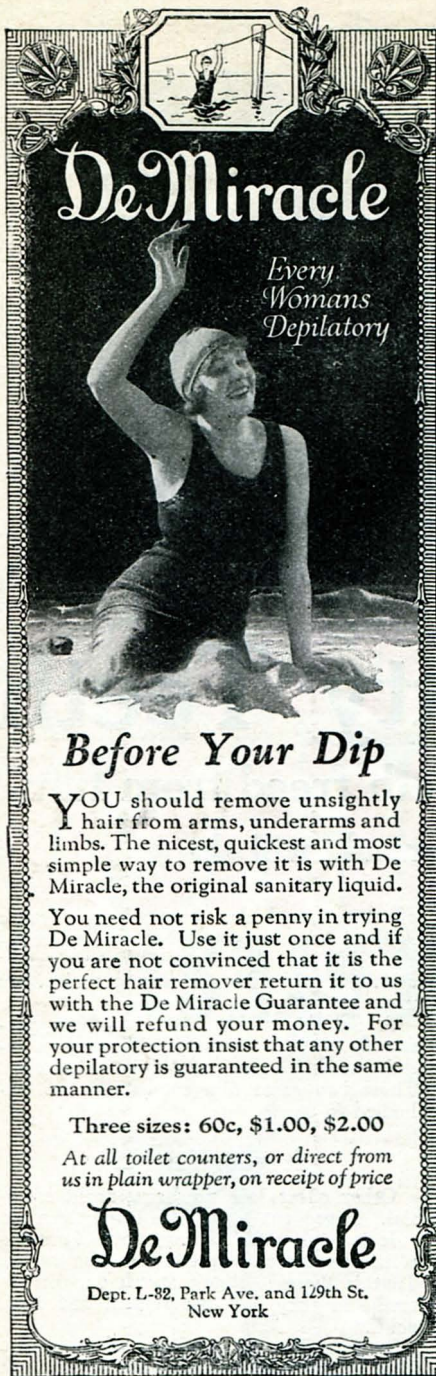
A succession of small parts in which she had little opportunity for real characterizations—but a splendid chance to learn. Then—some one must play with swift, sure strokes of pathos against a drab background the life of *Nan* in "Hail the Woman." Her little tragedy of brief high lights, of poignant beauty, firmly established Madge with the screen public.

Her smile is winsome—but it is determined. Forceful, brittle were it not for her soft femininity, she has a way with her, has this little maid of old romance in a Rupert Hughes binding. You felt it in *Nan*. You will feel it, I believe, in all her work. It is in her voice, threading that haunting, melodic note like a wire. And you feel it, firm and undeniable, in Madge herself.

Were it possible for some wizardous Burbank to cross sweet alyssum with a snapdragon you would have something like Madge Bellamy.

She is remarkably true to her purpose of self-advancement. All things fall before it. And her constant companion is her mother, guiding, counseling, sticking pins in and pulling pins out!

When I left, her mother was "pinning" her into new costumes for "Lorna Doone." "You can say"—Madge laughed insouciantly over her shoulder—"that another Blue Bonnet is being pinned to her career!"



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Will you be mine?
You shall not wash dishes
Nor stay home and pine.

We'll go to the movies,
Have supper, and then
If you wish we will go
To the movies again.

REUBEN PETERSON, JR.

The Director's New Sky Line

Continued from page 34

studio sets. It has solved many problems for me in the direction of battle scenes, for I can get in this way a bird's-eye view of the whole ensemble, impossible if I were merely to stand upon a platform down below. This was before the radiophone had been perfected, of course, so we used semaphore signals. We also took air shots from the blimp at all points of the field and in some instances I had the big 'ship' brought down to within thirty feet above the players' heads, getting some remarkable close-ups."

Recently Mr. Neilan began to use the radiophone, giving a new idea to directors who can't find time enough in which to do everything they would like to do. Having sent his players in "Her Man" company on location out to Santa Monica, and, later, to Garvanza Villa in South Pasadena, he remained at the studio and directed his troupe from his office chair and answered his correspondence at the same time! Via the radio, he kept in constant connection with Frank Urson, his assistant, and 'chases' and such incidental scenes were rapidly taken care of at the same time that Neilan directed some important scenes on the studio stage. Connections, of course, had been made in his office and the location troupe had a small radio outfit.

"This opens a new channel never before contemplated in picture making," Mr. Neilan whispered to me, while we were listening in on a radio concert being given in a theater downtown. "Through the use of the amplifier, I can do the work of two directors at once, direct location and studio scenes simultaneously or, if I wished to, I could make two productions at the same time. But," he broke off whimsically, "with Leatrice Joy, Matt Moore and the other members of my company hanging over it all the time for these radio concerts and swapping talk with all the radio stations on the West Coast, what's a poor director to do?"

Several of the studios are following in the footsteps of these pioneers, Lasky being the latest to install connections and amplifiers. And now whenever a poor, harassed director wants Wallie Reid, Bebe Daniels, or other of the Paramounters on the set, he finds them hanging over the radiophone listening in on some concert or telling secrets of studio life to the officers of some naval radio station.

Some of the stars are installing outfits in their dressing rooms, so if they loiter over making-up, who can blame them?

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Have you noticed how many of the finest pictures of the year are First National attractions?



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can be cultivated just the same as flowers are made to blossom with proper care. Woman, by nature refined and delicate, craves the natural beauty of her sex. How wonderful to be a perfect woman!

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never look natural or feel right. They are really harmful and retard development. You should add to your physical beauty by enlarging your bust-form to its natural size. This is easy to accomplish with the NATIONAL, a new scientific appliance that brings delightful results.

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"Indeed, it will bring about a development of the busts quite astonishing."

This valuable information explaining the causes of non-development, together with photographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement by this method, will be sent FREE to every woman who writes quickly. Those desiring book sent sealed, enclose 4c postage.

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New Vamps for Old

Continued from page 67

vious experience. It's always done—in pictures. Witness Hope Hampton in "Love's Penalty," who turned instantly—just like that—from a milliner into a stenographer. Smart gells, these picture vamps!

Mae Murray is one of the helpless baby vamps. Goodness gracious! She couldn't help all the trouble she made with her vamping in "Peacock Alley." Why, she never meant a thing by it!

Quite often nowadays, the siren vamps people for their own good. I saw Anita Stewart do that very thing not long ago in a picture the name of which I forget. But, anyhow, I know there would have been any number of people ruined, including the hero himself if she hadn't got busy with the Lorelei lure.

Sometimes she vamps with a noble object like supporting her family. Take Bebe Daniels in "The Affairs of Anatol." She was vamping to help her sick husband and to buy shoes for the baby. What could have been sweeter? And while her ways may have seemed wild, no wonder. Isn't it enough, I ask you, to make anybody wild to have a cub lion chained in her bedroom? In her heart, you remember, she was as pure as a Laura Jean Libby heroine.

Wanda Hawley, in the same picture, really didn't mean to be a vamp. But it does naturally seem to any sensible girl who thinks about it that it would be flying in the face of Providence to throw those jewels into the river if she didn't have to, now doesn't it?

Sometimes, indeed, the vampire is an angel in disguise. Didn't I see Eva Novak, a few Universals ago, vamp the villain against all her better instincts, so that he wouldn't go out and bust the dam? And didn't Edith Roberts pull the siren stuff in "Loving Lips" so as to catch a criminal?

When the Fox people decided to reproduce "A Fool There Was," remembering the success of the old picture with Theda Bara, they insisted on the new type of vampire. And what a time they did have finding exactly the right lady for the rôle.

"She mustn't be the old wild type," said the casting director. "She must have the sex appeal all right, but she must be a regular human being, too, and there must be a muffler on the vampire stuff."

Surely it's the day of the denatured vampire.

A Fan's Adventures in Hollywood

Continued from page 55

her in Harry Carey's pictures. He thinks it's best for her to wait and get experience in his company rather than to knock around the other studios.

The Careys are fond of giving parties on their ranch to which all their friends and every one on the surrounding ranches are invited. They drop in and have something to eat, dance, and have some fun—nothing particularly fancy—just pleasant social gatherings. Mrs. Carey told me of some more formal stars who dropped in at one of the parties.

"And because nobody made any special fuss over them, they went home right away. We don't want any of their kind who feel superior to the rest. We just want every one who will enjoy simple good times."

We went outside, and Harry Carey showed me around the ranch. Of course, I could only see a little bit of it because there are seventeen hundred acres to it. It is given over mostly to the raising of fancy cattle and horses, and some sheep and goats. There are a lot of pet dogs around, too; one is a half coyote, and they have a real coyote in a cage that

is built around a tree and some bushes where it can hide when it wants to. It seems a strange thing that though Harry Carey can ride any horse, he can't drive a car. There are numerous other houses in ranch fashion; there is a separate tiny house for the cook, and bunk houses for the thirteen cowboys he keeps on the place. These men weren't especially good-looking like the movie kind are, and they didn't wear woolly chaps, either—but they were real cowboys.

The people who take the films for Screen Snapshots were there that day, so incidentally I saw some movie stuff, too, when they took scenes of Harry Carey's home life with his baby, wife, and her sister. Whoever sees those pictures on the screen can believe that they're perfectly natural, because I was right there, and I know the Careys were acting "regular," when they gave that example of "stars as they are."

It was so nice there I almost hated to leave. But, at least, I left with the comforting assurance that some of the noble Western heroes on the screen are every bit as nice in real life.

A Titled Lady of the Films

Continued from page 85

She didn't recite any facts about her career; she seemed to assume that, like most fans, I knew that she was born in Ystad, Sweden, and that a short career as artist's model preceded her entry into pictures. Also that she has played a leading rôle in more pictures than almost any other actress. Instead she talked of what a wonderful actor James Kirkwood is—she had just returned from abroad where they played in "The Man From Home." She told of the wonderful times she and the Norman Kerry family and the George Fitzmaurice family had in England and Italy making the picture.

I glanced at the heap of photographs on a near-by table, and she handed them over to me. There was a charming one of Ouida Bergere—Mrs. George Fitzmaurice—some cunning ones of the five-year-old heir of the Norman Kerry family.

"But I'd like to see some of yours," I insisted.

The hopeful animation faded from her face; her look told me that she had thought I wasn't going to be such a bore.

"I have to be photographed often," she admitted. "But I don't care to have my pictures around."

But with your interests at heart I persuaded her to dig down into her trunk and get the charming picture which accompanies this article.

Now even an interviewer has her pet illusions, and one of mine has always been Anna Q. Nilsson. Before I saw her in motion pictures and was acquainted only with brilliantly back-lighted photographs of her, I thought of her as "The Sunshine Girl" and visualized her career as a succession of Pollyantics. And then some one who had met her told me that I was all wrong; that she was vivid, and statuesque—a Brunhild. Was my ideal shattered? Not at all. I simply revised my notions to fit what I knew of the reality—took her out of the ivory enamel frame with pink rosebuds, and put her in a severely simple dull-gold one.

While this fever of admiration was running its course—and it still is—I saw Anna Q. Nilsson in some pretty bad pictures. I who have talked myself hoarse about the fatuity of anything less than the "Broken Blossoms"—"Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" standard for motion pictures have nevertheless sat with quite evident enjoyment through such atrocities as "The Oath" and "Why Girls Leave Home." And the reason was Anna. It isn't merely because she is a

slightly blonde of delectable facial contour that I like to look at her. She has style. One never feels that she has stumbled on to a bit of action in a picture by accident; she doesn't seem to be doing things by direction; her actions are clear-cut, sharply defined. There is a difference between the spontaneous way that a child dances to a hurdy-gurdy and the un-failing precision of a trained performer. The first is representative of much effective motion-picture acting; the latter is the technique of Anna Q. Nilsson. If "Moment Musical" beguiles you more than "To a Wild Rose," you are probably numbered among her admirers—or you will be. If Fifth Avenue intrigues you more than the great open spaces, keep your eye open for Anna. For although she confesses that the part of Margaret in Alan Dwan's "In the Heart of a Fool" interested her more than almost any other, the sophistication of Neilan's "Lotus Eaters" shows her off to better advantage.

She has been offered her own company, but will not avail herself of the opportunity until she has found just the stories she wants to do and can have the best of directors and supporting casts. She is much more enthusiastic over the prospect of making a picture under the direction of Penrhyn Stanlaws for whom she used to pose in his magazine-cover painting days.

"Much depends on the director," she assured me with greater earnestness than she had bothered to expend on any previous remarks. "What makes me tired is to hear a star say: 'I think I'll direct a picture some time.' Most of them couldn't do it. What do they know compared to a man like George Fitzmaurice or Penrhyn Stanlaws?"

The telephone interrupted; she subsided into her usual poise.

"Some one wants the Swede," she remarked.

The maid, I decided, who had at last arrived and was noisily sweeping in the next room.

"That is my title," she said, with typical Anna Q. Nilsson flair—quite as though she had claimed title of queen or at least duchess. "I have worked long and hard, but now, quite often, when a director looks over a script, he picks out a big part and says, 'The Swede can do that.'"

And she walked away to the telephone with that style I have so long admired.

It is earning a title that did it, I decided.

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The Valiant Valli

Continued from page 43

at by the tourists, and I pay my first income tax. I am truly a 'movie.'"

Pulling her tan sport hat down over one dark-blue eye, Virginia chortled with glee.

"They tell me you've been shooting the rapids at Feather River," I reminded her. I have enough bother with tourists bumping me about the streets without letting them interrupt a highly enjoyable interview-lunch-eon.

"Oh, they had three doubles for me, in case 'unforeseen circumstances' removed a couple of 'em."

But I had learned from some one else that Virginia really did the dangerous scenes about the rapids herself, pestering Reginald Barker, the director, until he reluctantly let her do them.

"Joseph Swickard was with me in the canoe and told me I wasn't paddling the canoe right," she finally admitted—I think she had to say something to keep her mind off of my meat pie. "And I was really scared to death, and kept saying to him, 'Now you let me alone, you let me alone. I'll paddle this canoe my way even if it kills us.' I bet he felt like spanking me, but I was so frightened I couldn't think of anything else to say."

She may have been scared, but I doubt it. For she is very athletic, quite a horsewoman and an ardent tennis player and swimmer.

"But I can't play golf," she wailed. "Nobody will play with me—I'm so rotten."

"Tell me about your career." I can't see why folks get so excited over chasing a little ball around. It's much nicer sitting in a cozy tea room with a pretty girl like Virginia.

"There's nothing much to tell," she claimed, eying my fruity salad longingly. "I went right from school in Chicago to the old Essanay studio when Agnes Ayres and Helen Ferguson were there. I did small parts until the studio closed down. My parents wouldn't let me come out here then, so I just sat and sat for a year and a half—that's one reason I love to be doing something now all the time. I played a short engagement in stock there and in Milwaukee and finally the folks consented to my going to New York to have my voice trained. But as soon as I reached there I asked for a part in 'Sentimental Tommy'—and got it, much to my own surprise. Then Bert Lytell sent for me. I made 'The Idle Rich' and 'The Light That Failed' with him, 'His Back Against the Wall' for Goldwyn, and 'Tracked to Earth'

with Frank Mayo. Then they cast me for the lead in 'The Storm,' which we've just finished. And now I'm to play Herbert Rawlinson's leading lady in Vance's 'The Black Box.' And that's all."

Incidentally, it is predicted hereabouts that she will duplicate the experience of Helen MacKellar, who became a star overnight in the New York stage production of "The Storm." When they told Virginia she was to have the leading rôle in the motion-picture version she prepared for it by reading all the French Canadian history and stories she could get hold of.

"I read plays I'm to act in," she answered my query as to her favorite literature. "And I don't read Shakespeare, I'm sorry to say. I wish I could claim to be a highbrow, but I can't." Thank Heaven! Nine out of every ten stars I interview claim with fetching modesty to take an act from the Bard of Avon as a regular nightcap. "Just now I'm reading Leonard Merrick with my husband—Demarest Lamson, you know. We don't go out much in the evenings, just stay in and have music and often our friends drop in."

They live at the Garden Court apartments, a mastodonic white stucco place on the boulevard, very aristocratic. Virginia is the only "movie" there.

"Give me a ring when you're going shopping," she said as she dropped me at my home after the séance with the dentist, "and I'll come and drive you around, if I'm not working."

Virginia Valli is as unlike the old-time popular conception of an actress as day is from night. She is a member of the newer generation coming on, the stars of to-morrow—Helene Chadwick, Colleen Moore, Helen Ferguson—girls in whom there is no pretense, about whom there is and will be no halo of illusory show. She is, like these others just clever, good looking, and wholesome. Like them the Valiant Valli is bringing something decidedly worth while to the screen to replace the tinsel and paste of bygone stardom.

You may object to my title for this story, as she has had such an easy path to success, no struggle, no waiting for work, that the adjective "valiant" may not seem in keeping. But I like the sound of it: Valiant Valli. And besides, ever since I saw a man go over Niagara Falls in a barrel and never come back I've had a profound respect for people brave enough to shoot the rapids—and lucky enough to live to tell the tale.

The Perils of Near Stardom

Continued from page 72

Fairbanks' production of "The Spirit of Chivalry." But don't imagine that Miss Bennett went to stardom without training. She was on the stage playing with Otis Skinner's company when Mr. Ince made her an offer to star in pictures.

"But I was only a program star," she told me, "and I think that with changed conditions such a part as I am playing is really better than a star part in such pictures."

So it seems that there are distinctions in stardom, a "program star" being a relatively small affair. I wondered how all these pretty young girls managed to keep these complicated business distinctions in their heads and to steer their way clear. But it seems that many stars and near stars have "managers." One of the signs of near stardom is the offering from various "managers" to handle your affairs for you. When two or three men whose business it is to handle the business affairs for screen actresses try to persuade you that they are fit to handle yours, you are near stardom. A manager may be a peril or a salvation.

"I never would get anywhere without my manager's aid," said Marguerite de la Motte. "Of course I don't know how other managers are, but my own manager has known me since I was a little girl, and I can trust him. And I leave to him all the business detail of my engagements. He decides the offers I ought to accept and the salary. I am sure I never could get a salary as big as he gets for me, because I could not talk about myself enough. All I have to do is to act."

Marguerite is another girl who is "scared to death of stardom." "Think of reaching a pinnacle and then getting a couple of bad stories and going just—flop," she said. "Wouldn't it be dreadful? You just have to get such a lot of good pictures made that you can stand secure before you ever attempt to star."

A bad manager is about as perilous a venture as a near star ever makes. He may sign her up with a poor company or with a poor story or with too little salary or too much or with some one who uses bad advertising. And if she is trusting to his business judgment she may not even

know why she gets no farther. The way to stardom is full of those unfortunate actors and actresses who, possessing considerable ability, passed its care on to some one else and made a mistake in the some one. On the other hand a good manager can take such good care of your career that you go along carefree and happy knowing that all is going to be well. Little wonder that there is always a great temptation to listen to the man who tells you he can do that for you, for when it is done it is the easiest and least responsible method of getting ahead.

Full of perils as a near star's position seems to be it has its securities. High-class, featured players like James Kirkwood, Leatrice Joy, Jane Novak—these two are, I believe, to be stars now—Milton Sills, Conrad Nagel, Lois Wilson, are likely to get almost as much money as a star when stardom begins, and to have the lessened responsibility. The happiest time for a near star is when she works on a real contract for a year for some first-class company, knows she is not going to lose out that year unless because of her own acting, that everything is taken care of, and that for a year at least she can breathe freely. Then comes her real chance to work up a public and to raise the standard of her own work.

When you meet a girl working on a contract like this she assures you blithely:

"Perils of near stardom, there aren't any." Then she recollects that she has to make a personal appearance that night, that she has promised to meet a convention of something-or-others and pose with them for a publicity picture, and that she has to be at the studio at eight the next morning to go out and make an ocean scene in which the whole company is to be immersed in the waves. And the weather is chilly and the only dress fit to wear tonight to be photographed in is thin. Let's hope they don't choose a cool spot, and that they send a car—a closed one, and—"Well," she adds thoughtfully, "maybe there aren't so many perils not just now for me, at any rate, but oh, there are a lot of nuisances!"

Picture Poems

You must wake and call me early,
Call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow'll be the happiest day—
A Chaplin film is here!

Oh, young Lochinvar is
Come out of the West!
A movie director
Has promised a test!

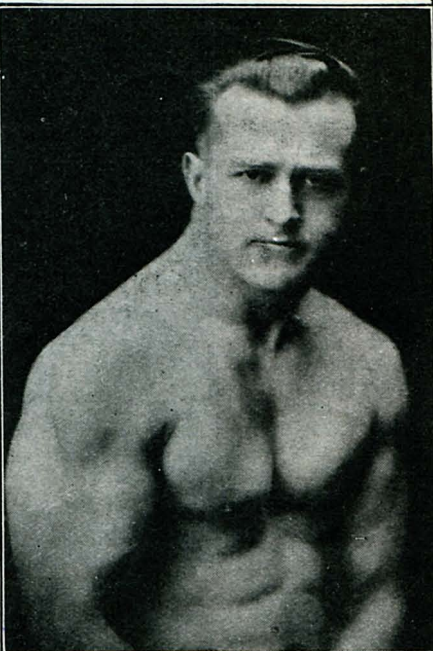
HAROLD SETON.

A Wild Man

once lived in the forest. He had no fear of man or beast. He carried a mighty club with which he fought his enemies of the jungle. His rough and active life in the open gave him the strength of the beasts themselves. He was a superman in health and strength. But who wants to be a wild man?

The Modern Man

There are men in our midst today enjoying the same abundance of health and strength. They are not of the wild man type, however. They are men of intellect, who have become leaders of industry. They realize that brains are essential, but of little value if placed in a weak body with sluggish blood circulation, or troubled with various disorders of the vital organs.



The Miracle Man

The wild man took years of active out-door life to attain his strength. How then can a business man acquire this same strength when his days are spent in an office?

One year ago a famous musician traveled from Toronto, Canada, to see Earle E. Liederman. This musician was most popular throughout Canada. People came miles to hear him. He was wealthy, but he was unhappy. He was a physical weakling. He worked nine hours a day, so he had no time for athletics. He asked Mr. Liederman to help him. Mr. Liederman asked him to give twenty minutes time each day for three months in his own home. The musician went back with Mr. Liederman's famous apparatus and one week later the first lesson in "Progressive Muscular Development" followed him. Today he is the champion weight lifter in his county and his earning capacity has almost doubled.

What Kind of a Man Are You?

Do you arise in the morning full of ambition for the day before you? Do you feel the thrill of life pulsing through your veins? Can you finish a hard day's work still feeling full of pep and vitality? Do you have the deep, full chest and the brawny arms of an athlete? If not, you are not the man you were meant to be.

How would you like to increase your arms one full inch in just 30 days, and your chest two full inches in the same length of time? But that's only the foundation. From then on you build up an armour plate of muscle both inside and out that will fire you with ambition, giving the spring to your step and flash to your eye that only an athlete can know. This is what I promise to do for you. Come on then and make me prove it.

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Dorothy Dalton

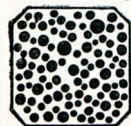
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Do You Use the Movies?

Continued from page 27

ing glass balls doesn't seem quite so desirable after you've seen a drunken comedian crawling about a floor making friendly overtures to it. Knick-knacks, what-nots, and all the bric-a-brac that used to crowd our homes diminish in their sentimental value after they have been pictured repeatedly on the screen as the typical background of commonplace people. And what chance has the hard old horsehair sofa after you've seen people on the screen sinking comfortably into overstuffed chairs?

The association of ideas is always a curious and interesting thing, but it is particularly so in the way it makes motion pictures the most influential interior decorator in the country. A tastefully furnished room in a furniture store, or pictured in the pages of a magazine is inanimate, but as the background for scenes in a motion picture it becomes imbued with the qualities of the characters who are supposed to live there. Thus the idea of popularity becomes linked with the kind of furnishings you saw in a Bebe Daniels picture, for instance; the idea of languorous ease accompanies all chaise longues like the ones you have seen Gloria Swanson reclining on; and a genial, hearty warmth is associated with such home-like and comfortable surroundings as some of Thomas Meighan's and Ethel Clayton's pictures have.

There is an enormous class of people who are a little bit scornful of interior decorators, who think that an interior-decorated home is of necessity an austere, bizarre collection of bird cages, striped walls, and ornate sofa pillows. They will have none of the advice of decorators connected with furniture stores. But at a motion-picture show when a scene shows a room furnished just as they'd like to have one, they think of it as a room belonging to the characters in that picture—not as a strikingly good example of a decorator's art. And they get ideas for fixing up their own homes from pictures, never realizing that they are absorbing some of this interior decorators' propaganda. For some time every set in a motion picture put out by one of the big companies has been the work of an expert interior decorator.

The De Mille pictures can hardly be said to have exerted a good influence on home decorating—but that they have exerted a big influence is certain. Even now, long after the release of "Why Change Your Wife," he still gets offers to buy that sofa of Bebe Daniels'.

All this about clothes and homes

merely fringes the subject of the influence motion pictures wield. Just look about you and you will find that they are affecting all sorts of activities in an endless variety of ways. The fact that they are enlivening the study of history and geography for children is important—but no less important to the children is the fact that their latest and most popular sport came from motion pictures.

This sport is slow motion. It was born of children's natural desire to imitate the strange things they see—when they saw the "Analysis of Motion" pictures which were put out with such great success by the Pathé company they were seized with a desire to try to move the way the people in the pictures did. When a procession of small boys comes down a street trying to imitate Babe Ruth at one eighth his normal speed it looks as though they had all been seized with some strange new variety of fits. But the children love this exercise. And as it demands a high degree of skill to go through motions at much less than their normal rate of speed and still keep one's balance, the children probably won't tire of it soon.

These same slow-motion pictures are responsible for some interesting eccentric dances in Broadway shows, and these in turn are largely responsible for a new slow glide that is becoming popular in New York restaurants. Incidentally, the new dance crazes travel much more quickly via the movies than they used to when they were carried back home by students returning from Eastern schools. Many of the extras employed in ball-room scenes are expert dancers, and they introduce the very newest steps into cabaret scenes in pictures. It's sad for the flappers throughout the country who are on the lookout for new stuff that these scenes glow for such a brief instant on the screen.

All this and much more the motion pictures and their interesting personalities affect. Hasn't the fashion for long, blond curls subsided since the imitation Mary Pickford type has been superseded on the screen by other young-girl types? When the bobbed-hair craze began to subside, wasn't it revived when Dorothy Dalton, Anna Q. Nilsson, and beauteous others cut theirs? Can't you foresee in the popularity of Rodolph Valentino a very successful social season for all young men of foreign type who resemble him even slightly?

This is what they have done—what they are doing. They are the magic crystal into which any one can look and find guidance.

Chaplin and the Ladies

Continued from page 18

A note! I do not know any word that has struck me more forcibly in relation to Chaplin's art. *A note!* Something less than a theme! The infinitesimal atom in the world of artistic impulse! It was out of such atoms of melody that Beethoven built a whole symphony! It was out of such primitive fragments that Sophocles constructed a Greek drama! It was out of such a momentary glimpse of eternal values perhaps that Michelangelo fashioned a group of angels! Verily Chaplin is the classic feeling of the films personified and humanized! Verily he goes to the very fount of art for his impulse and his inspiration! Comedian of the drab, the sordid he may be in the eyes of many, but comedian with a soul of such intense artistic seriousness, that he fuses both the gay and the tragic in one rapturous flame of personal genius!

When I first outlined this article to myself I intended it simply as a study of Chaplin and his relation to the eternal feminine. It would be impossible to keep within the narrow confines, because Chaplin himself defies such boundaries. You cannot consider his life without considering his work, you cannot consider his work without considering himself. They register like complementary colors. You look at the red, and the green comes into view; you see the purple, and the flash of yellow like sunlight blinds you; you glimpse the serene blue, and the warmth of orange pervades your senses. With prismatic effect the colors of his ego appear, and then blend again in the light, the laughter, the gleaming pathos that belong to Chaplin as you see him on the screen.

Everything that Chaplin does is undebatably stamped with his own personality. You cannot imagine one of his comedies as existing without himself. It would be as impossible as "Hamlet" without the melancholy Dane, to whom Chaplin, in his moodiness, his philosophic meanderings, his tragic perspective, bears a singular relationship.

With Harold Lloyd and others it is different. They build with the mechanical ingenuity of rarest talent at times, but it is possible to conceive of another as assuming their place. Whatever personality Lloyd has, for instance, is largely an outgrowth of self-development, horn-rim spectacles, and an *n*th-power cleverness. But whatever personality Chaplin has is born of himself—is himself.

Those who have known him long



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say that he was the same sort of person years ago that he is now. Chaplin himself declares that outside of an accumulation of knowledge and experience, he does not actually feel any different than he did at five years of age.

When he was on the stage, I am told, he exhibited the same moody tendencies that he does to-day. He sought solitude just as he does to-day, and he gave vent to his spirit of play in some such extravagance of temperament as the dance which he performed at the Coconut Grove. Always he has remained the same delicate type, remarkably sensitive to impressions, touched with a subtle self-consciousness, keenly alive to suffering, personally a tragic figure, but strangely, vibrantly, magnificently alive to the workings of his genius.

Will Chaplin marry? I do not know. Let him answer for himself.

"There is no telling; I am a sentimentalist. A beautiful sunset. Let's admire it. Why not? Just as well as the antics of a flea." A quaint contrast this, between eternal beauty and the indefinably, the minutely grotesque. You grasp at it a little uncertainly, not absolutely sure whether you have heard aright, and then you feel beyond the longing of the man for the ideal in love and life.

I suppose if Charlie ever does marry happily it will be to somebody who can meet his changes of mood, keep pace with his desire for play, with his longing for mental adventure, and who can understand him too in that all-important thing, his work. A difficult test this. Even his best friends find it baffling on occa-

sion. But, I believe, there will always be these three sides (if one may use so definite a term in regard to a person so elusive) to Chaplin, and they overlap—Chaplin, the eternal child-seeking, delicate, and fleeting gayety; Chaplin, the thinker and seeker; Chaplin, the artist, through whom the other two are blended into the character of the man with the derby hat, the cane and the mustache—the tragi-comic clown.

Chaplin may, as some of his friends say, marry in haste. And of course he may repent at leisure. Let's not be pessimistic, though. Still—it wouldn't astonish me in the least. After a long hard session of work on some picture, white-hot concentration, there comes sometimes the inevitable reaction, the thought that maybe life is slipping away. Perhaps such a marriage would be happy, perhaps not. Who knows?

Again—there is that quiet, flower-like romance with Lila Lee—growing by degrees into the bloom of a fine companionship, an association of charm. Lila is so girlish, seemingly so well-balanced, devoid of petty conceits—natural, reserved. She is somewhat taller than Charlie, the gossips say. But—myself, sometimes I think they make a very engaging couple—if one dare to speak so conventionally about them. She is so delicately fashioned, and Charlie, without his mustache, presents such a trim and highly vitalized appearance, a certain eternal youthfulness. In a way, they seem externally the direct complements of each other—and yet—

Romances of Famous Film Folk

Continued from page 21

The young people were getting happily settled when a new blow fell!

The war—and they must be separated.

Burt volunteered, of course, like scores of other thoroughbred young men. He went to Vancouver to train, and Wanda went to visit him once in camp.

"I couldn't get into it," said Burt with just that shade of regret which tinges most men's voices when they speak of the big combat for which they were all set to go, but which many did not enter.

"My goodness, I was glad he didn't!" said Wanda. "Though of course I pretended to encourage him about enlisting. It was the thing to do."

And then Wanda went over to the piano to play for me. Piano playing in a home, at least piano playing of the really accomplished, brilliant

sort, seems to be a lost art in these days of phonographs, radios, patent player pianos, and other musical devices of the self-made variety. So it's mightily refreshing to see Wanda seat herself at the piano and play with a sure touch, while she says:

"Do you like Chopin or Mozart or Grieg?"

The Hawleys live in a rather large, beautiful house on a broad street in Hollywood, and, being young and full of bounding health and life and good fortune and enjoying that intangible something made up of a combination of congenial tastes and temperaments known as compatibility, they are as happy a couple as you'll find in the world.

After all, the course of true love does run smooth sometimes, even after marriage. It has been doing it for five years now in the case of Wanda and Burt.

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Over the Teacups

Continued from page 48

show unless some picture star has seen it and liked it? Well, Helene Chadwick's favorite when I saw her was Doris Keane in 'The Czarina.' But she was going to shows every night and sometimes in the afternoon too while she was here so maybe she found something else she liked better. I didn't see her the last day she was here; she was busy buying enough books to read all the way back to California. Her mother came East with her and kept her from being bored on the train by playing pinochle, but Helene was going back alone.

"Alice Terry and Rex Ingram are expected in New York almost any day. You know they are going to make 'Toilers of the Sea' up on the Maine coast and in a studio here. Every one is crazy to meet her. And Mary Thurman didn't go back West as she had planned, because Dick Barthelmess offered her a chance to play opposite him in his next picture, and naturally she stayed for that.

"And who else do you suppose is here? Nita Naldi. By the time she finished 'Blood and Sand' every one in the Lasky studio out on the Coast was so enthusiastic over her work that they're predicting big things for her now. She is only going to stay in New York long enough to see a few friends and pack her trunks and then she'll be off to California again. Play openings here will never be the same without her; it was always such a relief to know that no matter how bad a play was the evening would be well spent watching her."

"But the perfume, Fanny, the perfume. You promised to tell me about that."

"Oh, that——" she remarked casually. "I got so many letters from people asking what kind of perfume

different players used that I dropped in to see every one I could think of to ask them. And everywhere I went they'd answer me by dabbing their favorite perfume on me. It was lovely so long as all I had was a bit of Lillian Gish's exquisite jasmine on my handkerchief and some of Corinne Griffith's interesting mixture of L'Origan and Ambre Antique on my hands, but by the time I'd run in to see Mabel Ballin and Hope Hampton and Doris Kenyon and Betty Blythe—well, you notice the state I've reached now. The worst of it is, most of the players haven't any one favorite perfume; they just buy a lot of them, usually because they like the shape of the bottles, and then they use a delicate, haunting scent or a pungent, Oriental one according to the mood they're in. There is a woman here who invents perfumes for people, says she expresses their individuality in a scent and that they never should use any other. But lots of them get tired of expressing their own personality, it's like playing one type of rôle all the time, and they want to get reckless and express a personality like somebody else's once in a while."

Fanny reached for her vanity case, and as she moved I caught a whiff of conflicting scents. Exuding the perfume of gardenias, roses, violets, orchids, lilies of the valley and heavy sandalwood, she started for the door.

"Where are you going?" I asked interestedly.

"I just remembered," she gasped, "that there is a perfumer on the next street who is creating a perfume for Mae Murray. I'm off to get some. See you to-morrow."

"Not," I announced firmly, "unless you're shut up in an air-tight case."

Not Quite a Hero

Continued from page 51

However, to tell you more about Rambova. Her name is Winifred Hudnut, and she might have become a rich and popular débutante if she hadn't possessed individuality enough to join the Russian dancers. It was then that she was obliged to change her name. She studied drawing. She learned to support herself and think for herself.

When Nazimova decided to produce "Camille," she was impressed by Natasha Rambova's ability and engaged her. It was during this production that she met Valentino. Love at first sight is an old story, but

it is always a good one. Valentino decided that she was the one girl in the world for him. Much sought after and the target of thousands of warm letters, he thought only of Natasha. At a crucial moment in his career she kept his head from being turned, she guided him by her good sense and good judgment.

And what is she like, this envied woman? She is tall, slim, dark, and beautiful. With plenty of claim to distinction, her first thought is for Valentino's career. Like Valentino, she is rather shy and reticent. She prefers not to talk about herself.



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With June Mathis, who has been a loyal professional friend to Valentino, she discusses all questions of costumes and settings. When it is possible, she goes to the studio to watch his important scenes.

He is interested in her work. When Nazimova was filming "Salome," Valentino did all he could to lend his aid and encouragement. After the picture was completed, he gave several private showings at his home on Whitley Heights—the home he had purchased for Natasha.

Valentino's opinions on his marriage are sound: "It will be the best thing in the world for me. I shall have a clever wife to advise and encourage me. I know that I shall be happy; we have the same friends, the same tastes, and the same ideals. Does an actor fall in favor with the public when he marries? A thousand times, no. That is an old and foolish idea. The actor is judged by his work. I am ambitious enough to want to be a good enough actor to be judged impersonally. An actor who is unmarried is the target of many silly rumors. I think I am fortunate to find an intelligent and beautiful woman."

You know, of course, that Valentino has been married before. His first wife was Jean Acker, but when she sued him for divorce, Valentino was granted the decision. If you have followed the papers you know also that Valentino and his present wife were notified, after the news of their marriage came out, that while their marriage was valid elsewhere, it would not be recognized within the State of California until next January, when his divorce decree will become final. Undoubtedly, had they been better advised, the marriage would have been postponed, since Valentino must, on account of his contracts, remain in Los Angeles most of the time at present. That, unfortunately, being the case, in order to comply with the strict letter of the California laws, his wife left for the East immediately upon this unpleasant discovery, where it is understood she will remain until the California laws will regard them as legally married.

Natasha and Valentino will be, I think, the most charming—and best looking—couple in Hollywood. They have established their own intellectual circle, and they are far from the mad movie set. Is she jealous of his leading women? I don't think so. She merely smiles as Valentino bows to his favorite heroine.

It is easy for a woman to fall in love with a man, but it is hard for her to gain his respect and devotion. And this Natasha Rambova has done.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 13

least! I venture to say that such lese majesty would never be indulged in by the most finicky fan could he be forced to sit as I have sat and watch the agonizing of a buck-teeth, untidy-haired heroine whose camera mouth ran all over her face at the first sign of salt water in the form of natural emotion when cast off by her lover; or, through a faulty acquaintance with the German language, to be trapped into viewing one of the unmentionable releases termed "serials," where yards of good-sized snake embrace the heroine in a most un-Platonic fashion and the hero gives the villain the paper just in time to save him from tearing up the child. That's Art, dear people, European Movie Art—all with capital letters! And you've been spared it. I don't know why, because there are a great many more undeserving people in this world than I am, for they assail the perfection of our most beloved stars—and get away with it!

Consider for a moment the sartorial perfection of Agnes Ayres. Did you ever see her with her coiffure halfway down her back or her make-up on sideways? No; her simplest coiffure is always both neat and absolutely becoming. Her make-up never does anything but enhance her wonderful beauty, no matter how many times and roughly she is kissed by an overardent lover. But that's American, good and zealous public, truly American, and so is the particular attention with which our actresses are clothed. And, oh, it is grateful to the eye to see perfect-fitting, gorgeous, suitable clothes on a beautiful woman with a lovely figure after seeing all manner of shapeless "Frauen" running around in what looks like anything they picked up first. As for our men, they are tenants of Olympus in looks and acting beside the ones you see here. No girl ever gets a crush on an actor unless it be "Aslan," who is very good looking. The most of them are too hopelessly homely.

It is true I have seen a few beautiful women in a few good pictures. I can mention two, the most beautiful woman in the best picture being, of course, Pola Negri in "Sappho." That was a good picture—even in comparison with ours it was wonderful. The other was the film "Lady Hamilton," of great historical interest and well photographed, too. I don't know where they got the man who looked so much like Lord Nelson, but it is certain that no susceptible flapper would ever fall in love with his looks.

This protest against criticism is not designed to suppress any of that ebullient spirit, but you never miss the water till the well runs dry, and you never know what good pictures they make in America till you come to Europe and find out.

Yours sincerely,

A HOMESICK AMERICAN.

P. S.—Saw a Charlie Chaplin comedy yesterday containing Charlie himself, Chester Conklin, and Charlie Murray. That combination would look pretty big nowadays, wouldn't it?

Too Much Praise.

In every magazine of the screen you will find a thrilling interview about Gloria Swanson. The interviewers tell about her favorite perfume, how she combs her hair, and her being the actress all the time, and all that piffle. But they never mention the time when she played in comedies with a dog, a baby, and Sylvia

Ashton's portly form as props to her beauty, which at that time had not been exploited. And what a dumpy little girl she was, with no hint of her latter-day distinction, which arrived when she had Elinor Glyn stories and unlimited money to help her! She didn't pose then, but flew around with the rest of them. When we read about these stars in some of the movie magazines it is all one paean of praise and never any criticism of their work, at least that they can see very plainly. I think that such unlimited praise is spoiling many of the stars of to-day.

MARY LORRAINE BENEDICT.

1645 Steele Street, Denver, Colorado.

Gloria's Fans Come to the Rescue.

In reply to Mr. Cohen's jab at Gloria Swanson in your May issue of "What the Fans Think," I should like to say a few words. Of course, it will be hard to impress a man who cannot appreciate Miss Swanson's looks, clothes, et cetera, of the attractions of any woman. He wants to know who the public is that demands such oddities as he terms "Gloria's Vogue." Let him stand in line at one of the theaters where her pictures are shown—and he will have to stand in line—and look around him. Butcher, baker, candlestick maker, flapper, millionaire, and truckster rubbing elbows. It is the same public that demands curls and child parts of Mary Pickford, the hick of Charles Ray, Bill Hart's pistols and pony, Doug's smile, and Buster Keaton's frozen face. That's who the public is.

They demand from their favorites that which they do best. And as for trailing yards of silk behind her, who could do it better than Gloria does? That is why her public goes to see her. As far as fixing her hair is concerned, it is often the director that calls for a creation "to knock their eyes out," if we may believe the article supposedly written by the Lasky hairdresser. She puts those words in Director Sam Wood's mouth in reference to a recent Swanson production! I have seen Miss Swanson off the screen, and want to tell Mr. Cohen and all his followers I have yet to see a more tastefully dressed or more stunning woman.

More success to Gloria! Long years of stardom! May she continue to drag silk behind her by the yard!

MRS. C. GREENE.

San Diego, California.

In the department "What the Fans Think" in the May issue of the PICTURE-PLAY, Harry Cohen says that Gloria Swanson is starred because the public demand it, and says he would like to know who this public is. Such a question! Surely he should know without asking! If the people in Newport do not rave about her they must be strangely different from those around here.

I, and many others, adore Gloria, not because, as he says, she drags yards and yards of silk and satin around—many others do the same thing—but because it is Gloria that is dragging it. It is not the clothes at all. Of course, pretty gowns help in all pictures, but what can be more beautiful than a picture with "our dear little Gloria" and plenty of striking gowns in it?

We shall never cease to love her. Of course, when we read something some critic has said about our favorite, it makes us love her or him all the more. Gloria is not my only favorite. I have

lots of them but she is one of the main ones.

When the day comes that I can't see Gloria and my other old favorites I shall shed many tears, and I certainly won't love the movies as I do now. N. G. S.

108 South Chestnut Street, Gastonia, North Carolina.

Less Crush—More News.

I like to see Rodolph Valentino on the screen, but with a few more stories about the women becoming so crazy about him I shall not be able to go to the theaters where he is billed. If the writers would keep that sort of stuff out of their articles it would be better—not that we are jealous of Valentino—more power to him—but it must be just as tiresome to him as to any one else, and dangerous too, for many a good actor has been spoiled by becoming a matinee idol. What we fans want is news. You may not thank me for this, but I had to get it out of my system so that I can now go ahead and enjoy the rest of the magazine. GRIFF GORDON.

No. 618 East Sixth Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Romance and Happy Endings.

After seeing "Smilin' Through" twice, I feel that I must write and urge all the fans, begging them please not to miss this picture. It has been having a second week here, which is unusual for even the best films. Of course I think that Miss Talmadge went a long way toward making the picture a success, though Harrison Ford and Wyndham Standing deserve a great deal of credit for their wonderful support. I wish that Norma would never have to play with any one except Harrison Ford—they suit each other so perfectly.

I hope that the producers who are making such a loud cry for public opinion will take a hint from the tremendous success of "Smilin' Through" and give us more such lovely stories of romance, for that is really what the public wants—romantic stories with happy endings.

TRIX MACKENZIE.

Box 1495, Atlanta, Georgia.

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 95

KITTY F.—Claire Windsor and Louis Calhern had the leads in the Lois Weber production, "What's Worth While?" Now Claire is appearing in the Goldwyn production, "Brothers Under the Skin."

WISTARIA.—Owen Moore's latest picture is "Reported Missing," and Pauline Garon plays his leading lady in it. "The Good Provider" and "Your Best Friend" are Vera Gordon's latest. The first is a Cosmopolitan-Paramount production and the second a Warner Brothers release. Miss Gordon is five feet five and a half, and weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds. She was born in Russia. Molly Malone was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1897. No, she isn't playing in Goldwyn pictures any more—her latest screen appearance is opposite "Big Boy" Guinn Williams in a Western picture, "Blaze Away."

LORRAINE S.—Betty Ross Clarke plays opposite Earle Williams in his latest picture, "The Man From Downing Street." Yes, she is married—to a nonprofessional. Sylvia Breamer's latest is "Money to Burn," in which William Russell stars. Florence Billings' is "Love's Masquerade," starring Conway Tearle. Darrel Foss is Anita Stewart's leading man in "The Woman He Married."

JERRY J.—Mary Miles Minter's first picture since her return from her vacation trip to the Orient will be "The Cowboy and the Lady." Mary is five feet two and weighs about one hundred and twenty-two pounds. She was born in 1902 on April first.

MADLINE MCM.—No, Agnes Ayres and May McAvoy are not sisters. Their only relationship is that of fellow workers—pardon me, artists—for the same company.

V. A. A.—Lillian Gish is not married, but her sister, Dorothy, is the wife of James Rennie, a stage and screen actor. Dorothy was born in 1898 and Constance Talmadge in 1900. Elliott Dexter is married to Marie Doro, who used to be a screen star but who is now devoting herself to the stage.

EMMA L.—Charles Ray has brown hair and eyes and is married to Clara Grant,

a nonprofessional. Charles was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, in 1891. His latest release is "The Deuce of Spades." Johnny Walker played the rôle of the black-sheep son, John, in "Over the Hill." "Ridin' Wild" and "The Midnight Call" are two recent releases of his.

C. W. M.—Glad to hear from you! Write as often as you like and send me some picture news from England. Lloyd Hughes was born in 1899. No, he is not related to Gareth Hughes. Lloyd is married to Gloria Hope, who also plays in pictures. We expect to have something about him in PICTURE-PLAY soon.

PICA PETE.—The Bert Lytell picture "A Message From Mars" was adapted from the old stage play of the same name by Richard G. Anthony. It is the story of a British snob who is visited by a messenger from Mars and escorted, in invisible form, to the homes of various people so that he can hear all the sweet things his friends think of him, whereupon Bert reforms and decides to devote the rest of his life to forgetting himself and helping the poor, and all that sort of thing. Is this the same story as the one you have in mind? There are various fan clubs throughout the country which are formed for the purpose of discussing topics regarding players and motion pictures, but they are usually local affairs. Why don't you start one in your town? Send me a self-addressed stamped envelope and I'll be glad to tell you what little I know about the subject. "Through a Glass Window" is May McAvoy's latest.

A NEWPORT SCOUT.—Dorothy Gish is two years younger than her sister, Lillian, and was born in 1898. Helene Chadwick was born November 25, 1897, and has brown eyes. Yes, she is married. Thomas Meighan was born in 1884 and is married to Frances Ring. Guglielmi is Valentino's real name.

BERTHA P.—Douglas Fairbanks is making, "The Spirit of Chivalry," in which Enid Bennett plays opposite him, and Mary Pickford is doing "Tess." They will probably play in a picture together if they ever find a suitable vehicle. Agnes Ayres has been married but is divorced.

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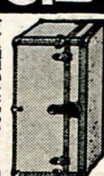
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ROSE W.—No, Ethel Clayton is not leaving the screen. She has been signed to star in R-C Pictures but the title of her first production hasn't been announced at present writing. Miss Clayton has no children. Ethel Sands has met most of the prominent players, so you will probably read about her adventures with your favorites soon. Write again. I enjoyed your letter.

R. W.—Norma Talmadge's romance has not been published in PICTURE-PLAY so far. I'm sorry, but I couldn't hand your letter to Miss Talmadge. You will just have to mail it in the regular way and hope for personal attention. Yes, I liked Norma very much in "Smilin' Through." Her latest picture is "The Eternal Flame," adapted from the Balzac story, "The Duchess of Langeais." Thanks for your good wishes.

POETICAL JUDY.—It's seldom my questioners break out in verse, but when they do I always feel that I should hold the poetic atmosphere. But I can't compose a sonnet with which to startle the world to-day, even with Alice Calhoun as the inspiration. So here's the good old prose: Alice was born in Cleveland, Ohio, about eighteen years ago, and has been on the screen since 1919. Since "The Little Minister" Alice has made "The Angel of Crooked Street" and "The Girl in His Room." She isn't married.

V. A. S.—Robert Warwick hasn't made any pictures in some time, but has been appearing on the stage in New York. Jack Pickford is now making "Garrison's Finish," "Hoot" Gibson is working regularly in Universal "Westerns," Harrison Ford appeared opposite Constance and Norma Talmadge in their recent pictures, and Wallace MacDonald plays opposite his wife, Doris May, in "The Unexpected Honeymoon."

ZELA F.—All your questions about Valentino have been answered. His address is printed at the end of The Oracle. Why, I guess he answers as many of his fan letters personally as he can, but with a star who receives as much mail as Rodolph does the chances for a personal answer are rather slim, but try it, anyhow. Only don't be too heartbroken if you don't get an answer in his own handwriting. Inclose a quarter when asking for a photo.

A MORENO FAN.—Do you feel any better since you heard that Tony Moreno is appearing in "The Bitterness of Sweets" with Colleen Moore? He has the rôle of an Italian dancer, the story is by Rupert Hughes, and then with Colleen for inspiration—well, it sounds promising, doesn't it? Regarding D. E. Charles, he is not a well-known player, as he is not listed in any of the motion-picture directories, and there are so many hundreds of players who move from company to company in bits and small parts that none of the companies keep a record of them. So I have found it impossible to trace Mr. Charles. You will have to wait until he becomes a little better known before you can get his history, I guess. Don't be impatient about your "What the Fans Think" letter. You know, the editor receives scores of letters, of which he can only print a limited number, and sometimes the ones that are used have to be held up for a few months in order to get the most varied assortment in each issue. So perhaps you will see your letter soon.

PAMELA.—Jack Holt was born in Winchester, Virginia, the exact date not given. He is married to a nonprofessional. "The Man Unconquerable" is his latest picture, and after that he will make a couple of pictures based on Peter B. Kyne stories.

ANNA W.—"The Reason Why" was made by Clara Kimball Young in 1918. Betty Blythe was born in 1893 and is five feet seven and weighs one hundred and forty pounds. Dorothy Dalton weighs one hundred and twenty-seven pounds and is five feet three. She was born in 1894. "The Hands of Nara" is Clara Kimball Young's latest production and Elliott Dexter plays opposite her. It's too bad you missed meeting Fritz Leiber—I suppose you're still inconsolable, but perhaps he'll visit your town again soon.

PROFESSOR HEIDEL.—Good morning, professor. Our column is getting quite erudite. Irene Castle played in "Patria," and the picture was released by International. Carol Holloway is still attached to the Western stuff. She plays in the Tom Mix picture "Up and Going." Mona Darkfeather is not on the screen any more, so far as I can find out. We get our photographs from the stars, the producing companies, and sometimes from the photographers, and then have half-tone cuts made from them, from which are made the plates that print the magazine.

Mrs. S. B.—I can't understand why the end of "The Sheik" was chopped off when shown at your theater. You say the last scene showed Diana watching at the bedside of the wounded Sheik. After that there should have been a scene showing Diana and the Sheik under a palm tree, the Sheik attired for the first time in modern riding clothes, when they discover that they love each other. Hero Sheik says, "I think I'll make a devil of a husband," but the radiant Diana replies, "Oh, no, I am not afraid with your arms around me, my desert lover," or words to that effect. See all you missed? Perhaps the censors didn't approve of this, if you have censors in your town, or maybe this part of the film was spoiled in the projection machine. Anyhow, it was a shame to deprive you of the grand climax. Why don't you ask your theater manager about it?

PENNY.—Norma Talmadge was born in Niagara Falls, New York, in 1897. She is five feet two and weighs one hundred and ten pounds. All your other questions have been answered.

Miss WILLIAM.—Do you know how much space it would take to answer all your questions? At least half a column! So here's the first installment. If you want your other answers, send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a personal answer. Corinne Griffith was born in Texarkana, Texas, in 1898. She is five feet four, weighs one hundred and twenty pounds, has light-brown hair and blue eyes. Corinne is married to Webster Campbell, an actor and director. May McAvoy was born in New York City in 1901. May is one of the smallest actresses, being only four feet eleven and weighing just ninety-four pounds. She has dark hair and blue eyes and is not married. Francis Ford is five feet eleven, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, has black hair and gray eyes. He was born in Portland, Maine, in 1882. He has been married twice. William Farnum was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1876. He has brown hair and blue eyes, weighs one hundred and ninety-five pounds, and is five feet ten and a half. William is married and has a young daughter.

ANNIE M.—Art Acord is divorced from Edith Sterling, and Jack Perrin is married to Josephine Hill. Bill Fairbanks is not related to Douglas. Jack Hoxie is starting on a new series of pictures. So

you were heartbroken when you heard Jack was married? Too bad, Annie—another idol gone!

G. B. W., Jr.—William S. Hart is going to keep on making pictures. The title of the next production after "Travelin' On" hasn't been announced yet, but Bill will probably start filming again in September. "Western Speed" is Charles ("Buck") Jones' latest, and "Shackles of Gold" is William Farnum's. Mr. Farnum has always been an actor, beginning his career on the stage at nine years of age, but Charles was a regular cow-puncher, U. S. cavalryman, and trick rider in a wild-West show before taking up screen work.

QUESTION BOX.—That you are, Q. B. Robert Elliott was the hero who played opposite Betty Blythe in "Fair Lady." Sigrid Holmquist has gone back to Sweden to appear in pictures there. Barbara La Marr has been married but isn't now. Rodolph Valentino was born in Castellaneta, Italy, May 6, 1895. Mildred Davis is not officially engaged to Harold Lloyd at present writing. Your other questions have been answered, and the addresses you want are in this issue. No, I don't like to talk about myself—much.

REDDY.—Since you were in such "a good deal of a hurry to know," you should have sent a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a personal reply. Then we could satisfy your demand for speed, but, of course you always have to wait longer when questions are answered in the magazine. Valentino's eyes are dark brown and some of his recent pictures are: "Camille," "Moran of the Lady Letty," "The Conquering Power," "Beyond the Rocks," and he is now working on "Blood and Sand," which will not be released until September.

BLUE EYES.—No, I don't think you a pest. It's natural that you should want to know about your favorites, I suppose, and it's natural that I shouldn't get peeved at your questions, since it's my job to answer 'em. Hallam Cooley must be the young man you mean in "The Foolish Age" and "Playing with Fire." Charles Meredith was Ethel Clayton's leading man in "The Cradle" and Mary Jane Irving was the little girl. Twenty-five cents is the usual amount asked for a player's photograph. You should be able to get one for that. Louise Huff was born in Columbus, Georgia. She played with Richard Barthelmess in "The Seventh Day." Bebe Daniels' hair is auburn and she was born in Dallas, Texas. Bryant Washburn has the leading male rôle in "Hungry Hearts," the Goldwyn special. Yes, Pauline Frederick has left the screen for an indefinite period and will go back to the stage. Pauline was born in Boston, Massachusetts, August 12, 1882. New York City is responsible for Jackie Coogan and 1915 was the year he was born. May Allison is costarring in pictures with her husband, Robert Ellis, and they are making them down in Porto Rico.

CRETONNERE.—You ask, "Who is evidently the prettiest actress on the screen?" It depends on the judge, of course, and your opinion is probably as good as any one else's. Seena Owen is married to George Walsh but they are being divorced. Neither Norma Talmadge, Mae Murray, Dorothy Gish, nor Nazimova has any children. Viola Dana is the widow of John Collins; Corinne Griffith is married to Webster Campbell, Anita Stewart to Rudolph Cameron, Pola Negri is divorced from a Count Something-or-other, and Enid Bennett is the wife of Fred Niblo, the director.

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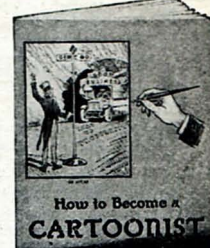
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GOLDIE.—Alice Terry is not related to Ellen Terry or Phyllis-Neilson Terry, because her real name isn't Terry at all, but Taaffe. "Her Five-foot Highness" was a Universal picture in which Edith Roberts starred. Thanks for your nice letter, especially the part about my department.

ANNE T.—Certainly, Jackie Coogan's education is not being neglected just because he is working in pictures. Jackie doesn't go to a regular school, of course, but he has a private tutor and every day a certain period is set aside during which Jackie struggles with his reading, writing, and arithmetic. Pauline Starke was born in 1900 and Joseph Schildkraut is twenty-two.

FRANCES, OHIO.—"The Shadow of Rosalie Byrnes" is the correct title for that Elaine Hammerstein picture, and Edward Langford was the hero. Here's the cast for "A Virgin Paradise": *Gratia Latham*, Pearl White; *Bob Alan*, Robert Elliott; *"Slim,"* J. Thornton Baston; *Bernard Holt*, Alan Edwards; *Mrs. Holt*, Henrietta Floyd; *Constance Holt*, Grace Beaumont; *Ruth Hastings*, Mary Beth Barnelle; *The Attorney*, Lynn Pratt; *Peter Latham*, Lewis Sealey; *Captain Mulhall*, Charles Sutton; *John Latham*, Hal Clarendon.

CRAVENS.—You are very considerate and patient about your answers but—perhaps for that very reason—it happens that you're getting a prompt reply. Of course, I am honored that my department is the second thing you read in PICTURE-PLAY—my importance overwhelms me. No, the villain who turned hero in "The Gilded Lily" was not Mae Murray's husband, but that wicked person, Lowell Sherman. He's usually awfully mean to the heroine, but you girls seem to like him just the same. Robert Z. Leonard, who directs and produces Mae Murray's pictures, is also her director (?) in real life. "The House of a Thousand Candles" was produced by Selig in 1915. Theodore Roberts has been in pictures about four years, but had a long and notable stage career before that. Alice Terry is with Metro and usually works in productions directed by her husband, Rex Ingraham. No amount of make-up will conceal certain facial blemishes, but there are others that can be covered satisfactorily. It all depends on the blemish. Of course I should like to hear from you again.

MOLLY M.—So you want to know where you could send a story for which you don't want to be paid? Writers are not in the habit of being so generous with their brain children, so I'm rather staggered. Send for our "Market Booklet," which costs six cents in stamps and gives the names and addresses of producers in the market for stories and the type of story that each wants. But if a story is a good one a producer will gladly pay for it; if it's terrible, the fact that he's getting it for nothing won't induce him to spend a lot of money producing it. Anyhow, if your story is accepted I think you'll weaken, like any other human, when the price is mentioned.

JACKIE.—Your pen must have been all out of breath, or ink rather, when you finished that questionnaire of yours. Whew! and whew again! Martha Mansfield has the leading rôle in "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge," James Kirkwood plays with Priscilla Dean in "Under Two Flags" and will next be seen in "Pink Gods," with Anna Q. Nilsson and Bebe Daniels, which will be a Penryhn Stanislaw production for Paramount; Theodore Roberts was born in 1861; Will Rogers is five feet eleven; Niles Welch,

six feet; and Florence Vidor, five feet four. Gladys Brockwell returns to the screen as *Nancy Sikes* in Jackie Coogan's production of "Oliver Twist." Richard Dix and Mae Busch are in the cast of "The Christian," which is being made abroad by Maurice Tourneur for Goldwyn.

MILDRED K.—Oh, I don't think it will hurt you to be so "crazy about" Rodolph Valentino, on the screen. I suppose all sixteen-year-old girls have to be "crazy about" somebody, and it might just as well be a movie actor. They're so much more romantic, aren't they? All your questions about him have been answered in this issue except his height, which is five feet eleven. Agnes Ayres is not married or engaged at present. She is divorced. Her latest release is "The Ordeal."

M. P.—Georges Carpentier will appear in the next J. Stuart Blackton production which will be made in London, England, the title of which has not been announced at present writing, so I can't tell you whether or not he is going to do any boxing in it. There's a good chance, however, that he will. The picture will probably reach this country after it is shown in England. "The Wonder Man" was the picture Georges made in this country and it was released in June, 1920, by R-C Pictures.

AN ADORER OF VIRGINIA FAIRE.—You rather like Virginia, don't you? Here's something to make you happy—the adored one has been chosen for the rôle of the heroine in "Omar the Tentmaker," in which Guy Bates Post will play the star part. Virginia was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1904 and was never on the stage. In fact, she reached the screen via the rosy path of a beauty contest. Five feet two is her height and she weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds. Nita Naldi plays the rôle of the vampire in "Blood and Sand" and Lila Lee that of the wife, and, of course, Rodolph Valentino is the storm center.

KATIE-DID.—She didn't! Rodolph again—you girls are certainly terribly interested in him. He was born May 6, 1895.

BERNICE B.—Ah, here's some one raving about another male star for a change. Sessue Hayakawa has Bernice very much enthused, hasn't he? No, I'm sure you aren't jealous of his wife—you just want to know how pretty she is. Well, Tsuru Aoki is Mrs. Hayakawa, and as she plays in her husband's pictures quite often, you can go to the theater and see for yourself. "Five Days to Live" is a recent picture in which they play together. Sessue was born in Tokio, Japan, in 1889 and was educated in Japan and at the University of Chicago in this country. He returned to Japan and was on the stage there for six years, then came back to this country and made his début in Paramount pictures. Of course I should advise you to finish school before trying to get into pictures—there's no question about that. You never can have too much education for screen work, you know; it's just as useful there as anywhere else.

H. S.—Your question about the music that accompanied "Orphans of the Storm" was answered in the article "Griffith's Musical Secrets," that appeared in the July issue. If you want a copy, send twenty cents in stamps to the Circulation Department, Street & Smith Corporation, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

HELENA.—Edward Sutherland was born in London, England, and was on the stage in vaudeville, stock, and musical comedy

before entering pictures. He is five feet nine, weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes. He is not married. Does that make you feel any better? Yes, I'm sure he would like to hear from you—as I've said a million times before, there is probably not one player who does not appreciate letters from the fans, and who does not devote as much time as he or she can spare, and sometimes more than that, to answering them.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Estelle Taylor, Tom Mix, Eileen Percy, William Russell, Edward Sutherland, Bessie Love, Charles ("Buck") Jones, Thomas Santschi, David Butler, John Gilbert, Virginia Valli, Doris Pawn, Ruth Renick, George Hackathorn, Gordon Griffith, and Shirley Mason, at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss, Betty Blythe, Ann Forrest, at the Whitman Bennett Studios, Yonkers, New York.

Nazimova, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Gladys Brockwell, Virginia Brown Faire, Lon Chaney, Jackie Coogan, Guy Bates Post, Elaine Hammerstein, Owen Moore, Niles Welch, and Dorothy Phillips, at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

Ethel Clayton, Sessue Hayakawa, Helen Jerome Eddy, Jane Novak, Harry Carey, Doris May, Wallace MacDonald, and Tsuru Aoki, at the R-C Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Joseph Schildkraut, Creighton Hale, and Carol Dempster, at the Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, New York.

Carmel Myers, care of Halperin Productions, Los Angeles, California.

Miriam Cooper, Hope Hampton, care of First National Pictures, 6 West Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

Richard Headrick, Katherine MacDonald, and Fred Niblo, at the Mayer Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, California.

Alice Calhoun, Earle Williams, Jean Paige, William Duncan, Edith Johnson, Larry Simon, at the Vitagraph Studios, Talmadge Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Gaston Glass, Hallam Cooley, Pauline Starke, and Gordon Russell, care of Victor Schertzinger Productions, Santa Barbara, California.

Viola Dana, Lois Lee, Ramon Samanogos, Malcolm MacGregor, and Clara Kimball Young, at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Mae Marsh, care of Dependable Pictures, Metro Studio, West Sixty-first Street, New York City.

Mary Pickford, Lloyd Hughes, Gloria Hope, Douglas Fairbanks, Jack Pickford, and Enid Bennett, at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, California.

Ruth Roland, Harold Lloyd, Bruce Gordon, Mildred Davis, Snub Pollard, and Marie Mosquini, at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.

Ann Little, at the Ben Wilson Studio, Hollywood, California.

Richard Barthelmess, Mary Alden, and Pauline Garon, care of Inspiration Pictures, Inc., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Vivian Martin, care of Messmore Kendall Productions, Capitol Theater Building, New York City.

Frank Mayo, Gladys Walton, Miss DuPont, Maude George, Erich von Stroheim, Dale Fuller, "Hoot" Gibson, Art Acord, Baby Peggy, Herbert Rawlinson, Harry Myers, Marie Prevost, Mary Philbin, and Priscilla Dean, at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Madge Evans, care of Worth-While Pictures Corporation, 1531 Broadway, New York City.

Colleen Moore, Bryant Washburn, Patsy Ruth Miller, Antonio Moreno, Helene Chadwick, Claire Windsor, Norman Kerry, and Helen Ferguson, at Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

William S. Hart, care of William S. Hart Company, Bates and Effie Streets, Hollywood, California.

Charles Hutchinson, Marguerite Clayton, and Pearl White, at Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Marguerite De La Motte, Florence Vidor, Douglas MacLean, Cullen Landis, Madge Bellamy, at the Ince Studios, Culver City, California.

Mabel Normand, Phyllis Haver, Kathryn McGuire, Mildred June, and Ben Turpin, at the Mack Sennett Studios, Edendale, California.

William Nazareth, care of Mastercraft Studios, Filmland City, Medford, Massachusetts.

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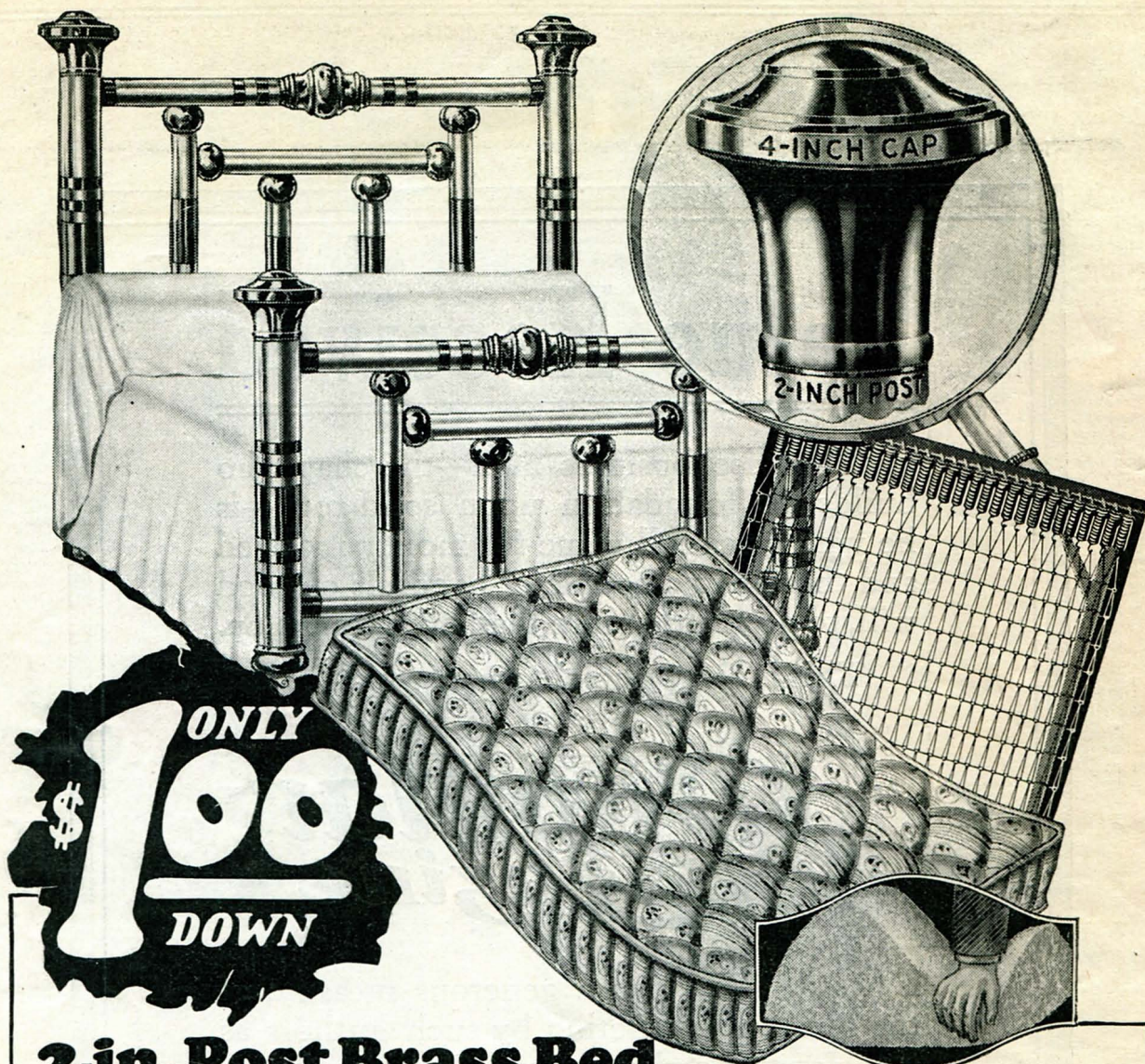
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